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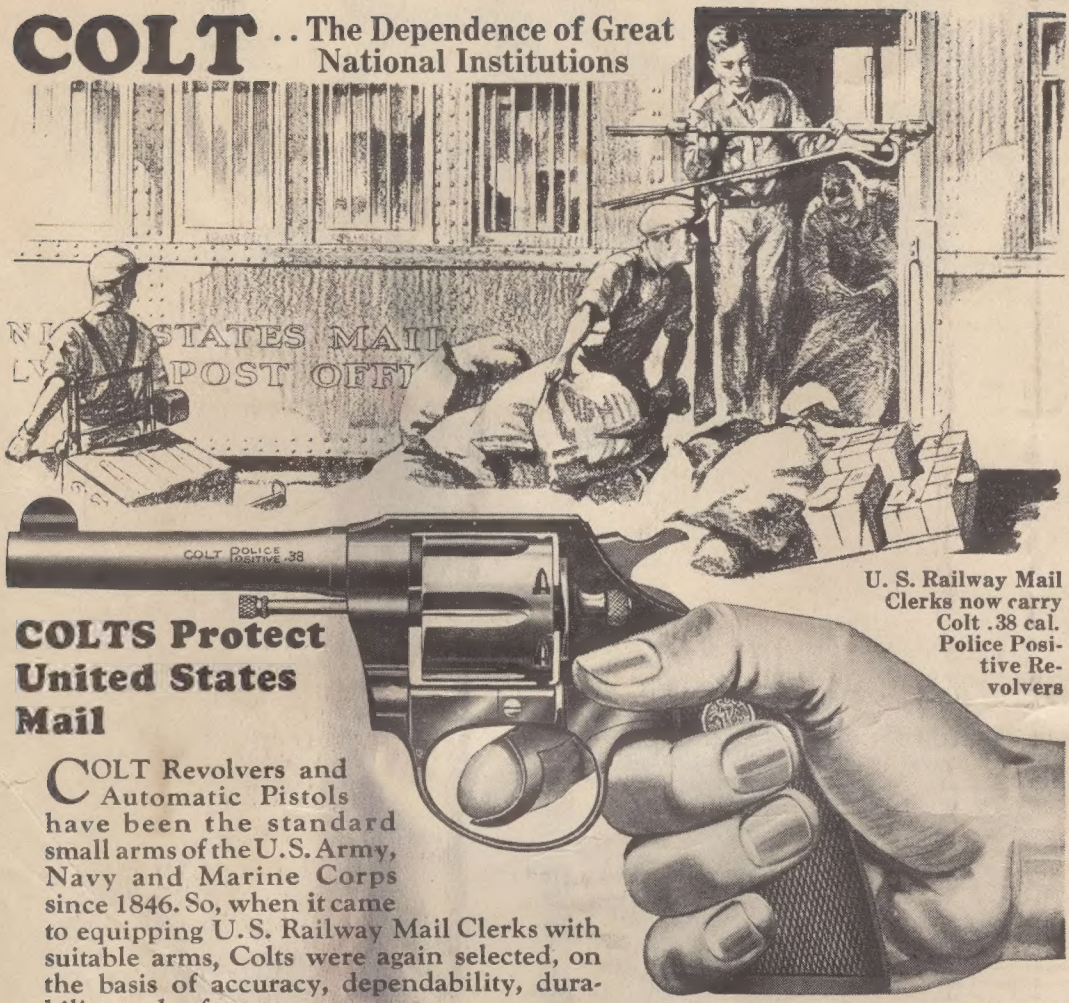
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By Jackson Scholz

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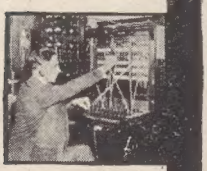
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# Revelations of a famous puritan

For a whole week I'd been sitting on a grocer's shelf in an Ivory wrapper . . . dissatisfied . . . longing for a little place beside a tub that I could call my own!

When Mrs. Tompkins bought me, I may have seemed white and calm, but I knew that at last I would discover what it means to be a cake of Ivory Soap . . .

Well, this morning I learned *all.* When Mr. Tompkins opened the bath-tub faucets, I wanted to get in the water! But I didn't expect Mr. Tompkins to *throw* me in. As I shot downwards, my short innocent life flashed before me. I thought, "This is the end!" But it wasn't, for I *floated.*

When Mr. Tompkins took his bath sponge to me I excitedly foamed. And the more I foamed the better friends Mr. Tompkins and I grew to be. My coat of bubbles was very becoming to him!

I had a rest until the children took their evening baths. Then I did fourteen high dives without once hitting bottom. And *foam!* I actually reduced my waistline cleaning up two pairs of very grubby knees. But when I got through I was proud of those children.

Mrs. Tompkins looked so tired that I was very glad to do a little overtime work for her just before she went to bed. I bubbled out my sympathy in heaps of soothing bubbles. And afterwards she did look as rosy and comforted as a sleepy baby.

I think I'm going to be so busy that I shan't have time to continue this diary. However, it does my heart good to know that the Tompkinses like me so well. So I'm going to wear myself down to a sliver for them!

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SPO

# Flanders Backs The Line

## By Jackson Scholz

THE campus was tense with excitement. Students gathered in noisy groups to discuss the news which was spreading through the school like fire before a high wind. Vale University was sending their team west, and State had been chosen as their opponent!

It was common knowledge, of course, that Vale had been practically forced into the agreement by the weight of public insistence, that their team, dominent in the East for the last two seasons, had pointedly refused to meet a western team until the football public had arisen in their might and yelled for such a match.

Vale's final acceptance carried the air of amused condescension, an attitude which was not lost upon the State student body as the news was flashed about the campus.

"They picked us for suckers," was the gist of one conversation. "They knew darn well that this year's team is the weakest we've had for years, but they overlooked Jack Flanders. Jack's a team all by himself. Wait till these swell-headed Valers try to stop that baby. They'll wish they'd picked some other team beside State."

The others nodded sagely, and a quick whisper of warning lowered the voice of the speaker, as the tall figure of the man under discussion came sauntering slowly over the grass.

If he realized the responsibility which had suddenly settled upon his broad shoulders there was no indication of it in his friendly grin. His sandy hair, as usual, had defied the best efforts of a comb, and his blue eyes regarded the group with amusement.

"Did I hear some one taking my name in vain?"

"Just the reverse, Jack, you heard



us using it in a prayer. What do you think of Vale swallowing their pride to come out here for a game against our insignificant team?"

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"Right decent of them," he admitted.

"Can you lick them?"

Jack's expression underwent a swift change. He regarded the speaker with a steadiness which made the other flush.

"No," Jack admitted slowly, "*I* can't. You seem to forget that there are ten other men on the team. We'll do what we can, of course."

He turned and made his way slowly toward the gym. The attitude of the campus was borne upon him with rather a shock. As far as the student body was concerned Jack Flanders was the football team. They had calmly placed the responsibility of the entire Vale game upon his shoulders, and were regarding him with the jealous affection which a parent bestows upon a robust child. He was still annoyed by this revelation when he walked into Coach Ryans' office to find the latter also in a despondent mood. The old chap was chewing fiercely upon the butt of an extinct cigar. He glowered at Jack and said, "Hell!"

"Make it two," said Jack amiably, as he helped himself to a chair, and waited patiently while the coach extracted another cigar from the side pocket of his coat, and lit it with prodigious puffs.

"Vale thinks we're monkey meat," he announced through a cloud of smoke.

Jack nodded sympathetically, "Well, maybe we are."

"That's the devil of it," Coach Ryan grunted. "They've picked us in a weak year, and the fact that we've always been a representative Middle-Western team won't make any difference to the papers, nor to the Easterners if we get licked. This student body has gone hog wild over the matter, and they want to win this game more than any game we've played for years. It's a swell outlook. Vale has a powerful squad. We have a one-man team, and you're it."

Jack frowned with annoyance, but he knew that Coach Ryan was not the man to exaggerate. Jack knew that the whole team and their intricate system of plays, had been built with himself as the pivot, and with 'Brick' Tollinger, right end, as the principal spoke. A fast, shifty attack by air depended implicitly upon these two, and the aërial rout was the obvious attack against the hard-hitting Vale line which outweighed the State line an average of eight pounds to the man.

"Call it a two-man team," Jack compromised.

"One-man team," the coach insisted stubbornly, "Have you been watching Brick lately?"

During the awkward silence which followed Jack was forced to face the fact which he had been trying to avoid for days.

"Yes, Coach," he admitted slowly, "I *have* noticed. Brick is slowing up. I haven't said anything about it because Brick and I are so closely connected in so many of the plays that it might have looked like an alibi on my part. He's not getting down under my passes. I know I'm shooting them just as straight as I ever did, and yet Brick is not timing them properly. During the last week he's even dropped several of them that have been right in his hands. I believe he's worried about something."

"Worried, I'll say he's worried! He's worrying himself sick! But what's it all about?"

Jack shook his head. "I don't know, but maybe I can find out. I'll get my nose to the ground, at any rate."

Coach Ryan seemed relieved.

"Go to it, son, because I don't mind admitting we're in a hole. With you and Brick going strong we have a chance to hand Vale a big surprise.

Otherwise——" he shrugged his shoulders, an expressive gesture. "And we've only got ten days left."

Before the work-out that afternoon Jack attempted to draw Brick out, but was met with a startled, surly silence which convinced him that the other would not voluntarily reveal the thing which was slowly making him a liability, rather than an asset, to the team.

Brick's work in the scrimmage was listless, but as the work-out ended and the squad straggled toward the gym, Jack noted something which struck him with a quick significance. He saw Brick stop for an instant and exchange a few hasty words with one of the spectators who had been standing along the side line.

It is probable that Jack would not have been impressed with the furtiveness of Brick's action, had he not recognized the man to whom Brick had spoken—Sid Finch.

Previous unpleasant contact with Finch, who was handsome in a sleek, narrow-eyed sort of way, had convinced Jack that the man was thoroughly dangerous and unscrupulous. A junior in the university, he swaggered about under the doubtful prestige of a big allowance from home, an allowance which Jack knew to be supplemented by devious, unsavory gambling activities to which Finch seemed addicted.

Brick, on the other hand, was nothing more than a kid, a redheaded impetuous youngster, universally liked about the campus. He was only a sophomore, but his future, both athletic and scholastic, was something which Jack did not care to see jeopardized by unwise associations, and Finch, he knew, was probably the worst person in school for Brick to know. It did not take Jack long to arrive at a simple conclusion.

"That rat Finch is at the bottom of it," he muttered to himself, but before he could form any more definite ideas on the matter, he was interrupted most rudely.

He was staggered by a heavy blow upon his shoulder, and whirling angrily, was met by the wide grin of Barry Dolan.

Jack's anger turned to amazement, and his amazement to joy. Barry Dolan, former war ace and present head instructor at the Dean Flying School, had been a big factor in assisting Jack toward his private pilot's license, while Jack had attended the school the previous summer.

"Why—why Barry, what are you doing here?"

"I'm parking for a while, kid."

"Well, let's hear the rest of it."

Barry carefully lit a cigarette, enjoying the suspense.

"Old man Dean had a brain storm," he explained at last. "He sent me up here to establish an air port—you know this two-fifty-a-hop stuff, with the idea of making the students air-minded so they'll come down to his school during the summer and take the course. I think the old man had a hunch."

"Sounds like a good idea to me, because it'll be great to have you around. Are you going to give me a reduction on your flying rates?"

"Kid, be your age. Come on down and I'll let you have a crate any time you want it. Old Dean sort of took a fancy to you after you copped that student's race for us, so you see I don't even have to disobey orders to give you a hop now and then. I've leased a piece of ground just the other side of the golf course. Drop around, I may even give you a job."

Jack's hands trembled with excitement as he fumbled with the combination of his locker. What a break! A chance to fly again! A chance to indulge the greatest passion of his life. A chance to send a tiny, fragile craft hurtling through space, to hear the

thunder of the motor, to feel the tug of the wind upon his helmet. It almost drove the thought of Brick Tollinger from his mind.

HE found time, however, to ponder the matter during the next few days, because Brick's work on the football field had reached the point where Coach Ryan was working frantically with a substitute to take Brick's place in the Vale game. The student body, too, was becoming deeply concerned with the mystery.

During the work-out Saturday afternoon Jack was strangely conscious of the figure of Sid Finch standing on the side lines. Finch was accompanied by another student, "Soapy" Fenner, who also enjoyed the reputation of being an inveterate and none-too-fastidious gambler. The combination worried Jack. He was acutely conscious of an attitude of watchful waiting which seemed to surround the pair.

When the practice was over Jack followed Brick into gym, and managed, as Brick passed Finch, to be within hearing distance of the hoarse whisper, "To-morrow afternoon."

The timing had been close, and Jack's swift jog carried him by the group too fast to catch what followed, but he had something, at least, upon which to work, and he set his mind to the task.

The rendezvous, he was convinced, was for the purpose of gambling. He knew that it could not take place in Finch's fraternity house, nor was it probable that they would rent a hotel room for the purpose. Inquiry informed Jack that Fenner occupied a room on the top floor of the new dormitory, and a visit to the building and the consequent location of the room, gave rise to a fantastic plan.

Assuming that the gathering would be in Fenner's room, it would be out of the question for Jack to apply for admission at the door. It would be necessary, too, he believed, to catch Brick redhanded before forcing a confession from the lad. The problem presented difficulties.

Flying had always had a tendency to clear Jack's mind. The rush of the air, the feel of the plane clarified his thoughts, and on Sunday afternoon he called at Barry Dolan's new air port, which consisted of a temporary tent hangar, and a smaller tent serving as an office.

"How's business, Barry?"

"Bad! I've got to educate 'em."

"How about letting me take a little flip to-day?"

"O. K., kid. I've just been cruising around a bit myself and she's all warm. Help yourself, but don't stay out more than a half hour, because I may have a customer."

Jack noticed the ship to be a Fledgling, the steady, reliable training plane used in the Dean school. The controls had been removed from the front cockpit, and a wider seat substituted to accommodate two passengers. He borrowed goggles and helmet from Barry, and a few moments later had lifted the wheels from the ground, and was gently coaxing the ship through the bumps which hovered in the air above the stretch of woods which bordered one end of the field.

For a few moments he allowed himself the luxury of playing about in the air with the carefree attitude of a puppy in pursuit of its own tail. Then, when the first thrill of flying again was slightly satiated, he turned his attention to the more serious business at hand.

The thing he had in mind was essentially simple, and his hunch would be quickly verified one way or the other. The dormitory building, six stories in height, stood in isolation upon the slight rise where it had been built. There were no surrounding trees, which increased the simplicity of Jack's plan.

He dropped to five hundred feet, and throttled the motor as low as he safely dared. Then he cut the gun entirely and sent the ship into a shallow glide, a glide barely fast enough to maintain the flying speed.

His timing was delicate and sure. Fenner's room was at the far corner of the building, and as Jack came swooping by, perilously close, a swift glance into the window, the merest fraction of a second, registered the picture upon the photographic lens of his mind.

He saw four men at a table, and Brick's red head was unmistakable. The faces, it is true, were blurs, but the evidence, Jack was sure, was all he needed. He shoved the throttle forward, zoomed into the air, and in a few minutes more had landed at the air port.

He thanked Barry absently, and the latter raised his eyebrows.

"Something on your mind, kid?"

"Plenty."

Barry did not push the matter.

"Let me know if I can help," was all he said, and Jack nodded gratefully, and changed the subject to aëronautics.

He called that night at Brick's fraternity house, and found Brick studying, or making a pretense at studying in his room. He looked up, startled, as Jack entered unannounced, and something in the grimness of the latter's bearing, put Brick upon his guard.

"Why—why hello, Jack," he greeted. "Have a chair."

Jack took the proffered chair and regarded Brick steadily for several moments.

"I've got the dope on you, Brick," he said at last, "and you might as well come clean."

"What're you talking about?" Brick blustered, "You've got a nerve to——"

"Shut up!" Jack snapped, "I was in that plane to-day that went by Fenner's window. I saw you playing cards in there. Do you want to tell me the story, or had you rather tell it to the Athletic Board?"

Brick Tollinger was suddenly robbed of anything suggesting aggressiveness. A swift fear flashed for an instant in his eyes, to be followed by the more rational expression of a man who suddenly resigns himself to the inevitable. Jack received the impression that the boy was actually relieved at the prospect of finally unburdening his mind of the thing which had preyed upon it for so long. He drew a long breath, and the words rushed forth as though a dam had broken.

"Jack, I've been through hell! They've robbed me, that's what they've done. Cheated me at every turn, and I, like a simple ass, have just tumbled to the fact.

"I thought I was a gambler—thought I was a clever poker player, but I'm nothing but a piker, a rube, a come-on, a——"

Jack interrupted an hysterical laugh by shaking Brick roughly by the shoulder.

"Snap out of it, old man," he advised, "Steady down a bit and give me all the dope. We've got a football game to win, and we haven't much time left to do it. Easy now, start from the beginning."

Brick quieted under the firm pressure of Jack's hand. He looked up gratefully.

"I'm O. K. now. Thanks, Jack. I guess I went off half-cocked. The dope is this." He rose from his chair and started pacing slowly back and forth across the room.

"I've always had the gambling instinct, even as a kid. My dad recognized it in me, and has been mighty decent in helping me out of several scrapes in high school. When I came to college, however, he told me it was my last chance. He told me that if he got wind of anything of the sort he'd

yank me out of school, and that's what I'm up against now.

"I got in with this bird Sid Finch before I knew what sort of a yegg he was. I met Fenner, too, and they were clever. We started out with friendly penny ante games, and I thought I had sense enough to stick to that, but I caught the fever of the thing and before I knew what it was all about, we were playing for stakes I knew darn well I couldn't afford. The result was that I was soon up to my ears in debt, and I've signed I O U for about four hundred dollars.

"Of course I kept on with the hope of winning it back, and to-day, for the first time, I tumbled to the fact that Fenner is a card sharp. I had enough brains to keep it to myself, because it wouldn't have gained me anything to accuse him, and it might only have brought things to a quicker end.

"As it is I'm busted. They threaten to send the I O U's to my dad if I don't raise the dough. That means that I'm through with school for good."

"And it means the Vale game," reminded Jack grimly, "and that's the only thing that matters now. Frankly I don't sympathize with you a bit. You've made a fool of yourself, but I believe you've learned your lesson. You'll never play a decent game of football, however, as long as this is on your mind, so I'm going to try to help you."

"Jack, that's great of you," Brick exclaimed huskily, "I swear that if you ever get me out of this jam, I'll never gamble again. I have learned my lesson. I——"

"Shut up," Jack snapped, "I want to think."

There was a long period of silence while Jack slumped in his chair, his chin upon his breast, his eyes staring into space. Finally he straightened slowly.

"It's a slim chance, but the best one I can think of. If we can catch this Fenner redhanded it might help some. You tell Finch that you want me to sit in on the next session. He's clever enough to know that I'll be there for the purpose of pinning something on him, but I believe he hates me enough to take that chance in the hope of getting some of my cash. We can plan our campaign from that point."

Brick agreed readily enough, and when Jack finally left, Brick was looking better than Jack had seen him look in days. Some of the tired lines of worry seemed to have left his face. He appeared to have taken a new grip on life at the knowledge that he was not facing the crisis alone.

THE meeting was arranged for two nights later, and it was an oddly mixed and watchful quartet that gathered in Fenner's room. The two athletes, hard as nails, clear-eyed and alert, the bulky Finch and the slender, suave Fenner, alert also with the quick, furtive movements of a ferret.

"And so you've decided to take up poker as a pastime, Flanders," Finch greeted.

"Why not?" Jack agreed. "I've got to increase my income some way."

Fenner laughed abruptly. "Well, you've come to the right place. What'll we play for?"

"Dollar limit," Jack suggested.

Finch sneered. "Chicken feed. How do you expect to make money that way?"

"Wait and see," Jack said quietly.

Fenner produced a deck of cards which had been used several times before, and Jack calmly took them in his hands, and with a quick, powerful twist, tore the deck in two.

Fenner gasped in astonishment, then started to rise angrily to his feet, but was pushed back by Finch.

"What's the idea, Flanders?" the latter demanded. "Trying to show us how strong you are?"

"Partly that," Jack admitted coolly, "and partly because I'd rather use a new deck." He took a new deck from his pocket and tossed it quickly on the table.

Fenner broke the seal with bad grace, "Are you trying to tell me that you think my cards are marked?"

"And what if I was?"

Fenner crushed his cigarette into the heavy glass ash tray before him. He shuffled the cards in surly silence, then dealt them in rotation, face up.

"First jack deals," he said.

Brick won the deal and the game got under way. It proceeded regularly enough, and for the first half hour the pots were well divided.

Jack played with apparent carelessness, his face expressionless. He drew his cards and made his bets without hesitation, but behind his bored exterior his mind was working at high speed, and his senses were abnormally acute.

He was convinced that, up to this time, Fenner had made no attempt to manipulate the cards, though he was convinced too, by the latter's swift sureness in shuffling and dealing that such a possibility was more than probable.

It was when Finch tossed his cards on the table with disgust and yawned elaborately, that Jack's watchfulness increased.

"This is a kid's game," Finch declared, "let's take the limit off and get a little action."

He regarded Jack speculatively and Jack's worried hesitancy was an excellent piece of pantomime.

"Well," Jack agreed uncertainly, "we might try it for a few hands."

He caught a surprised expression on Brick's face and a quick gleam in Fenner's eyes. It was Jack's deal and he shuffled the cards with elaborate awkwardness. He found that he had dealt himself a pair of tens.

Finch opened the pot for a dollar, Fenner stayed, and Brick tossed in his cards. Jack shoved in his dollar reluctantly, but failed to improve his hand on the draw, and tossed his cards to the center of the table. Finch won the pot on two small pairs.

On Finch's deal Jack had nothing to draw to, so he watched Brick's three eights win a six-dollar pot.

As Fenner gathered the cards for his deal, it seemed to Jack that his hands worked with unusual speed. Finch had already tossed the remainder of the deck face up upon the board, and the cards had scattered considerably. As Fenner shuffled, Jack's taut senses caught a different sound to the rustle and slap of the cards, and instinct warned him that Fenner was at last making use of his art. Finch cut the cards at Fenners' insistence, and the four hands fluttered swiftly from Fenner's slender fingers.

Jack picked up his cards one at a time, and was not surprised to find four queens. Brick opened for fifty cents and everybody stayed. Brick drew three cards, Jack one, and Finch signified that he wanted only one.

Fenner flipped him the card which landed so close to the edge of the table that it slipped to the floor. Finch, in attempting to recover it, clumsily lost his balance and saved himself from a fall only by a quick scramble and a few earnest curses.

It was natural that the attention of the others should be drawn to his predicament, but a swift warning flashed into Jack's brain, and from the corner of his eye he saw Fenner make a lightning motion. A card had been slipped from the deck and was nestling in Fenner's palm.

If Fenner's move had been fast, Jack's was equally so. His long arm shot across the table and his fingers clamped upon Fenner's wrist with the strength of a vise. With a quick twist the palm was turned upward, exposing

the card, an ace, and Fenner, squealing with rage like a cornered rat, suddenly lost his head.

With his free hand he seized the heavy glass ash tray before him. He brought it forward with savage force, but Jack had already dropped the other's wrist, and his hand flashed in a swift counter toward the arm which held the ash tray.

It was too late to break the force of the throw, but Jack's accurate thrust arrived in time to change its direction. The ash tray, then, instead of finding its intended mark, slipped from Fenner's hand and crashed into Finch's head.

The latter collapsed without a sound, falling forward across the table. A horrified silence fell upon the group, a silence unbroken until a thin trickle of blood stained the green felt of the table top.

"You—you've killed him," Fenner whispered huskily, but Jack scarcely heard him. He had risen from his chair, jerked the bulky body of Finch upright, and was carefully examining the wound.

"Get a doctor," he snapped, "This may be serious!"

Fenner scuttled from the room to the telephone in the hall, and Jack turned to Brick, who was pale and shaken with apprehension.

"Beat it, Brick," he said quietly, "Get out, quick, before you're caught here."

"What sort of a skunk do you think I am?" Brick demanded angrily, "I'm not that yellow!"

"I know that, old man," Jack said calmly, and there was something in the quality of his voice that brought a rational expression back into Brick's eyes, "It's merely a matter of common sense. If you're caught here, it will get in the papers, and your father will find it out. That means you won't be able to play in the Vale game, and that's the thing we've got to think about now."

"But it might keep you out of it, too."

"It might, but my chances are better than yours. There are several days left, and a lot might happen in that time. Now beat it and let me handle this."

Reluctantly Brick took his departure, and Fenner returned shortly to announce that a doctor would arrive in a few minutes. His agile mind deduced the reason for Brick's disappearance.

"Trying to keep him out of it, huh? Afraid his dad will take him out of school? I know all about that. You'd sort of hate to have me squeal, wouldn't you?"

Jack regarded the man before him with a cold intensity that made the other cringe. Fenner's eyes seemed drawn by some irresistible force to Jack's hands, clenching and unclenching at his sides. It is probable that Fenner knew how close he was to being beaten at that time, but Jack steadied himself with a long breath, and when he spoke his voice was well under control.

"I'll bargain with you, you rat, until the time when I can get the goods on you. In the meanwhile I'll take the blame for what has happened here, if you'll keep Brick Tollinger entirely out of it."

Fenner grinned cockily, greatly relieved.

"Then you'll take the blame for the rest of your life, big boy, because you're never going to get anything on me. You haven't got anything on me now because Sid's and my words are just as good as yours—that is, if he lives," he added callously.

The doctor arrived at that time and dispelled any fears in that respect.

"He'll live, all right," he declared, "but he probably won't regain consciousness for several days. It's too bad, Flanders, how did it happen?"

"Accident," Jack said shortly. "I'll take the blame."

THE university, upon the following morning, was rocked to its foundations by the news that leaped from the headlines of the papers. Jack Flanders, their one hope in the Vale game, had been arrested for assault upon a fellow student.

The identity of Jack's victim, it is true, assured Jack the entire sympathy of the student body, but that in no way lessened the tragedy that brought gloom upon the campus.

Jack had been immediately released on bail, but the president of the university had curtailed his activity in athletics and during the few days preceding the Vale game Jack wandered grimly about the athletic field, doing his best to help Coach Ryan in his fight to rebuild the shattered morale of the team. Jack Flanders had been the mind and motive power behind the squad. They had depended upon him implicitly, and a game without him was unthinkable. They even conceded frankly among themselves that the game against the powerful Vale organization would be nothing more than a farce. It was a miserable situation and Jack suffered acutely as the hours went by and no solution presented itself.

It had been easy to tell Brick that he, Jack, could cope with the matter, but he finally realized that nothing but a complete written confession from Finch or Fenner would save the situation. This seemed practically an impossibility, but Jack had calmly decided upon a desperate attempt to choke such a confession from Fenner as a last resource.

That Fenner must have anticipated such an action was evidenced by the fact that he was constantly in the company of another person. Jack had even resorted to trailing the man in the hope of catching him alone but the afternoon preceding the Vale game arrived, and Jack was no closer to a solution than upon the evening of the card game.

Coach Ryan had called no practice for that afternoon, believing that a day of inactivity might possibly help his jaded team, so Jack started for Barry Dolan's air port, with the hope that the pounding wind and the throbbing motor would help him to momentarily forget the game upon the following day, and the painful fact, which he had now come to accept, that his own name would not appear in the line-up. It was a thing too monstrous to dwell upon, and flying was the only antidote. Barry was gloomily sympathetic.

"It was a bad break, kid. Personally I was as glad as anybody else that you crowned that skunk, but it seems a shame that the law had to distinguish between a guy like that and the common garden variety of pole cat. I guess you must have had a pretty good reason."

The last observation carried the slight intonation of a question, but Jack chose to overlook Barry's curiosity.

"How's business?" he asked, and Barry accepted the rebuke philosophically.

"Not bad, Jack, not bad. These folks are getting air-minded, and I'm even making appointments in advance. Take a look, I'm pretty well filled up for tomorrow morning, and I have four appointments for this afternoon."

Jack accepted the notebook and glanced at the pages with polite interest. Suddenly his eyes fastened upon a certain name, and he grunted with astonishment. He seized the pilot by the arm.

"Barry," he exclaimed excitedly, "Barry—this name, Fenner, is his nickname Soapy?"

Barry scratched his head, and regarded Jack curiously.

"I don't know."

"What does he look like?"

"Near as I can remember he looks sort of like a weasel."

"Ah!"

"What do you mean 'ah'?" Barry de-

manded irritably. "There's too much mystery. How about letting me in on it?"

Jack had sobered now. He was thinking swiftly.

"I'm sorry, Barry, I can't right now, but you told me once that you'd be glad to help me if you could."

"Well, I haven't changed my mind."

"Am I a pretty good flyer?"

"You sure are, kid."

"Then all I'm going to ask, Barry, is that you let me pilot his Fenner passenger to-morrow."

Barry considered the matter, and a slow grin of appreciation spread upon his face.

"Sure, kid, you can take him up. I don't know what it's all about, but it will probably be worth watching."

The corners of Jack's mouth quivered in appreciation of Barry's astuteness.

"It should be, Barry," he admitted slowly, "it should be."

Jack spent the evening in composition. With a borrowed typewriter and a couple of sheets of carbon paper, he drafted a brief masterpiece, and went to bed, contented.

He awoke the following morning with the feeling unabated. He noted with approval that the weather was excellent for football—and flying. He read the local paper's brave attempts to be cheerful over the inevitable outcome of the game that day, and felt a pleasant tingle.

He arrived at the airport by a roundabout way, and reported at Barry's office, where he kept out of sight behind the curtain which separated Barry's working quarters from his living quarters, and Barry thoughtfully provided him with reading material. Jack heard the motor of the Fledgling warming up and heard it take off twice with passengers, and shortly after Barry returned from his second hop he hurried into the tent.

"All set, kid," he announced briskly, "he's in the front cockpit, all strapped in. Come on, let's change."

Barry slipped out of his flying suit, and Jack quickly pulled it on. Both men were of the same general build, and when Jack had donned the helmet and had pulled the goggles over his eyes, it would have taken a keen eye to distinguish him from Barry.

The ship was facing in the opposite direction as Jack came from the tent, and in a matter of seconds he had swung his long legs over the side of the cockpit and had settled himself in the seat. Fenner turned around with a sickly smile which lacked the confidence he was trying to assume, but Jack ducked his head and pretended to be concerned with the buckles of his parachute and the fastening of his safety belt. It was evident that this was Fenner's first hop.

When Fenner faced the front once more, Jack eased the throttle forward, and the plane got under way. The takeoff was simplified by the fact that the ship was already facing into the wind, and soon the sturdy plane was scooting along the ground with its tail up.

Jack grinned as he saw Fenner's hands reach for the edge of the cockpit and clutch the padded cowling. Deliberately he kept the stick forward, keeping the plane a few feet off the surface of the ground until they had attained full flying speed, and were hurtling toward the row of trees that bordered the end of the field.

For a split second it seemed that they would plunge into the woods, but a quick yank on the stick brought the ship into a zoom which was almost vertical, and they shot into the air for a hundred feet before Jack leveled off, chuckling to himself at the cringing shoulders of the man ahead.

Once on the level, Jack began to shake the stick between his legs, which imparted to the plane the alarming mo-

tion of a quaking leaf. He saw Fenner twist convulsively in his seat, thoroughly convinced that something was disasterously wrong, and as his pale fear-drawn face appeared above the cowl, Jack deliberately raised his goggles and favored Fenner with his most diabolical grin.

For an instant Jack feared that his passenger would faint from shock. He recoiled as though he had been struck in the face, then forced himself to steady his gaze to assure himself Jack Flanders, and not an apparition, was piloting the plane. Convinced of this his stiff lips began to form words which were drowned in the roar of the motor.

Jack ended the one-sided interview by a sudden dive which threw Fenner forward against his safety belt, and set him once more clutching the cowl. The dive was terminated by another zoom, at the top of which Jack kicked the rudder hard right and pulled the stick back into his stomach.

The ship dropped off on one wing in a dizzy slip, but a quick centering of the controls prevented a resulting spin. Then Jack proceeded to gain altitude by a series of breathless zooms. At two thousand feet he looped, a tight loop that froze the occupants of the plane to their seats. He looped again, another tight one, but on the third loop he held the ship for an instant at the top, thereby losing the centrifugal force, and he distinctly heard Fenner's scream of terror as he dropped six inches into his safety belt.

The time, Jack felt, was ripe for his plan. He throttled the motor to its lowest cruising speed, tapped Fenner on the shoulder, and as the latter turned an ashen face, Jack extended a small packet which Fenner accepted in trembling fingers. The packet contained the note which Jack had written the night before, also a pencil.

He watched Fenner read the note, the contents of which were still fresh in his own mind. It was a simple statement of guilt, which when signed by Fenner would be an admission of his cheating tactics against Brick Tollinger, and an absolute repudiation of the latter's I O U slips which Fenner held. The confession would also implicate Sid Finch as an accomplice, and it also contained a brief, true statement of the manner in which Finch received his wound.

Jack cut the motor and went into a gentle glide.

"Sign it!" he shouted.

But Fenner apparently possessed a remaining atom of courage, inspired probably by the damning evidence which his signature would pile against him. He shook his head stubbornly, and tore the confession in two. The pieces had scarcely been whipped away by the wind when Jack yanked the nose of the ship up and began a grim climb for altitude.

At three thousand feet he leveled off, and with Fenner's horror-stricken eyes upon him, Jack calmly proceeded to undo his safety belt, and leaving the controls to their own resources, he climbed to the back of the pilot's seat, slipped his hand through the ring of his rip cord, and made all preparations for a parachute jump.

His motions were unhurried and deadly convincing. He turned at the last moment to wave a derisive farewell to his passenger, and upon that instant he knew that Fenner was licked.

The man's face was ghastly, and his lips were screaming a phrase which arose above the noise of the low-throttled motor.

"I'll sign! I'll sign! I'll sign!"

With a shrug, Jack slipped once more into the seat. The steady little ship had held its course with scarcely a waver. Jack produced another copy of the same confession, passed it to the front cockpit, and received it back, signed. With

a smile of satisfaction he tucked it in a pocket beneath his flying suit, and tipped the nose of the plane toward the landing field.

Fenner was so badly shaken that he had to be helped from the plane. Gladly he acknowledged his signature, which Barry promptly witnessed, and was glad to take advantage of Jack's dismissal.

"Now get out, you rat!"

When he had made his unsteady way from the field, Jack turned to face Barry's wide grin.

"Well, kid, I guess I'm in on the secret now. I guess that means you play to-day."

"And how," breathed Jack fervently, "And how! I'm on my way now to see the president. See you later Barry —and a million thanks."

Jack's promise to see Barry later was fulfilled a great deal sooner than either had expected. In less than a half hour Jack was back upon the flying field, and Barry's own face clouded with alarm at the expression he read upon Jack's.

"What is it, kid? What's wrong?"

"President Harris—he's gone."

"What do you mean, gone?"

"Just that—he's gone. He's the only one here who can give me permission to play this afternoon on the strength of this confession, and he's left town for the week-end."

"Telephone him," Barry suggested.

"Not a chance, he's on a fishing trip near Oakfield. Won't be back until Monday morning."

"Get me the exact location," Barry snapped. "I know that country like my own back yard. With luck I can get back here in time. Hurry now!"

Jack started to protest, but the other had already turned and was shouting orders to his mechanic. Jack dashed into the tent, got the president's office on the phone and soon knew the exact location of the fishing camp. Back on the field again, he found Barry helping the mechanic to fill the gas tank to its capacity. This completed to his satisfaction he slid into a leather coat and strapped on his helmet and goggles. The latter he shoved temporarily upon his head, and his dark eyes glistening with excitement, he extended a hand to Jack.

"Get in your football togs, kid, and be ready. I'll make it if I have to fly the wings off of this crate. So long for a while!"

Jack gripped the proffered hand.

"Barry, you're a prince," he choked. "Good luck, old man."

In an incredibly short space of time, Jack was watching the plane dwindle to a speck in the distance.

As Jack made his way back to the campus he was conscious of that static excitement in the air which always precedes a big football game. The papers, it is true, had not given State an outside chance to stop the powerful Vale aggregation, but everybody knew that anything might happen in a football game, and this feeble assurance was all that the loyal State rooters required to convince them that their team had a real fighting chance.

Jack slipped quietly into his place at the training table, but presented a blank countenance to the hopeful glances of the rest of the squad. It was not the time, he felt, to tell them that he might possibly get into the game. Later, probably, when the moment was ripe.

He did tell the coach, however, and the old veteran tossed away a half-smoked cigar and reached excitedly for another. His fingers trembled as he tried to light it, giving Jack an inkling of the tremendous importance Coach Ryan attached to this game.

"Son," he declared, "we haven't a prayer unless you get in there. I'm not a religious man, but I'll take up praying as a pastime if this friend of yours arrives in time."

They were standing outside the door

of the gym watching the crowd file into the huge stadium.

"Those folks are counting on us, son," the coach declared huskily. "It's not our team they have faith in, it's the spirit behind the team. They know that, man for man, the Vale team is better. It's our fight they're counting on, and I've got to send a team out on that field that believes itself licked before it starts."

"Maybe not," Jack said quietly, "Maybe not."

He led the way to the varsity room, and was momentarily appalled at the depression that seemed to have settled upon the squad. They were drawn and haggard, wretched in their conviction that they didn't have a chance.

Jack stood for a moment in the doorway, unnoticed, then his voice cut through the desultory conversation like the crack of a whip.

"You're a fine pack of yellow pups!"

In the astounded silence, every startled eye was focused upon Jack's lean, menacing figure as he stood, legs apart and arms akimbo in the doorway.

As the significance of his words began to penetrate through the first shock of surprise, faces flushed angrily, and several half rose from the benches.

At precisely the right moment, before anyone could put their indignant thoughts into words, Jack continued his attack.

"You're letting this team from the East come out here and lick you with its reputation. You know that this is the most important game this school has had for years, and yet you're going out there and prove to your friends up there in the grand stand that you haven't got the nerve of a litter of rabbits.

"Somebody's told you that you were a one-man team, that everything depended on me, and you've believed them. You've got the idea that you can't play without me out there to back you up, so here's a thought for you to chew on for a while.

"There's a good chance that I'll get in that game! I've cleared myself of this charge against me, and I'm merely awaiting President Harris' permission to play. The permission may come in time, and it may not. It's certain that I won't be able to start the game. Wait!"

He held up a hand to quiet the exclamations of joy.

"I'm making you a promise! Even with permission, I won't come out on that field and take charge of a team that I'm ashamed of. If you lay down, if you quit, I'm through! But—if you're behind by ten touchdowns, and you've fought like men every inch of the way, I'll be out there and do what I can to help!"

Jack glared at them a moment longer, then stepped quietly from the varsity room. He was too good a judge of emotional values to weaken his victory by remaining for the inevitable questions. He slipped into the coach's office, and several minutes later he heard through the open transom the sound of the team leaving for the field. He heard muttered promises above the clatter of their cleats upon the floor, he heard a sound suspiciously like a sob, and even through the protection of the door he seemed to feel that savage, vital current which emanates from an enraged, fighting unit.

When the last of the squad had left, he returned to the varsity room and donned his own togs. He wondered, with a sensation almost akin to nausea, if he would sit upon the bench all afternoon like the lowliest sub.

"He's got make it," he muttered desperately, "He's got to!"

IT did not tend to improve his state of mind when the crowd caught sight of him, dressed to play. A spontaneous yell went up, which quickly resolved it-

self into an organized cheer, led by the cheer leaders. He was conscious, too, of the groan of dismay which arose when it became evident that he was not included in the line-up which would start the game.

He hunched himself upon the bench, and turned his attention grimly to the field. The Vale players were enormous, and speedy too. There was a finished quality to their preliminary drill, and a frank confidence which amounted to cockiness. The attitude annoyed Jack. These Easterners were so absolutely assured of victory, that the game to them was no more than a practice workout.

His own team, he noticed with satisfaction, were snapping through their signal practice with a certain grim ferocity, which meant trouble for somebody. Jack gasped and went taut, despite himself, at the sound of the whistle which would start the game.

Vale won the toss and elected to receive. Jack watched his team line up for the kick-off, longing in every fiber of his body to be out there on the field, helping his teammates fight against the tremendous odds they were about to face.

Jack had never watched his own team from the bench before. It seemed incredible. He was amazed at the terrific emotional strain he was undergoing. If he had been on the field he would have been cool and steady, but here, on the bench, he seemed to be running the gamut of childish hysteria.

The sound of the kick-off was like a swift drop in an elevator. He watched the ball tumbling through the air to finally come to rest in the arms of a Vale half back who got underway with a speed belying his size.

The interference for the runner was a beautiful thing to watch, but it was short-lived against the savage rush of the whole State team. It seemed to Jack that half the men on his team had tried for that tackle, and when the Vale man went down, he went down under a substantial pile.

And then Jack knew the exquisite torture of real agony as he watched the first advance of the Vale team. Nothing hurried, just relentless, machine-like in its ruthless progress.

They scorned anything but straight football, these men from the East, confident in the strength of their line and the speed of their backs. They plugged straight down the field, slowly, deliberately. They battered the State line for four to five yards at a down, nothing spectacular, just steady and inevitable. They seemed contented to use three downs to make their ten-yard gain.

On their own ten-yard line, State responded to that mysterious stimulus which ever inspires a team in the shadow of its own goal posts. It may have been the frenzied shrieks from the grand stand, and it may have been the savage, elemental instinct of a man to protect his own, but the State line became a bunch of fighting maniacs, and the Vale captain was tricked, through sheer surprise, into using his fourth down in a vain attempt to gain the last precious yard.

With the ball on their one-yard line, State kicked, a nice effort, but not to be compared with the long, smooth spirals that could shoot from the toe of Jack's foot. He squirmed helplessly and his leg tingled at the very thought of the impact of the ball. He tore his eyes from the field, and searched the sky, but there was nothing there but a few bright clouds.

Vale advanced again, but this time there was something less impersonal in their march. Jack's imagination could almost hear the growl of a frustrated giant, and they pounded their way through the lighter team which was disputing every inch of their advance with a splendid courage that brought a lump

to Jack's throat. He was proud of his team.

Once more State stiffened desperately before their own goal line, but were caught completely off their guard by a short pass, the first of the game. A Vale end yanked the ball out of the air, and placed it almost indifferently upon the ground, as though to suggest that this was but the first of many touchdowns.

State ran the kick-off back to their thirty-yard line, and made first down by a tricky end run. They made a second down by a pass which was completed through sheer luck.

The stands went mad with joy and hope, but the quarter was called, the teams changed sides, and Vale proceeded to smother an end run, and knock down two attempted passes. State kicked and Vale slammed relentlessly through for her second touchdown.

As the weary team went into the dressing room for their fifteen-minute rest, Jack refused to leave the bench. He was sick with nerve-racking suspense. What had happened to Barry? Hadn't he been able to locate President Harris? Would he, Jack, be compelled to spend another hideous half on the bench, watching his team fight valiantly against such terrific odds?

Jack's eyes were lusterless as the teams came back upon the field. It was too late, now, to expect that Barry would arrive. Once more State received the kick, and once more they made their futile attempts to advance the ball. They were attempting the intricacies of Coach Ryan's game without the proper leader, plays that had been built around Jack Flanders.

A second end run had been smothered, and Jack was groaning at the stupid play about to be run, when his attention was suddenly jerked from the field, and the game ceased to exist.

He had heard the drone of a motor from the sky. His eyes suddenly keen and clear, raked the horizon and located the ship which rapidly increased in size, until with a gasp of relief, Jack recognized Barry's Fledgling.

Following his joy came the swift fear that Barry might not have been successful, but the fear was dissipated by the certain knowledge that Barry would not be circling the athletic field if this had been the case.

Lower he came, and lower, till the roar of the motor drowned all other sounds.

The referee, furious at the interruption, signaled for time out, then all eyes were focused upon the plane which dove for the field, then swiftly zoomed skyward.

As it zoomed, however, something left the cockpit—a flash of white, which quickly unfolded into a tiny parachute. It descended quickly, struck the field, and an official picked it up and examined it curiously. He came toward the side line and approached the State player's bench.

"This is for you, Flanders."

Jack snatched it with hasty thanks. The parachute had been crudely constructed from Barry's handkerchief, weighted with a pocket knife around which had been tied the note. It was brief and pointed.

I have been presented with evidence to the effect that Jack Flanders is not guilty of the crime of which he is charged. This note will serve as my permission for him to play in the game against Yale. Good luck!

It was signed by President Harris.

As Jack jogged upon the field, buckling his helmet as he went, the crowd suddenly went insane. A lump came into Jack's throat at the sincerity of their ovation and their faith. He allowed himself a brief moment to enjoy their loyalty, then turned his practical mind to the business at hand. He drew Brick Tollinger aside after one play.

"Everything is all right, Brick. Your I O U notes will never be claimed. I've made Fenner confess the truth, and have asked President Harris not to make an issue of it so that your name will never come out. Fenner's confession, involving Finch, is written, and we have nothing to worry about as long as we have it.

"Let's go, fella, we've got a lot to do. I'll depend on you a lot in the next half hour, and the folks in the stands are depending on you to come through."

Brick's eyes suddenly filled with tears of sheer joy. He regarded Jack with the idolatry of a fanatic.

"I can't ever make it up to you, Jack," he choked, "I——"

Jack shook him roughly by the arm.

"Forget it," he snapped. "Take it out on this Vale bunch! We've got a job ahead of us!"

Brick's lips went tight, and Jack felt the muscles of his arm contract.

"It's a good idea, Jack," he said quietly. "A swell idea."

The ball was on State's thirty-three yard line, three downs and eight to go. He drew the team into a huddle, and when they took their places in the line, a miracle seemed to have been performed. They were the same men, with the same grimy faces and the same sweat-soaked uniforms, but here the similarity ceased, for every man went into that line charged with a new hope and a new indomitable, fighting spirit, inspired by their blind faith in the man who had taken them in charge.

The Vale captain, wise in the ways of the game, noted the change almost instantly, and there was a slight note of alarm in the words with which he warned his men. Something unbelievable had happened, but as yet he knew not what.

Jack kicked, and every ounce of his restless, pent-up energy went into the drive of his leg. The ball left his toe in a hard, clean spiral, boring through the air like a rifled bullet.

The Vale men who had gone back to take the kick were caught flat-footed. It sped above their heads before they had a chance to get under it, and when it struck the ground it bounded away like a scared rabbit. The full back recovered it five yards in front of his own goal line, but before he was well under way a redheaded hurricane was upon him, with a vicious, bone-crushing tackle that was heard high up in the stands. The ball flew from his arms, was recovered by the other back, who was hit by a lean battering-ram that nailed him in his tracks.

As Jack rose from his tackle he turned his attention to Brick and was relieved to see him rise to his feet apparently none the worse for wear. The Vale man, however, did not rise. He was carried from the field as a graphic warning to the rest of the Vale team that the rabbit had suddenly turned into a bear.

Jack's world had become bounded by the four sides of the gridiron. He regarded the players before him with the cold calculation of a chess player. His own strength counted nothing, he squandered it with a scornful disregard for consequences. He was in his element, insensible to pain, fired with a single idea that made his instinct uncanny.

He seemed to know where each Vale play was coming, and the rest of the backfield, keyed to hair-trigger receptiveness, watched their leader with the intensity of hawks and were never more than a stride behind. The line stiffened, too, under the ruthless drive of Jack's personality, and for the first time that day, Vale found themselves forced to kick.

Jack received the punt and brought it back to Vale's thirty-yard line with a brilliant demonstration of open-field work that brought the stands to their feet, yelling like maniacs.

A quick huddle, and the lines formed. The ball came back to Jack on a clean pass from center, shoulder high. He made a quick dash toward left end, then as though seized with sudden panic, changed his mind and started in the other direction.

The Vale line, by this time, had filtered through, and when it appeared inevitable that Jack would be caught well behind the line of scrimmage, he neatly side-stepped a lunging guard, braced himself for the briefest instant, and whipped the ball from his hand as the average person would throw a baseball.

The Vale team saw its mistake too late. They were taken completely by surprise at the amazing distance and accuracy of the pass. No one had noticed Brick Tollinger racing down the side of the field who, by Jack's tactics, was given ample time to reach the goal line, where the ball reached his waiting hands as though drawn by some invisible magnet.

They made their extra point and lined up for the kick-off. The crowd was mad with renewed hope.

Vale recovered quickly and settled grimly down to increase their lead which, in the face of new developments, seemed rather slight. They opened up their game a bit, and made three first downs, before Jack's uncanny instinct smothered two consecutive plays and forced them to kick again.

And now it became evident that Vale had centered upon State's vulnerable point, because every man on their team centered his attention upon Jack Flanders. But so cleverly did Jack direct his attack, so brilliantly did he use Coach Ryan's ingenious plays, that the opposition could never be sure when he himself would carry the ball.

And when he did, he was always dangerous. His charges at the line were cruel, ruthless things which seemed to find a hole where no hole existed. His dashes at the ends were flashing marvels of foot work, to be stopped by sheer force of numbers.

By the quality of leadership alone he brought his team once more within striking distance of Vale's goal line. He tried the line, and found it impregnable, Vale, now, was fighting for its own.

Carrying the ball upon an end run, his foot struck a soft place in the turf, and he was borne down by Vale players before he could recover. A short pass failed, and on the last down Jack made all preparations for a kick, clearing the ground carefully at the point where he would make his effort.

The ball came back to him. He poised to kick, then whipped the ball above his head, and it shot from his hands like a brown streak. The throw could not have been more accurate had it been aimed from a gun. It was low and hard. Jack found his target through the upstretched arms of the other team. It was timed to the fraction of a second, and the ball slapped into Brick's reliable hands, as he leaped high in the air for the catch, and grounded it for their second touchdown.

A failure to make the extra point left them one point behind. Jack gritted his teeth, to learn that there were but five minutes to go, and he fought against the sudden weariness, occasioned by his terrific physical and mental strain. He hid it from his teammates, by lashing them mercilessly with his tongue, relieving their weariness, too, by the sheer force of his will.

They kicked once more to Vale, and it became quickly evident that the Easterners were not content with a one-point advantage. It was too small a margin of victory for their reputation.

Fresh men were rushed into the line, and on their first play the quarterback got away for the longest run of the day —thirty yards.

The ball was on State's twenty-eight-yard line, and Jack suddenly became a cold-eyed, fighting whirlwind.

His voice crackled with a quality that lashed his teammates to the same abnormal state of strength, and for two plays the Vale team was stopped dead in its tracks.

They formed again for an apparent attack at the line, but some strange force, a premonition that came from outside himself, warned Jack that the play would not come through the line. His eyes, flashing swiftly over the crouching figures before him, caught a tense expectancy in the Vale right end, the tenseness of a man who had suddenly been shouldered with great responsibility.

Instinctively, Jack covered this man as the ball was snapped. He saw the end swing out and dart for the side of the field on a dead sprint. Jack was after him with all the speed his legs possessed, but when the end glanced over his shoulder, glanced into the air, Jack could see by the expression of the man's eyes that the pass was coming.

Two more swift strides and he himself turned. He leaped high into the air, a twisting, desperate leap, and hooked the ball from above with one big hand.

He felt the end's clutching fingers, but a quick spin of his body, as he reached the ground, freed him of the danger, and in another instant he had flashed into his stride.

From the corner of his eye he saw two Vale players closing in. One he knew he could avoid but the very effort would throw him into the path of the other.

A quick side-step and a vicious straight-arm disposed of the first, but he was badly off balance when the second rushed in. Jack tensed himself for the shock—which never came. A flying body struck the would-be tackler from the side, and the flash of a red head told Jack to whom the body belonged.

The field was clear ahead, but the sound of flying feet was close behind. Savagely Jack forced his weary, powerful legs to their task, then knew the awful agony of suspense as the man behind crept up. Probably a fresh man, and a sprinter, too!

Every instinct called upon Jack to tighten his muscles for the last dash, but his running experience told him this would be fatal.

"Keep loose!" he gritted to himself. "Form! Form! Form!"

He forced himself to the height of his speed, but that speed was not enough! He fought the panic that threatened to paralyze him, and battled himself to keep his mind clear.

And so it was that his ear caught a warning grunt from behind, and a quick breaking of the man's stride. He had lunged for the tackle, and with the speed of light Jack swerved hard to the right.

He felt the man's hands reach his jersey. He heard the rip of fabric as it was partially torn from his back. He heard a curse from behind, a curse echoed by a sob of relief from his own throat, as he staggered over the last white line and sank gratefully to the turf. Vaguely he heard the shrill of the final whistle above the tumult from the stands.







# Grand Slam

## By H. Glynn-Ward

DIRK LESLIE had left suddenly for the Argentine. Both Grand Slam and Betty Gilmore missed him. He had grown up with both of them. Grand Slam—the best polo pony in forty-eight States—knew his touch and worked with him; and even old Sterling Gilmore, father of Betty and owner of Grand Slam, admitted that Betty looked her best when Dirk Leslie was around.

If Mrs. Gilmore had been reasonable everything might have been all right, but she wasn't. It had delighted her when Dirk Leslie had left for the Argentine. That had given her the chance to land Marcus Freeman for Betty. She was very pleased with herself, even though Betty didn't seem as happy as girls in love are supposed to be and even though Mr. Gilmore lacked enthusiasm.



Old Sterling Gilmore, portly and prosperous, had retired to the smoking room to talk horses, having, he felt, done his duty by the ballroom, where his daughter's betrothal dance was in progress.

"Well, Sterling," some one was saying, "you must be counting quite a bit on this season, to see how your ponies will show up."

"If they play half as well as last year's lot I'll have nothing to grumble about. All of them sold last year, and all of them will be playing, I suppose. Only kept two back for myself. There'll be a good many of the Gilmore ponies on the fields this year. I s'pose you heard that Morley Kilburn bought Little Slam? And I hear he's very well pleased with him, too."

"Little Slam was the best pony you ever bred, Sterling, one of the best there is playing!"

"Except his brother, Grand Slam, sir!

Same sire, foaled the same year. Grand Slam's a whole street ahead of any polo pony in the world and don't you forget it! Betty agrees with me, and she's as good a judge of horseflesh as I am. There's few that can ride him though, that's the worst of Grand Slam. Only one man I ever knew could get the best out of him, and that was young Dirk Leslie. Ah, what a rider that boy was—what a rider! He and Betty used to race 'em. They it was that trained those two! And Grand Slam would have dropped dead before he'd let his brother get ahead. Pity! Pity!"

But what it was he thought a pity, Sterling Gilmore didn't explain.

Roscher caught him up. Roscher was a breeder from Texas, and there was much rivalry between him and Gilmore.

"A one-man horse isn't much good for polo, Gilmore. Now your Little Slam's as gentle as a turtle dove, and I'd bet on him every time, even if he isn't as fast or doesn't play so well as Grand Slam."

"Oh, you would, would you?" snapped Gilmore, up in arms at once in defense of his favorite pony. "Well, we'll see! They're both playing on opposite teams—my team against Kilburn's Rangers, at Meadowbrook on Saturday. And I'll bet you anything you like to put up that we win—on account of Grand Slam playing with my team, see!"

"Right," said Roscher coolly, "I'll lay you five thousand and Grand Slam's reputation on that, Mr. Gilmore!"

"Done with you, sir!" Gilmore returned shortly, "five thousand's mine after Saturday's game, and Grand Slam keeps his reputation!"

The music was starting up again. Betty's partner left her with a bow, and across the hall she saw Marcus making his way round the room toward her. A sudden desire to escape came over her—escape from Marc's newly acquired authority over her, which was not so easy to put up with as she had thought it might be before they became engaged.

He always acted now as if he had bought her—heart, soul, and body—and paid for her with diamonds, additions to his place on Long Island, new furniture for his apartment in town, the promise of a honeymoon trip to Europe, and so on. All very well, if you cared for those things. But if you didn't, oh, well, what did it matter? A girl had to marry somebody, and if you couldn't have the one you wanted, might as well take the best that offered. What did anything matter, anyway?

She was a little afraid of Marc now. What would he be like later? Still more possessive? She sidled behind a little group at the door unnoticed, out into the main hall, and ran upstairs. Outsiders glanced at the bright beauty from the ballroom, a slim girl in primrose brocade that fitted close to a perfect figure and flared round what her father called "the neatest fetlocks in the world"; a beauty with shiny dark hair waved close to an aristocratic little head, and they wondered a little what she was doing outside the ballroom. Her eyes were a little too hard for her years.

And then—she saw him suddenly. Just across the stairway upstairs, and he was leaning over the banister, looking at her. She felt her lips go dry and knew that she had turned as white as a sheet. She stopped and caught hold of the banister for support as he straightened himself and came slowly toward her.

"Dirk Leslie! What are you doing here? When did you come back to the States?"

"Landed a week ago," he said, holding her with his eyes, just as he used to do, ever since they had so strangely discovered that they were man and woman instead of boy and girl. "I saw in the paper that this affair was on, so

came to offer my congratulations, just on the chance of catching you alone."

"You were always great on chances, Dirk! It was a thousand to one against your seeing me alone to-night. It's just an accident that I'm here, and alone."

"Well, let's take advantage of the accident and have a talk. Come and sit down."

He led the way over to a sofa in a comparatively quiet spot. Betty followed, taking in every detail of his well-remembered form, long and lithe as ever, moving with an easy, subtle grace that was almost pantherlike. Altogether better, far better looking than he used to be.

"Two years, Dirk, and you never even wrote!"

"What was the good? If you can't have a thing, best forget it," he said shortly.

"If you can't have—what do you mean? You might at least have come to say good-by before you went?"

"Why should I? After being so plainly told to get out by your family!"

"Dirk—I didn't know! Did mother tell you that?"

"Certainly. You and I had had a bit of a scrap that day if you remember? Over Grand Slam. I'd given him a good thrashing, which he badly needed, to break him of his young vices, the first and last thrashing he's ever had, I bet! You got mad at me, and your father sided with you. On the way out of the house I met your mother, and she told me, in polite words, that I was hanging around too much, that if I had my eye on you the sooner the better that I looked elsewhere, because she and your father had other plans for you. The son of a none-too-successful cattle rancher had no business to cast an eye on the daughter of the Gilmores! So off I went, and sailed for the Argentine a few days later, on a cargo boat. Strange to say I've done pretty well out there."

The girl was staring in front of her.

"How could she?" she murmured. "How could she?"

"Well, let the dead past bury its dead! So you're going to be a matron, Betsy, eh? And settle down to matrimony and maternity and all the rest of it?"

She flushed fiery red. He had always been like that, utterly careless of what he said and did.

"Yes, Marcus Freeman. You remember him?"

"Should think I did. Pompous ass!"

*"Dirk!* How dare you?"

He leaned back, laughing at her, put up his hand to play with the flowers on her shoulder. And her heart beat the harder at the touch of his hand.

"Well, never mind what I think of him—are you going to be happy with him, Betsy, that's the point?"

"Does that interest you—now?"

"Interests me more than anything else in the world," he said, and she didn't dare look round to see if his eyes were serious. "Especially as I don't suppose I shall see you again."

"Oh, Dirk, why not? Listen, come down to Meadowbrook on Saturday! There's a whale of a polo game on. Our team against Kilburn's. He bought Little Slam, you know, and Marc will be riding Grand Slam for us. Both on opposite sides, it'll be fun to see how they work out. Do come!"

"Marcus Freeman riding Grand Slam! Oh, my hat!"

"Well, will you come?"

"Can't. Stern business calls me tomorrow to Boston. Got to ship some stuff for my firm in the Argentine. So I shall be talking ship's-chandler business with Maybrick of Boston when I'd much rather be down at Meadowbrook with you."

"But I must see you again, Dirk! Oh, heavens, I must go! How long have I been here? Mother will be so cross! Good-by—for the present, Dirk!"

He went with her to the head of the stairs, and they paused a moment there, looking at each other.

"By my soul, Betsy, I love you still," he whispered, bending over, "as I never loved any woman before, and never shall!"

Then he turned and walked quickly away.

Betty went back into the ballroom, pale and trembling. But before she had managed to lose herself in the crowd, she met her mother.

"Betty, where have you been? Marcus has been looking for you everywhere and there have been remarks. I won't have it! And what's the matter with you? Are you ill? Go and put some color on at once, d'you hear?"

So Betty went to put some color on, came back and danced dutifully, drearily, like a machine. And was thankful when it was all over and she was able to get home and to bed where she lay wakeful all night.

ON the following Friday, Sterling Gilmore motored down to Meadowbrook with Betty and his son-in-law to be, Marcus Freeman. The ponies were all in good trim and ready to be given the once-over for the morrow. Old Gilmore was unusually fussy and nervous. Besides Marcus, the three other men who were to play on Gilmore's Own were there.

They rode their various strings once or twice about the field and found all well. Marcus was to play at No. 2. He was known as a good shot, and for this match he was going to captain the team.

"Marc's well at home on Greybar," Gilmore remarked to his daughter, "but then Greybar's an old stager and would take anybody through a game. But, I'm not so sure about Grand Slam, last time he played him it was none too good. Wish to heaven we could get hold of another pony, but the other men are all too used to theirs to want to change now."

"And not one of them could get used to Grand Slam in a hurry," Betty said. "Marc absolutely insists on riding him, too."

"Well, we shall see. Bring out Grand Slam," he called to a groom. "A lot depends on this match, Betty!"

"Anything special, dad?"

"Yeah, I stand to win or lose five thousand to that conceited fellow, Roscher! And Grand Slam stands to lose his reputation, and I won't have that! They'll be watching him pretty close, I guess. That bet of ours is common gossip now."

"Oh, dad!"

"Even if we win, and Grand Slam doesn't show up well, I'll be the loser at heart, my girl! I love that little horse like a son!"

"So do I," said Betty.

The groom had difficulty in holding him, that glossy, sparkling chestnut, with fire in his eye and red in his quivering nostrils; that fine-limbed, sensitive mass of nerves and go that was Grand Slam. He curveted all over the place, shook his head, and was altogether troublesome, until Betty went up and took him from the groom and talked to him as if he were a naughty baby, caressing his ears. And he put his head down and nuzzled her chest, standing then as good as gold.

"That horse been exercised properly?" Marcus Freeman called out as he came up. "Looks to me as if he hadn't been out of the stable for some days!"

"But he's always like this, don't you know, Marc?" Betty said.

"Well," Marcus put his foot in the stirrup, "let him go!"

Again the horse began prancing about, trying to shake his head free.

"Don't hold him so tight, Marc!"

"Yes," old Gilmore called, "he's got a mouth like a newborn babe's, you can't pull him like the others!"

"The brute's got the devil of a mouth—like his temper!" Marc shouted back.

At which Mr. Gilmore frowned heavily, and they watched the two canter uneasily out to mid-field.

"It's pretty evident," Betty remarked, "that Grand Slam does not like Marc! I wonder why?"

"There's almighty few that horse does like," her father agreed. "Best horse I ever bred too, but as temperamental as a nervous woman! Only one man I ever knew who could get the very best out of him, but he was a wizard."

"Dirk Leslie, dad?"

"Sure thing. Ah, Bob, how about that new bit you talked about?" and Gilmore turned away to talk shop with one of his players.

Two pictures were photographed on Betty Gilmore's mind as she watched her fiancé ride up and hand over Grand Slam to a groom. Here was one before her—a man sitting uneasily on a snorting chestnut, pulling at the horse's mouth, saying nasty things about him.

Then there was that other picture, even more vivid because it was indelibly printed on her heart. A tall, lithe boy sitting this same horse, a smile on his face, galloping smoothly beside her over the open range, riding with an easy grace that made it look as though he were part of the horse beneath him, so attuned was their every movement; stopping the horse with a word and no trouble, this same horse unrecognizable, so placid he was, enjoying it all as much as they did themselves.

Back to town. More wedding presents to be opened. More of Marcus, and more than ever an effort to be nice to him. And all the time the girl's whole mind was taken up with a big question.

She longed with all her soul to see Dirk Leslie again, whatever the excuse. And here, all cut and dried to hand was a very plausible excuse. Should she, or should she not, try and get in touch with Dirk and beg him at all costs to come to the field to-morrow, in the hope that her father would somehow make it possible for him to play? She knew that if Dirk's polo was anything like it used to be, he and Grand Slam would go a long way toward winning the match to-morrow, and she knew, moreover, that her father would think as she did.

But her mother would be furious. So would Marcus. And as for Dirk himself—what would he think of her, when he had told her so plainly that he couldn't, or wouldn't come? So she decided to let things be.

FATE decided differently. At nine thirty on Saturday morning Gilmore was called to the telephone and told that Bob Whitlock, who was to play No. 4 on the team that day, had been hurt in an automobile collision, resulting in a broken leg.

"Poor devil!" said old Gilmore. "We'll have to play a substitute," and he said other things not so printable before he telephoned elsewhere to get a man to play instead.

Betty, of course, heard, and suddenly, her mind was made up.

Without saying a word to any one she called for her car and went out to send a telegram. The only address she could possibly send it to was the firm Dirk had casually mentioned, and luckily she remembered the name—Maybrick of Boston. Would that reach him? It was a long chance, but the only chance there was, so she took it.

Life or death for Grand Slam in this match. Come and play him. Dad's worried stiff. Fly. Will meet plane at Roosevelt Field with car.
BETSY.

It was after ten o'clock. Dirk wouldn't get that much before eleven thirty. Perhaps he had left Boston? Perhaps Maybrick's didn't know where he was? Perhaps he wouldn't be able to get a plane? Well, it was all in the

lap of the gods. She had done what she could.

She rang up her mother and said she was going straight down to Meadowbrook alone. Her mother sternly disapproved. She should go with Marcus—people would talk—and so on. But Betty went alone. It was very necessary that she should have her own car that afternoon and be a free agent.

ALTHOUGH it was only a minor match, there was a good turnout of everybody interested in horses and keen on polo. Morley Kilburn was a nine-goal man and slated for the next international game, and the three others on his team, though not up to his standard, were all good men.

Gilmore's Own were more evenly matched and had made a good showing so far that season. So, as several of the Gilmore ponies were playing, and the game promised to be good and even, the interest of the horse world was great.

In the Gilmores' box up in the grand stand there were many friends, chiefly of Mrs. Gilmore's choosing, but Betty was, as ever, with her father down among the horses just before the game began. When the bell rang, old Gilmore stumped back to his box and reached it as the first chukker started.

"Kilburn's going to ride Little Slam now," he told them. "Marc's riding Greybar." Up went his glasses to see the start.

"Ah, Kilburn's got it—quick work—good pass! Now, why the devil doesn't Marc—— Good shooting, Bob!"

Followed a string of excited comments as the play went on. Roscher passed by, calling out "Little Slam's playing like a dream, eh, Gilmore?"

At which Gilmore told him testily to wait till Grand Slam came on next chukker. But Kilburn was doing well, far too well. He scored two goals quickly, and it was obvious that Gilmore's Own had taken to the defensive, all the play being down on their quarter line.

"Why on earth doesn't Marc get his men together and make a dash for it? Ah, now he's got it! Down with it, Marc!"

There were yells of encouragement as Marcus Freeman got the ball to himself and shot it down field with long strokes. He kept ahead until he was within shooting distance, and then, too sure of his last shot, he didn't put enough vim into it. The ball rolled to within a yard of goal, and like a flash, Kilburn caught up, leaped ahead and shot it far out to safety with a powerful backhander.

Old Gilmore's comments turned the air blue.

"Marc's too derned sure of himself, that's what! Too slow! And what's more, his slowness comes out in his captaining, too. Now look at Kilburn—keeps his men up to pitch all the time, and they're none of 'em, except himself, as good as ours! It's the way he leads them as does it!"

He went off to the paddock for the interval. Grand Slam was to come out next chukker.

"Where's Betty?" he asked when he came back.

"Why, I thought she was down there with you?" Mrs. Gilmore said. "How queer she is! Oh, well, I suppose she's gone to some other box—perhaps the Townsends'? Always off on some madcap freak, that girl!"

They looked round, but no sign of Betty did they see. As the game wore on and still no sign of her, Mrs. Gilmore became more irritated, and her father also, in a different way. He missed talking the game over with her.

Marcus Freeman on Grand Slam did no better than he should have done. The horse itself was all dash and full of pep, but his rider held him back too much, obviously worried the horse, and

Roscher came by with a smile and the remark that the two horses couldn't be compared. And so it certainly looked to the unprejudiced.

By half time the score stood at 7 goals for Kilburn's team and only two for Gilmore's. Things looked pretty black. Roscher smiled. Sterling Gilmore was down in the mouth, and he couldn't find Betty anywhere to console him.

MEANWHILE, in Boston, at eleven thirty Dirk Leslie was packing his grips in his hotel room, preparatory to going west to Wyoming. He went downstairs, paid his bill, and called for a taxi. Just as he was waiting on the step for it, a bell boy came up.

"Phone call for you, sir!"

"Oh, tell 'em I've gone, can't wait!"

"They say it's important, sir—a wire."

A wire? It might be from home. So Dirk went into a booth. Maybrick's was calling, and they repeated the telegram.

What did she mean—"life or death for Grand Slam"? And "Dad worried stiff"? Something was in the wind, something untoward, unexpected. Betty was not the sort of girl to wire him at all, much less wire him to fly, unless things were desperate, unless it was really feasible for him to play. He would go. Why should he resist the enormous temptation to see her again, even if he couldn't have her? Besides, he had always been fond of old Gilmore, fonder still of that fine little horse, Grand Slam.

Twenty to twelve now! The wires hummed. Telephone calls to the nearest hangar told him that the regular plane had already left for New York. Could he have a special—at once? Whatever the cost? He *must* have one!

He raced upstairs and changed into riding kit in record time. Down again, into the waiting taxi, out to the flying field where a special plane hummed and buzzed in readiness. A quarter after twelve now, and the usual flying time from there to New York was two and a half hours. Could they make it faster? And would it be any use? The game must be half over before he got there, but better late than never. He and Grand Slam might still weigh the scales in favor of a win.

So they raced, whirling, humming through the air, high over sea and land—a race for a horse's reputation.

And Betty Gilmore waited anxiously at Roosevelt Field in her roadster. Several planes roared by overhead. She prayed that each dim spot in the distance might contain Dirk—but supposing her wire had never reached him? Or if it had, maybe he had not been able to get a plane? And she might be sitting there waiting for nothing! The odds were great against his coming, but she hoped on.

"Dirk—Dirk! Please come—oh, do please come!" she whispered it over and over as a sort of prayer.

And then, as if in answer, it came, growing larger and larger, nearer and nearer. It was going to land! This *must* be a special, they had told her there was no plane due at this time. She got out of the car and went as near in as they would let her, her heart beating anxiously lest the passenger should turn out to be somebody else.

The plane came to a buzzing, roaring stop. That tall figure who jumped out couldn't be any other—it *was* Dirk! The gods be praised! And all at once the sun shone more brightly, the sky seemed bluer, there was no clouds anywhere. Dirk was here!

She ran to meet him.

"Dirk, you are an angel! I knew you'd come! It must be half-time though, we've not a moment to lose, come on!"

"Only just made it, I'd have flown round the world for you, Betsy, and

you knew it, didn't you! But, as you say, come on—no time for talk now!"

They got into the car and she stepped on the gas, driving at the limit over the roads that led to Meadowbrook. All her attention now was given to the car. And they drew up at the horses' paddock just about halfway through the half-time interval.

Betty saw her father and hailed him.

"Hello, Betty, where have you been?"

"Dad, here's Dirk Leslie! Can you arrange for him to play? Grand Slam would be so pleased."

"Dirk Leslie! By all the saints! How's yourself, my boy? You're a sight for sore eyes. Where did you drop from—the skies?"

"Yes, he dropped from the skies, dad, quite true! And he can play, can't he?"

"You bet your sweet life he shall play. Just in time, too, just in time! How'll we arrange now—Fred's feeling none too happy, let's go and ask him."

Fred was the substitute and, the way things were going, feeling that he was the cause of defeat. He would gladly give up his place to a better player.

"And you'll ride Grand Slam next chukker, Dirk. Where's Marcus?" said Gilmore, looking round.

Marcus was at hand and had heard.

"I believe I signified my intention to ride that horse of yours, Mr. Gilmore," he said pompously. "I don't know that I care to change mounts in the middle of a game, for a newcomer."

"But it's Dirk Leslie, Marc," Betty cried. "He and Grand Slam were brought up together! You must remember Dirk?"

"I believe I do, an old flame of yours, wasn't he?" and there was a nasty look in Freeman's eye as it fell on Dirk, "still, that doesn't give him the right to play my horse!"

"He's not your horse, he's mine!" the old man said sharply, "you can't manage him and this man can, see? A lot depends on this game for me, and I'll arrange my horses as I like, sir!"

"Then," said Marcus with a bow, "I must beg to be excused from any further play at all!" and he turned away and walked off toward the line of cars, leaving them to gasp after his retreating figure.

But Gilmore turned quickly to the men.

"Fred, you must play on. Dirk, you take charge from now on, and play like the devil, boy! Play like you used to and then some!"

The whistle was blowing, players were cantering onto the field. A groom led up Grand Slam snorting uneasily.

"Whoa, there, beauty!" and the horse pricked an ear at that lazy voice, the voice of a horse lover. "Gosh, he's dandy! How he's come on, eh, Betsy? Let him go!"

Dirk vaulted into the saddle and was away at a hand gallop, the reins lying loosely on the glossy neck, no more uneasy shaking of the horse's head now, just a perfect rider on a perfect horse —the most beautiful sight in the world.

"Dad," Betty whispered as she slipped her arm into her father's, "don't tell mother!"

He looked round at her with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Betty, I don't know what you've been up to, and I guess you deserve a spanking for it, whatever it is! But you won't get it from your old dad, and that's a cinch! You always were a highflyer though. No, I won't tell your mother, not me! Guess we'd best slip into the Townsends' box for the rest o' the game, so's not to face the music or let the cat out of the bag, eh?"

Already the change of players were making itself felt in the field. Dirk Leslie, no less than his horse, was all fire and pep, and they seemed to galvanize their downhearted team into new energy. Even Kilburn, on his fast gray, found it hard to follow Dirk and

his quick shooting, so after the first goal they scored Kilburn devoted his time to riding off this new demon for play and speed. Hence the opposing team sank back from offensive into defensive play, and the Gilmore team began to play with a dash, caught from their new captain.

"Who've you got there, Gilmore?" Townsend asked. "He's certainly some horseman! Never saw that unruly chestnut of yours play so well! He seems to know beforehand where the ball's going and shoots after it like a flame! Man and horse like one there, never saw anything so magical as that change!"

And Roscher passed by, nodded up to Gilmore.

"Well, sir, I must say a change of riders has worked wonders with the chestnut! Almost up to Little Slam's form this time, eh?"

"*Almost,* sir? Why, you never saw Little Slam get a speed on him like that. Look there!"

The cheers of the crowd rose to a long-drawn yell as Dirk got away on Grand Slam for a race down field, followed by Kilburn and another. A goal resulted, making the score now four for Gilmore's team against the others' seven.

Betty and her father beamed happily at each other as the players rode off for the interval. There spirits rose still higher during the next two chukkers, when the score was brought up to seven all, Kilburn's team not having scored again in the second half.

The girl gave herself up to the excitement of the moment, fascinated by the grace of that flying figure on the field whose coming had put new life into a despairing team. So excited was she that Marcus was forgotten—for the moment.

In the interval before the last chukker, Betty and her father went down to the paddock, reaching that corner just as the players rode off the field. Dirk Leslie rode up to her.

"Worth while, eh, Betsy?" and he smiled down at her.

"Of course, you've made all the difference, Dirk! I knew you would, that's why I wired!"

He dismounted, handed over his horse to a groom and came up to her.

"If we win, what's my reward to be, eh, Betsy? My price is pretty high, you know, for flying all this way at short notice!"

"I—I'll tell you after the next chukker, Dirk!" she said, looking straight into his eyes. "I'll meet you here!"

Then old Gilmore's voice excitedly:

"Say, Dirk, Kilburn's going to play Little Slam now, and I want you to play Grand Slam, see!"

"But he played in the fifth."

"That's all right, he can stand it, go ahead, boy!"

So it came about that Kilburn trotted onto the field for the last chukker mounted on that gentle-eyed, perfectly trained chestnut with the white forelegs that was Little Slam. And a moment afterward, Dick Leslie galloped up on that glossy mass of nerves and fire that was Grand Slam, own brother to the other. The crowd remembered the latter pony's spectacular play in the fifth chukker and his name had gone round, so that there arose from all sides cries of "Grand Slam!" "Grand Slam again!"

But not even the spectators expected the excitement that three people on that field were quite prepared for—Gilmore, his daughter, and Dirk Leslie. They alone knew how those two ponies had been trained together—trained to race. They alone knew how the very sight and scent of his brother, set Grand Slam's nerves tingling, so that he would strain every nerve and muscle of his heart to get ahead. And they alone knew how he always did get ahead of Little Slam in the old days!

It was just the same now. The others of his team played into Dirk's hands whenever possible, knowing that he would get away with the ball on one of his wild rushes. And Kilburn tried in vain to ride him off. But fast as Little Slam was, Grand Slam was faster still. Here was racing such as had seldom been seen on that field, two streaking, foam-flecked chestnuts tearing madly after the ball—but Grand Slam was invariably first!

Two goals Dirk Leslie scored that chukker, and at each one the crowd yelled with excitement "Grand Slam! Grand Slam!" Again Kilburn's team were unable to get a ball in, and when the bell rang for time, Gilmore's Own rode off the field—winners!

Roscher was a good sportsman, as befits a man who breeds horses for the finest sport in the world. He came up to Gilmore at once.

"You've won, Mr. Gilmore! That darned horse of yours puts 'em all in the shade, even his brother! Fastest horse I ever saw, but it takes *a man* to ride him!"

Down by the paddock Betty waited for Dirk, and he came cantering up to her.

"All set, Betsy!" he said, holding out his hand to her across Grand Slam's neck when he jumped off. "Now what's the prize?"

"Dirk," she said, clasping his hand, "I—I'm not going to marry Marcus Freeman! Do you—er—want me to marry you?"

"You darling girl!" he drew her nearer, and would have kissed her there and then, oblivious of the crowd and the groom with the blanket, had not Mrs. Gilmore, flustered and furious, bustled up with her husband just behind her.

"What's all this, Betty? Where's Marcus? And where did *you* spring from, Mr. Leslie?"

"He dropped from the skies to stand by me and my horse," old Gilmore said sturdily, "and I'm ready to stand by him, and I'll stand by my girl, too! Boy, if you want my girl you shall have her! And I'll make you both a wedding present of Grand Slam!"



# The Hate Solvent

## By Paschal N. Strong

"FIVE-STAR" MERRITT sat behind the table with four other officers and ignored the judge advocate's summing up of the evidence against the accused. He was too much interested in the prisoner himself to bother with the cut-and-dried evidence that had been presented. Of course the defendant was guilty of gross insubordination. He had told a couple of sergeants to go to a place that harbored the well-known asbestos dog, and when the sergeants had taken their wounded dignity to the company officer to repair, the prisoner had indiscreetly intimated that the officer might accompany the sergeants. This interested Merritt. He had frequently felt the urge to tell them to do the self same thing.

When the judge advocate had summed up the case with the cold conciseness of a calculating machine, the president of the court gravely informed the accused of his right, and asked if he had anything further to say in his own defense.



The defense counsel jumped up. "The defendant will remain quiet," he said quickly. He had already presented his case, and the last thing he wanted was to give the accused a chance to really inform the court what he thought of the army in general and the court in particular. But his client was not to be denied.

"It is wrong," he shouted with a peculiar French accent. "I have the something I will say. It is this. No one leetle bit I care what you do."

He sat down and glared at the court. The defense counsel shrugged his shoulders as though to wash his hands of the whole affair, and the four members of the court exchanged glances. The fifth member, the junior second lieutenant, regarded the prisoner with increased interest. He observed the hate, triumphantly defiant, which burned brightly in the blue eyes, and wondered what brand of fuel it was that fed the flames. The prisoner caught his glance, and for an instant the two men held each others'

eyes. Merritt saw a bronzed young man whose face, once pleasing to look at, was now disfigured by some unholy feeling which set itself irreconcilably against all mankind. What the prisoner saw he didn't know, but it was nothing to abate the dynamic animosity which set his eyes afire.

The president closed the court and the five officers sat to pronounce verdict. Five slips of paper, handed out by Merritt as the junior of the court, spelled one word, "Guilty," and the court opened again to learn more of the defendant's record before passing sentence.

It wasn't the record of an angel of peace. There were several convictions from summary courts-martial for minor revolts against authority, culminating in the final offense which had brought him before a special court-martial, and to all appearances the soldier was what is commonly known, in and out of the service, as a bad egg. When the court closed for the second time to decide on a sentence, the defense counsel escorted his charge out of the room and told him to prepare for the worst.

Five-star Merritt, listening to his brother officers' comment on the prisoner, also prepared for the worst. Something in the soldier's face, something nebulous, vague, yet something that touched an answering chord within him, inspired him with a sudden desire to take his part, and he listened intently to the court's reactions to the offense.

"He's hopeless," Lieutenant Rapp was saying. "He's a French-Canadian who got into trouble in Canada, and when he did a year, they gave him twenty-five lashes and chased him out of the country. He crossed the line and enlisted with us, and the sooner we get rid of him, the better."

"He's a young chap," commented Merritt quietly. "I wonder how I'd feel after twenty-five lashes."

"This had nothing to do with his offense," replied the major who was president of the court.

"But hadn't it, sir? If that's the reason he hates every one in authority, there ought to be some cure. But to give him six months at hard labor will just make him more set in his ways than ever."

"We've got to make an example of him," growled the major. "Otherwise every buck private on the post will be thumbing his nose at us."

"We'll make an example, but we'll lose a good man. I think he's got the makings of a real soldier in him."

"Look here, Merritt, are you trying to turn this post into a Sunday-school picnic? You've turned your company into a soccer squad. Aren't you content with that?"

"No, sir," smiled Merritt. "I'm turning them into a lot of other things, including soldiers."

"You'll turn them back into bolsheviks again if you had a man like this Jacques Loyson in your outfit. His attitude is contagious."

"I'd take a chance with him," said Merritt.

The other four looked at him incredulously. "You mean you want this man in your company?" demanded the major.

Merritt looked thoughtfully out of the window. The first snowflakes of the year were drifting earthward, covering the frozen ground with a white mantle, and called to mind northern woods, frozen lakes and sturdy woodsmen like this Loyson. He made his decision quickly and faced the court.

"I'll make you a proposition," he said with a trace of a smile. "I know you all want to give him six months' hard labor and forfeiture of two thirds pay. If you'll cut that sentence to a simple forfeiture of pay, and suspend the six months hard labor, I'll take him in my company and turn out a real soldier."

The court greeted his offer with silence. Coming from any one else, they would have instantly rejected it. But they had all witnessed the transformation which this famous West Point athlete had made in a once notorious company of the regiment, and were disposed to listen to him. Perhaps, too, they felt that failure was inevitable and were not averse to having this young looey learn that there were some things, after all, which not even healthy sport could cure.

"We'll vote on your suggested sentence," said the major after a moment's thought. "But long before your six months is up, we'll probably have to try him again."

It was late that afternoon when Merritt reached the bachelor quarters he shared with his classmate, Jack Layman. Jack listened with amazement to what had transpired.

"And do you get that tough baby in your company, old man?"

"That's the agreement. Naturally, he doesn't know that that is part of his sentence."

"It's your funeral," said Jack cheerfully. "But I shouldn't think you'd want to risk the rep you made with your outfit."

"There's something bigger than my reputation at stake. You know my theory: How good clean sport can kill the worst and bring out the best in a man. Look what my soccer teams did to that bunch of roughnecks who made up my company. Why shouldn't it do the same to this chap?"

"But he probably has never indulged in athletics in his life."

Merritt grinned. "Now I'll tell you a secret. I saw him skate one day, and he's faster than the wind. I had that in mind when I offered to take him under my wing. If he's never played hockey, he's going to learn. And he and I are going to take care of the second star."

Jack's jaw dropped. "The second star! So you really are going to turn out a team in every sport in which you won your letter at the Point?"

"Five stars—five sports—five winning teams," laughed Merritt. "I promised the men a champion team for every star in my big A, and the second star is hockey."

"But suppose your amiable friend from the Canadian wilds doesn't see fit to humor you?"

"He won't humor me. But Jack, old boy, if there's a decent spark of manhood under that batch of hate, it'll come to the front when the puck goes whizzing from stick to stick."

"I see," said Jack knowingly, "that you have never really met Jacques Loyson. I have."

"Maybe," Merritt replied optimistically, "you have never met the real Loyson."

LOYSON, real or otherwise, showed up the following afternoon when Merritt was demonstrating some of the fundamental principles of hockey to the interested men of his company. The French-Canadian collared a soldier on the edge of the frozen pond. "Where's the lieutenant?" he demanded.

"That's him with the big A and the five stars on his sweater," answered the other.

"Huh. For what are they?"

"Where've you been all this time? Don't you know the looey won his A in five sports at West Point, and that he can lick any man in anything?"

"Bah! He had the big bluff on you, that is all. You watch me." He walked up to the group of skaters which surrounded the young officer, elbowed his way through, and planked himself in front of Merritt.

"Here I am, lieutenant," he said loudly, breaking into the conversation.

Every one became rigid with interest, waiting for the lieutenant to rise in his might and destroy this impudent crea-

ture. Merritt, however, gazed at him questioningly.

"Fine. Who are you?"

This took the soldier aback. Then his eyes narrowed, and a snarl crept into his voice. "I'm the guy that was transferred to your outfit for discipline."

"You've come to the wrong place. We don't have discipline in this company. Run on along."

Jacques Loyson had prepared himself for anything but this. Some of the soldiers laughed, and he turned on them angrily.

"You think you make a fool of me, eh? I tell you this. I was ordered here. Here I stay."

"Why sure you can stay," said Merritt with a broad smile. "But if you want discipline, you're out of luck."

The young woodsman glared at him as though hardly believing his senses. This was contrary to all of his experience, and he finally decided that he was being made the butt of some huge joke. Merritt, quick to sense his feelings, took charge of the conversation.

"French-Canadian, aren't you? Bet you were born with skates on."

"I was not," said Loyson indignantly. "I did not skate until I was a year old."

"Too bad you've never played hockey. We need a few subs."

"I do play the hockey. But not with amateurs like—these." He indicated the entire gathering with one comprehensive sweep of his arms.

"Some of us aren't bad. Put on a pair of skates and I'll find a man who'll take the puck from you any time he wants to."

A sardonic gleam lit up the young man's face. A pair of shoes and skates were offered him, and he made the change with nimble fingers. Merritt gave him a stick and threw a puck down. "Try to skate with this across the pond."

Loyson started off like an arrow from a bow. He heard the soldiers laugh, and realized that the rubber disk had miraculously disappeared. He turned angrily. The puck was quivering at the foot of the lieutenant's stick.

"Try again," invited Merritt, passing it to him with a flip of his wrist. The woodsman had hardly trapped it when Merritt was upon him. But Loyson was no slouch. A sudden burst of speed carried him to one side, the puck dancing to and fro just ahead of the wood. But Merritt materialized from nowhere, his stick sweeping the ice just in front of Loyson. The latter executed a clever feint, but the ruse was unsuccessful and before he could recover, Merritt was skating back to his group of players, the puck skimming along from side to side at the tip of his stick.

But this little trial of skill wasn't over. As he slackened speed, a figure whizzed by, a stick shot out, and the puck was stolen from under his very nose.

Loyson, once more in possession of the disk, turned his head and laughed. For an instant Merritt caught sight of a frank, open face, boyishly delighted at having outwitted an opponent. The laugh rang clean and true through the frosty air, and a picture flashed through Merritt's mind of the chap Loyson must have been before his first mis-step brought him in conflict with authority and warped and twisted the youth within.

Loyson braked his skates suddenly and turned on a dime. A startled look was in his eyes, as though that laugh had shaken him up and brought back echoes of other days. Then he felt he had been tricked into that laugh, and he skated quickly back, threw his stick down, and tore off his shoes. The old hate against constituted authority was burning in his eyes again, and Merritt realized that twenty-five searing lashes

stood between Jacques Loyson and salvation.

The Canadian slipped into his own shoes and stood up. "You want I should play hockey with you, lieutenant? I will not play, not if you beg me a thousand times. And even if you order me to play, I will play only a leetle."

"I don't want you to play," said Merritt bluntly, "I don't believe you're quite up to our stuff."

"You mean that I, Jacques Loyson, cannot play the rings around these soldiers, these make-believe hockey players, these frogs on skates? You talk foolish, lieutenant, and I do not care if I say it again. You talk foolish!" His face was livid with rage, and the unconquerable defiance that was part and parcel of his make-up blazed all over him.

"I might work you in some of our easy games," said Merritt.

"Easy games! You work me in some of your easy games! Bah! Again I say, bah!" He climbed upon the shore of the pond and strode away with eloquent strides.

Merritt laughed as his men gathered around him once more. "We thought we were a hoodlum company a month ago," he said. "But our Canadian friend makes us look like model soldiers."

"He can handle a wicked stick, sir," remarked one of the players. "We ought to get him out here."

"We ought to get him out," said Merritt slowly, "for a number of reasons."

THAT evening, as he sat in the officer's club over a game of chess with the colonel, he thought of some of these reasons. In the first place, he had promised the court to turn Loyson into a real soldier. Before that could be done, the man had to be freed of this devastating hatred against all in authority that was corroding his mind. There was no hate solvent in the world, Merritt thought, like the joy of battle in the five great outdoor sports. But to order the man out would defeat his end at the very start. Somehow, Loyson must be persuaded to turn out voluntarily for hockey.

Another reason lay in the promise he had made his company when he took them over, a group of malevolent, sullen bolsheviks, and worked with them and played with them until he had welded them into a corps of men who were the pride of the regiment. He had promised them a winning team, recruited from their ranks, for every star in his letter. Their winning soccer team, which had restored them to their self-respect and pride, had given them a blind faith in Merritt which made them willing to go to the ends of the earth for him. Their big hockey game —Merritt shuddered as he thought how big it really was—must be won if he were to keep his pledge to them.

"Guard your queen," said the colonel, breaking a five-minute study of the pieces by moving his knight to attack the queen.

"Checkmate, sir," replied Merritt as he moved a bishop and unmasked his carefully planned attack. The colonel, hardly believing his eyes, found no escape from mate, and regarded his young opponent with reluctant admiration.

"Is there anything Mr. Merritt," he asked, "that you can't do?"

"A number of things," smiled Merritt. "One of them is making Private Loyson play hockey."

"And another, I'm afraid, is making a soldier out of him. But after turning your company into an enthusiastic soccer squad, you should have no trouble doing the same thing with hockey." There was an ironical edge to the colonel's voice. Like most of the post he regarded the soccer episode as a freak.

"The hockey enthusiasts are there, sir. The trouble is that our first game is with Toronto U."

"That team? Why, they refused to play our regimental team because we weren't good enough for them."

"We know it," grinned Merritt. "That's why my men are determined to win the game and show the post what this jay-bird outfit can do."

"You can't possibly lick them. But how did you get the game?"

"I played against them at the Point, and told 'em I could pick up a team from my buck privates and lick 'em. They're playing us to revenge themselves for the licking the Army team gave them last year."

"You mean, to revenge themselves on you."

"No, sir, I just happened to be on the team."

The colonel laughed. "And Napoleon just happened to be at Austerlitz. But don't overdo this athletic theory of yours, Mr. Merritt. I want you to make a soldier out of this Loyson, or we'll make him serve his suspended sentence."

"He'll come through," said Merritt, and his confident tone gave the colonel no inkling of his sinking heart.

For the next few days, however, his charge gave no sign of changing his defiant attitude. The sergeants of the company, under strict orders from Merritt, gave the volcanic private more leeway than he had ever had in his life. He promptly abused it, and at times his covert insubordination nearly broke into mutiny.

With the privates of the outfit, however, he had no bone to pick. The company had four hockey teams on the ice each afternoon, and more and more the talk at mess veered around to the technique of the game, the ranking of the players, the coming game with Toronto U, and what their five-star leader would do to the great players from across the line. At the mention of Merritt, the Canadian invariably bristled with hostility, but in other talk of the game he joined in with gusto. Merritt's crack at his playing ability had cut him to the quick and he made it clear to the men that he, Jacques Loyson, could make a fool of the lieutenant on the rink.

This let a hornet's nest loose upon his ears. The men ragged him unmercifully, and he angrily appeared on the ice one afternoon and showed the men a few tricks of stick handling. Merritt studiously paid no attention to him, and he in turn kept away from that part of the ice where the lieutenant was holding goal practice.

This kept up for several days. Then, one afternoon, when the first and second team were to clash, Merritt offered Loyson a right wing on the second team.

The young woodsman hesitated. These past few days with skates and stick had brought back something he thought he had lost forever. Then something flared up in his surly eyes and he shook his head.

"I will not play, lieutenant. See, I, Jacques Loyson, do not care to play."

"No matter," said Merritt indifferently. But it did matter. The team he was gradually whipping into shape was brittle on defense and had great gaps in the attack. His chief defense lay in his goalkeeper, a chap named Long, with the eyes of an eagle and the quick movements of a cat. His chief hope in attack lay in himself at center, his old Army position. But his wings were woefully weak. With a man like Loyson holding down a flank, what couldn't they two do in combination? But Loyson's hatred of him had abated not one whit since the first day they had met. Only a miracle could make the agile French-Canadian volunteer to help him out.

Week after week he kept his four

teams on their toes, searching for men with wings on their feet, skill in their sticks, and courage in their hearts. As the practice games brought out certain qualities in different men, he shifted his team about with the skill of a connoisseur until he finally evolved a team which, he felt, gave them an outside chance to trim the overconfident Canadians. Baker and Lewis held down his wings. He still hoped for Loyson. Rusk and Roper turned out to be his best defense men, and the superb Long guarded the net.

All this time Loyson continued to appear at practice. But he remained as unapproachable as ever to the lieutenant, and contented himself with solo practice. And on the afternoon of the big game, to further flaunt his defiance in Merritt's face, he turned up in O. D. uniform. Merritt's last hopes faded, and he steeled himself for the game of his career. Those Canadians had to be licked, and he had to do it.

The regiment turned out *en masse*. But it was a different regiment that had turned out to witness the famous soccer game. Then they had come to rag the hoodlums of the regiment, to watch the post team massacre the jay birds and their five-star lieutenant. The tables had been turned that day, the undisciplined group of soldiers turned overnight into the cream of the regiment, and now the regiment was out to support the "Five Stars" with all the loyalty and enthusiasm that a thousand soldiers can muster.

WHEN Merritt and his team appeared on the ice, the colonel walked up to give the team his best wishes. As he left the bench, he noticed Loyson, staring at him balefully. He waited for the soldier's salute, but Loyson made no effort to raise his hand.

"Don't they teach you to salute in your outfit?" demanded the colonel.

"I don't know, sir," said the man insolently. His hand came up in a salute that was 99 44/100% disdain. The colonel flushed angrily.

"I see you are one degree worse than when you were tried. Lieutenant Merritt, have a sergeant take this man to the guard house!"

Merritt stood up. "I will if you insist, sir. But I am responsible for his conduct. I have not as yet insisted on his changing his habits."

"You mean," demanded the colonel in amazement, "that you have been letting this man go as far as he likes in his insolence?"

"I have done nothing about it, sir."

"I can hardly believe it, Mr. Merritt. Have you forgotten that you are in the army? This is incredible."

"It is true, sir. So I request that your disciplinary action fall on me, and not on Private Loyson."

"It will most certainly fall on you," said the colonel, grimly. "Report to my office after the game. You have a jolt coming to you, young man." He left the rink in high dudgeon. Merritt returned to his team, trying to forget his coming interview with the colonel. One trouble at a time, and right now he had a game to win. His company, massed in a cheering section, were counting on him.

Snowleigh, his opposing center, grinned at him as they faced each other in the ring. "Like old times, Merritt. We haven't forgotten what you did to us at the Point last year. Who's on your team, anyway."

"Chiefly high-school performers," smiled Merritt. "But they think they're good. Don't disillusion them."

The Toronto center laughed. He hadn't forgotten the drubbing that Merritt and his team had given him last year, and it was only natural to lick his chops over the prospects of sweet revenge.

A whistle blew, a puck dropped, and

the clash of elm on elm sounded as two sticks fought for the rubber. Snowleigh thought he had it, and darted off with short, choppy strides. But somehow the rubber had transferred itself to Merritt's wood, and the soldier center was sweeping up the rink at the apex of the forward V. The defense met him at the blue line, closed in on him, and forced a pass to Baker. Merritt broke away from his man, called for the return shot and received it only to find himself again covered by two men. He was a marked man. Toronto's cue was to get him out of play, and they lost no time in blocking him at every turn.

Lewis, at right, was free and the rubber disk skimmed toward him in a beautiful placement. Merritt crashed through the screen of players around him, forcing them to give all their attention to him, and Lewis was free to dash for the net. It was easy pickings. But his final shot lacked steam, the goalie easily took possession of it and in a split second the Toronto attack was sweeping up the ice.

Merritt broke away like a lightning bolt on a rampage, and raced down the rink to bolster up his inexperienced defense. A clever combination pass by Toronto completely routed them, leaving Long at goal facing short-range cannon-ball shot. He did everything but lie in front of the net, and by the grace of a golden horseshoe, stopped the flying disk, broke away to the boards and passed the puck up the rink.

A Toronto forward darted in and intercepted it. But before he knew what had happened, a sudden poke-check stole the puck and Merritt was racing up the ice with the disk floating in front of him. His wings, near the boards, gradually converged toward center as they reached the end zone, and the defense bore in toward the puck carrier to break up the heart of the attack.

Merritt longed for a good wing. One capable man on a flank, and what wouldn't they do to this defense that concentrated on the center alone. He skated in fiercely, keeping the puck as long as he dared, then flipped it to Baker. It caromed off the boards and was recovered by an alert back. An instant more and the Toronto forward line was in action again, sweeping up the ice in a perfect triangle.

The Five Star defense, having recovered from their initial stage fright, was not so easily routed this time, and forced the Canadians to engage in a clever series of passes to retain possession of the puck. This gave Merritt a chance again to get in the fray. Snowleigh crowded alongside of him, but Merritt shook him off, intercepted a hot pass, and was off to center ice.

There must be no passing of the puck this time. He had tried Baker and Lewis and they had both failed him. If they were to score that first goal, so necessary for his team's morale, he must do it himself. Snowleigh was on his heels. A defense man was skating toward him slowly, preparing for a poke-check. Baker and Lewis were in their lanes, but Baker was covered by the other defense and Lewis was offside.

Merritt burst into a sprint, the puck zigzagging just ahead of him. Just before he reached the defense he slammed the puck toward the boards, cut sharply to his right, and darted in to regain the bouncing rubber. Lewis, still offside, was something less than useless. Snowleigh and the defense, hot on Merritt's trail, were screening him from the goal. He grinned. Here was the game as he loved it. He played with the puck for an instant, luring the two men toward him. Then a flip of the wrist sent the puck skimming between them and into end ice, and before they could spring into action, Merritt had flashed between them and recap-

tured the puck with a sweeping motion of his stick.

On he sped toward the goal with a rhythmic weaving motion which lent wings to his skates. Right defense was at his side in an instant, trying to smother his stick. But Merritt kept his body between his man and his stick and pressed ruthlessly on. The goalie, muscles tense, nerves on the *qui vive,* crouched in readiness to block the shot. Merritt feinted with his eyes to the right-hand goal post. The next instant a cannon-ball shot ripped from the end of his stick, soared a couple of feet above the ice and sped toward the left side of the net. The goalie leaped toward it, but goalies weren't made for that kind of shot, and the rubber touched twine and dropped on the ice with a dull thud. One goal for the Five Stars.

The team took heart. Their leader was crashing through as he had promised. That goal was more than a point, it was a symbol. They returned for the face-off with doubt and uncertainty gone.

But they were reckoning without their host. The Canadians, stung into action by the ease with which Merritt had single-handedly tallied against their defense, unleashed a brand of hockey which would have bewildered a far more experienced team than the Five Stars. Their forward line carried the attack again and again to the mouth of the net, and only the superhuman work of Long saved the soldier team from complete rout. In spite of his best efforts, however, and in spite of the scintillating work of Merritt on defense, the visitors scored two goals before the fury of their attack abated.

Merritt fought desperately to even the score before the first period ended. But the Toronto defense, ignoring the soldier wings, concentrated on Merritt with enough success to prevent him breaking through for an unhampered goal shot. Merritt tried to break up the excessive attention he was receiving by throwing his feeble wings into action with the puck. But their shots were easily handled by the able Toronto goalie and more and more the home team found themselves on the defense.

With the first period drawing to a close, the Canadians opened up with another display of pyrotechnics which nearly melted the ice. But the defense kept their heads, refused to be drawn out of position, and, with Merritt flashing in and out like a protecting genii of the rink, gave their opponents a battle which put the regiment on its toes with vociferous enthusiasm. But the Canadians were not to be denied. Just before the timekeeper's horn sounded, the rubber streaked into the net to give them a 3 to 1 lead.

Merritt gathered his team together between the periods to brush up his attack. His defense were doing better than he had dared hope. It was his wings that needed strengthening if he were to make use of his own power and skill on the ice. He thought of Loyson. If only he had a man like that at his side, he could do anything. But he had not seen Loyson since the game began. Doubtless he was in among the crowd, rooting for the Canadians, hoping that their victory would bring confusion upon the man he hated so wholeheartedly.

THE second period saw a tightening of the game. Baker and Lewis, alive to their previous mistakes, played their positions better, saved their goal shots for reasonable distances and proved a real threat to the Canadians as long as the defense massed upon Merritt. The Five Star leader exerted himself to the utmost in both attack and defense. He was here, there, everywhere, now stealing the puck, now intercepting a hot pass, now zigzagging up the ice at a dizzy pace with the puck skimming along ahead of him.

The play surged up and down the ice with frequent scrimmages in the center. In spite of Merritt's superhuman efforts, however, the Canadians had a very apparent edge on the soldier team.

They scored one goal during the period and were robbed of several others by the alertness of the Five Star goalie and Merritt's annoying habit of appearing at the side of any one about to make a shot. A brilliant piece of solo work on the part of Merritt tallied a goal for the home team, and the period ended with the Canadians leading, 4 to 2, and with every prospect of increasing their lead in the final period.

Merritt gave his team unstinted praise during the final rest period. They were giving him the best that was in them, and he could hope for no further miracle from them. The prospect of the third period wasn't a pleasant one. He himself could do no more. He had done the work of two men for two grueling periods, had thrown himself recklessly into every mêlée, and almost singlehandedly had borne the brunt of his team's attack. If only Loyson——

"Private Loyson wishes to see you, sir," announced the manager of the team.

Merritt stepped to the door. The stocky French-Canadian was outside, clothed in a makeshift hocky uniform. "What do you want?" demanded Merritt, his voice carefully concealing his exultation.

"I want I should play hockey, lieutenant," said Loyson bluntly.

For a second Merritt looked at the bronzed young man in front of him. Although the hatred had left his eyes, they were certainly not aglow with the light of enthusiasm. Loyson misunderstood his hesitancy.

"You are afraid I cannot play good enough, hey? I tell you I can. I watched you play. I can play almost as well as you."

"Why do you want to play?" asked Merritt.

"It is not because I like you. I hate you. I hate all officers. So I will not be obligated to you."

"Obligated to me?"

"Yes. The colonel, he started to put me in the guardhouse. You take the blame. I owe you something. I help you win this game and we call it quits."

"Right wing," said Merritt tersely. "And keep me on-side when you pass."

To most of the regiment, Loyson's entrance into the game was just an ordinary substitution. To Merritt's company, however, it was an event of the first water. No one doubted that his action was voluntary, and tongues wagged furiously trying to decide what had caused him to abandon his emphatic stand.

Merritt's heart beat fast as he stepped into the circle for the face-off. If the gods of fortune still befriended stalwart hearts and true sticks, they would lick the team from across the line, and his pledge to his men would be redeemed. And if there remained enough of the old Jacques Loyson to resurrect, this period would do it.

The puck dropped. A clever twist of his wrist sent it swimming behind him to Baker. Baker's instructions were definite. He slipped the rubber over to Loyson and made for his defense man. Merritt quickly skated on-side and Loyson raced up the ice with singing skates and speeding puck. He crossed the blue line, met his defense man, and with an effortless flip of his stick the puck whizzed over to Merritt. As was their custom, center and one defense man closed in on Merritt, leaving the unknown Loyson to his own devices. It was a mistake. Before the goalie knew from what quarter to expect the attack, Loyson was whizzing by in front of goal. At the same instant the puck left Merritt's stick, met Loyson just as he crossed in front of the net, and from

there whizzed past the goalie and into the twine.

The whole thing was too easy to be true. The Canadians refused to believe it was anything but a piece of freak luck. But when they secured the puck on the next face-off and swept up the ice in a beautiful triangle attack, they suddenly found the teeth of their forward line extracted by no less a person than that same stocky chap who had tallied the goal. Furthermore, before they could break to defense, a remarkable passing combination, featuring Merritt and the new substitute, carried the rubber to the other end of the rink, and but for a miraculous stop by the goalie would have evened the score.

This awakened them to their danger. With the puck still in their end zone, they dared not mass on Merritt as before. This was what the Five Star leader had been waiting for. He broke away from the unhappy Snowleigh in a burst of speed, called for the puck from Loyson, eluded a defense man by caroming the disk against the board, and dashed in toward the net with the speed and power of an express train.

In desperation the goalie rushed out to meet him. Merritt started the shot for the net, but out of the corner of his eye he saw that Loyson had broken away from his man and was racing toward the defenseless goal. Merritt sent the disk whizzing toward his free wing and before the goalie could return to his position, the puck that tied the score was safely in the twine.

"Nice work," said Merritt giving his teammate a slap on the back.

"You play the great teamwork," said Loyson with a broad grin. His eyes were shining and the scowling lines of his face had disappeared. Then he remembered to whom he was talking, and the smile faded. "I help win this game, and we are quits," he said, trying to inject a surly note into his voice.

Merritt laughed. "You're a chap worth playing with," he said as he skated back to center ice.

The game raged fast and furious for the next few moments. The Canadians, strengthening their defense by bringing up one of their wings, counted on the inexperienced soldier defense to weaken at a crucial moment. But Merritt, strong in the belief that a vigorous attack was the best defense, countered by bringing up a defense man to the forward zone. Then he and Loyson, each superb in his own position, let loose a brilliant display of accurate passing and clever skating which carried the puck all around the bewildered defense in end ice and hammered relentlessly at the visitors' net.

A sudden sense of camaraderie sprang up between the Five Star leader and the young French-Canadian. Their game ceased to be an individual affair. It became a partnership in which each foresaw the other's line of action and responded instantly with a well-placed pass or a shift in position. And when their attack finally culminated in a goal that put them in the lead, no one on the rink could say who was responsible for it, Merritt or his mate.

The two young men exchanged glances as they returned to center ice. Simultaneously both smiled broadly.

With five minutes more to go, luck broke against them. An unexpected long shot by Snowleigh kicked off the goalie's skate and slipped between the posts. This evened the score and put new fight into the Canadian team. With four minutes to play the tempo became furious. Time after time Merritt and Loyson carried the puck very near to the mouth of the net, only to be robbed of their goal by the most famous goalie north of the line. Time after time they recovered the puck with an aggressive sortie into their own end zone and returned to the attack determined to get that final goal across.

At one minute to play the puck was in

center ice. With thirty seconds to go it had been carried up and down the rink twice. Now it was at the end of Loyson's stick as he sped up his lane. Merritt was near the center, with Snowleigh hanging onto him like grim death. They were in end ice now, and the gallant defense that had turned them back before by a combination of luck, skill and courage, again closed to meet them.

Merritt broke away from Snowleigh by a quick change of pace. The puck came to him at the same instant and Loyson dashed in to the goal. There he was met by two defense men who screened him from both the net and his teammate. But Merritt, crouched nearly double, was speeding in to the net, nursing the puck a few feet ahead of him. Snowleigh was on his trail and one of the defense men left Loyson to meet this new threat. It was all Loyson wanted. He pulled away toward the boards, drawing his man with him, and as Merritt prepared for a shot at goal, the French-Canadian suddenly whizzed across the ice several yards in rear of Merritt.

Merritt's shot for goal was a feint. Before his two covering men knew what had happened, before the goalie could adjust himself to an attack from an unexpected quarter, the puck was at the end of Loyson's stick and the man was poised for a shot. It came knee-high to the goalie, struck his protector, bounced to the goal post and rolled crazily into the twine. A thousand lusty voices split the frosty air and the regiment broke upon the rink to carry off their victorious team.

MERRITT made his escape and returned to the dressing room. Now he had to face the colonel. He would probably be relieved of command of the company if nothing worse. Then he thought of Jacques Loyson. Come what might, he had redeemed his pledge to the court. He had brought the real woodsman to life.

He slowly dressed and made his way to regimental headquarters where the colonel was awaiting him. As he knocked he heard voices inside the colonel's office and when he entered his jaw dropped at the sight that confronted him. Standing in front of the colonel in a position of soldierly attention was Private Loyson. His uniform was immaculate and in his face and bearing he looked every inch a soldier.

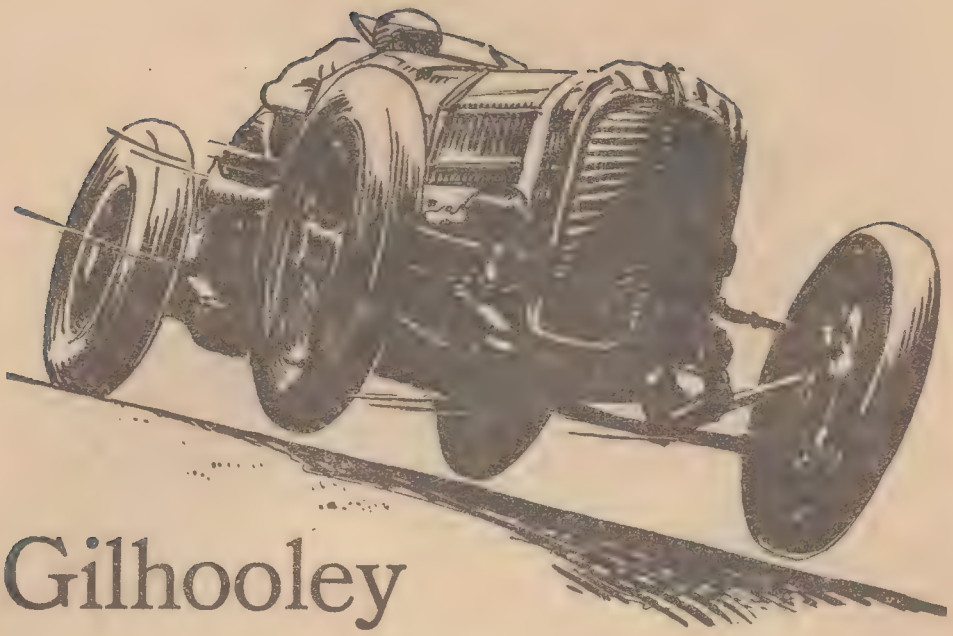
Merritt recovered himself and saluted the colonel. "Sir, Lieutenant Merritt reports as ordered."

The colonel stood up. His face was a study in bewilderment. "What's happened to this soldier, Mr. Merritt? An hour ago I was ready to court-martial him. Now he has come here and, by gad, sir, he's convinced me against my will that he's one of the best soldiers in the regiment. What have you done to him?"

"He's been playing a little hockey since you saw him last," smiled Merritt. "Incidentally, he was the main reason why we have just won the game."

A great light slowly broke upon the colonel. "I think, Mr. Merritt," he said with an expansive smile, "that you may continue your athletic experiments a little longer."





# Gilhooley

## By A. Clifford Farrell

EVEN as the starter snapped down the green flag in the face of the oncoming torrent of steel and rubber, he regretted his action. It was a mistake, and he realized it in the split second before he leaped out of the way. The white line on which he had been standing was momentarily obliterated as the fourteen lean, low-slung racing automobiles swept across it.

The starter stood for a moment with hands on hips, watching the squirming mass disappear down the stretch and into the perilous north turn. Then, automatically, he reached for the yellow flag, that harbinger of disaster.

"I shouldn't have given 'em the gun," he snapped to his assistant. "They're hitting that curve like this was a one-lap sprint instead of a hundred. Somebody's going to kiss the fence. Get ready to help me flag 'em down if that turn is blocked by a wreck. Keith and Lincoln are to blame!"

Keith and Lincoln are to blame. Jimmy Keith did not hear the accusation, because he was crouched behind the wheel of one of the fourteen machines that were now careening around the north turn on the Legion Speedway. But he would have pleaded not guilty with a clear conscience to the charge.

Jimmy was only indirectly the cause of the crack-up that was coming. Each of the fourteen begoggled pilots in that close-packed mess of skidding cars knew that some of them would not emerge from that first curve. It was not in the cards. They were traveling too fast, with not enough driving room.

Cal Lincoln was the real culprit. He had brought this about. Always bitterly jealous of a rival, a hard loser, and an arrogant winner, there was now a particular incentive for Lincoln's recklessness. This race was between himself and Jimmy Keith. The other twelve did not count. They might ride with them for a few laps, but Cal knew

and Jimmy knew that when the blue flag was waving on the final lap that they would then be fighting it out wheel to wheel.

However, Jimmy Keith was thinking of none of these things at the moment. A man sitting in a car traveling eighty miles an hour on a banked curve does not think of anything in particular. At such moments thoughts and actions are merely automatic. Jimmy was conscious of spatters of oil-soaked dirt from the track stinging his cheeks. He vaguely knew that Cal Lincoln was skidding wildly just below him. He sensed that inches back of his rear wheels another car sped along, and back of that machine were still more automobiles. He rode at the peak of a juggernaut that would flatten his machine and himself if he made an error.

And Cal Lincoln, obsessed with only one impulse, was holding his foot down. Cal's little single-seated, red machine, traveling too fast to maintain traction on the smooth surface, began to drift higher.

Jimmy jammed the throttle down to the limit in an attempt to hurl his own white speedster ahead and out of the way. But, with a chill, he realized that he would never make it. Cal's machine was within inches of him now, and sideslipping nearer with each turn of the wheels.

Jimmy edged higher. The upper fence, with its heavy posts, was grazing the hubcaps of the white car. He thought of the machines behind. He held his mount steady for another hundred feet. Then Cal's car swung slightly. Their rear wheels touched for an instant. It was just at the apex of the curve, and it had all taken place in less than ten seconds from the start.

That slight touch swung Jimmy's car against the fence. He felt the hubs scraping. Then one caught on a four by four. Jimmy ducked beneath the cowl. His life was now in the lap of Fate. He reached down and gripped the little gear lever with both hands. He felt the car rising under him, and then for an instant he seemed to be soaring in the air.

There came a terrific shock that nearly dislodged his grip. His head touched the ground for an instant, and he realized in a vague, blurred way that his machine had turned a front somersault. Then the car rolled back onto its four wheels, and proceeded to nose over twice more in straight somersaults.

On its last wild gyration it bounced over the low fence, and Jimmy's grasp was torn from the lever, and he fell from the car. He landed on the soft bank outside the track, the car narrowly missing him. Together with the machine, he slid down the bank into the public parking station outside the track.

He lay there for a full minute, dazed. Excited people began to gather around him. An ambulance moaned up, and a young interne descended on Jimmy, armed with bandages and a kit. Jimmy watched distinterestedly as the medical man examined him. A dozen bruises and scratches on his arms and legs, a welt on his head, and a black eye. That seemed all. There was a sharp pain in Jimmy's left side, but that seemed only one of a score of aches, and he did not mention it.

"How the devil could a man come out of that without having at least some broken bones?" the interne finally complained, plainly disappointed. "You should be permanently dead if you want my opinion."

But Jimmy was not listening. He had cocked his head toward the track. From above came the regular moaning shriek of high-speed motors. The race was going on. And Jimmy's practiced ear picked out the voice of Cal Lincoln's machine from that steady drone. He rose and scrambled back up the bank.

"Cal's in the lead," he said in confirmation as he identified the red car

that was roaring around the five-eighth mile oval. "Well, this is his race. But there are two more coming. I'll have to cop 'em both. I want that new front-drive job, and I'm going to have it."

And there lay the real motive for the intense rivalry of the day. That was why those fourteen machines had started hub to hub. That was why Cal Lincoln had crowded Jimmy into the fence.

A big-league racing car—a straight-eight front-drive speed creation—was the prize. A car that a man could enter at Indianapolis, Altoona, Atlantic City, Culver City, or any of the major speedways.

Bill Rice, Hollywood millionaire, had built such a car, and put it up as a prize to the champion driver of the Legion Speedway. The Legion track was not a first-class layout. It was a dirt oval, too small in circumference for a straight eight. Four-cylinder machines, such as the one in which Jimmy had taken his spill, were ideal for its short stretches and sharp curves. Ninety miles an hour here was equivalent to, and even more perilous than, one hundred and forty on a bigger track.

The Legion drivers, being young, were ambitious. Each aspired to play the big time. But cars such as this of Bill Rice's cost around fifteen thousand dollars to build. A man could win the feature race at the Legion every week for half a dozen years before he could save that sum.

To-day's event of one hundred laps was the first of three such races to be run on consecutive weeks. A driver, to be nominated for Rice's big machine, must win two of the three heats.

When Rice announced the terms of the contest he, as well as every driver and expert in the know, were aware that the ultimate winner would be either Jimmy Keith or Cal Lincoln. They were the best of the field, potential big-league timber. They had served a year's apprenticeship here, and were now ripe to match their skill and nerve with the world's greatest speedway stars.

Yes, this was Cal Lincoln's heat. Jimmy stood there and watched Cal win in. Cal finished a full lap ahead of his nearest competitor. It was a convincing, if not a clean-cut victory.

Then, when the track was clear, Jimmy crossed and walked wearily to the pits. He was feeling the effects of his smash-up now. His hurts tingled, and in his right side burned a dull, throbbing pain. His jumper, usually immaculately white, was torn and grimy, bearing here and there spots of blood.

Cal had just alighted from his steaming car and stood jubilant wiping the grime of the race from his face with a towel when he spied Jimmy. A grin of satisfaction spread over his face.

"Look, fellers," he yelled to his pit crew and to any others within hearing. "Here's Gilhooley himself. Did you see him take that tumble there. Nobody near him, and he cracked up."

Now, Gilhooley was a mythical personage on the speedways. Gilhooley had never negotiated a complete lap in any legendary race without at least one crack-up. Gilhooley could not keep his car on its course through a tunnel. In fact, Gilhooley was all that a racing driver should not be. To call another a "Gilhooley" usually meant that the party of the first part stood ready to back up his assertion with his fists if need be.

And Cal was ready now. It may be that he believed Jimmy physically unable to resent the insult. Jimmy did not appear to be in the pink of condition. Ordinarily Cal would have held his tongue, even though he stood three inches taller, and had Jimmy outreached. Cal was lankily and wirily built, Jimmy compact, broad-shouldered, powerfully muscled, deep of chest, and sturdy of leg.

The fight was a draw while it lasted.

Jimmy stepped in with a left hook and a right swing that nearly lifted Lincoln's chin from his face. Cal, fast as lightning, closed Jimmy's one good eye with a right. Then they were going hammer and tongs for the ten seconds it required track officials to separate them.

Cal, blood streaming from his mouth, and his left eye also going into mourning, was carried away, snarling and raging.

"You're yellow," he shrieked. "You're a Gilhooley. You hit that fence on purpose. You didn't have the guts to ride it out. You Gilhooley."

"I'll show you next week," panted Jimmy, as he was escorted away in the opposite direction. "I'll be back on the track."

Jimmy had set an almost impossible task for himself. His white car was in sad condition, its frame smashed, body crushed beyond repair, crankshaft broken, steering wheel doubled back onto the seat, the radiator a total loss. Even the motor was damaged considerably.

But Jimmy went to work that same evening, after he had the wrecked car hauled to his workshop downtown. "Red" McCabe, his loyal mechanician, assisted him.

Four days later he and Red, hollow-eyed and near exhaustion, were still working. They had averaged less than four hours of sleep a day, but the white car was nearly ready. Its broken parts had been replaced. A new body, ordered as a rush job from the body factory, sat in the garage, ready to be spotted onto the frame. Parts of the motor still lay on the bench, and they were now inspecting them with minute care.

"We'll be ready to-morrow night," said Jimmy at last, sighing with weariness. "That'll give us a full day to work out the bugs and tune her."

"How d'you feel?" asked Red anxiously, taking cognizance of Jimmy's drawn face and bloodshot eyes.

"O. K.," said Jimmy, unconsciously placing a hand against his side. That dull, burning pain had now grown to an agonizing ache. It had been increasing ever since the hour of the crack-up, but he had resolutely ignored it.

"Yuh got somethin' busted," Red stated emphatically. "I'm takin' yuh to a doc right pronto. I'll betcha yuh got a cracked slat or two."

Jimmy protested, but Red hustled him to a doctor, and the mechanic's diagnosis proved correct. Jimmy had been carrying two fractured ribs.

"Yuh pore dang fool," Red told him as they left the physician, with Jimmy's body gripped by a compression bandage. "Why didn't yuh say something sooner. No racing for you this week."

"I'm going to drive," said Jimmy grimly. "A busted rib or two isn't going to stop me now."

"Yeh, an' if yuh get woozy an' have tuh quit, that skinny Cal Lincoln will balloon all over the place."

"I won't quit."

True to his word, Jimmy was at the track the morning before the race, with the rebuilt car. Cal Lincoln appeared as a spectator, and he watched with curling lip as Jimmy tried out the white machine. It showed little effect of its disastrous mishap. Within two hours Jimmy and Red had it tuned into top-notch condition again. Cal's smile vanished, and he departed from the track, thinking deeply. He knew Jimmy's capabilities. But he did not know that Jimmy was suffering torture. Those neglected bones were protesting each time their owner moved. And a racing car, bouncing over a dirt roadbed, is by no means a comfortable type of locomotion.

AT three o'clock the next afternoon, as the fourteen machines once more lined up for the second race of the prize series, Cal Lincoln seemed more confident.

Even the fact that Jimmy had won the pole in the starting order failed to dim his cheerfulness. Jimmy had qualified for the race in twenty-seven seconds flat. That was a full second faster than Cal's time, and a new track record.

"Hello, Gil," sneered Cal, as they sat side by side at the line. "How's the fence buster?"

"Right in the pink," said Jimmy softly. That was several miles from the truth. Jimmy was tired, and his side throbbed.

But he was looking curiously at Cal. That individual's goggles puzzled him. They were equipped with a heavily tinted lens, almost black. Racing goggles were normally fitted with clear glass. A few drivers preferred a light amber tint as a protection against glare. But Cal to-day was equipped to resist the brightest reflection.

However, Jimmy's mind was soon occupied with more pressing affairs as they rolled away from the post. A slow warming-up lap. A false start that set the pilots' nerves on edge. Then a third trip around, and they were away at breakneck speed.

Jimmy opened up as the green flag fell, and his mount leaped from a mile a minute to ninety per in the space of a hundred yards. He was two lengths ahead of Cal before they shot into the north curve. He doubled his advantage on the curve itself, and slammed down the backstretch like a bullet. The furious Cal could not begin to stay with that white streak. Jimmy had a hundred-yard lead as they swept down the homestretch twenty-seven seconds later.

Jimmy did not ease up. Within five laps he was the length of the stretch ahead of Cal. He lapped two of the slower cars on the sixth circuit, sweeping by them so relentlessly that their seventy-five-mile pace seemed snaillike.

Jimmy's aches and pains were forgotten in the elation of the moment. He was riding a perfect motor. The power from its humming pistons seemed to creep up into his own muscles and elevate him to a peak of driving efficiency he had never dreamed possible. His judgment of pace and distance became perfect. He did not waste a single revolution of that roaring bit of machinery under the white hood. He had never timed his cut-out and pick-up on the curves more perfectly.

On the tenth whirl around the oval he held half a lap advantage over Cal. He was clipping off the circuits at within a fraction of his own track record. He had lapped eight machines already, and bore down relentlessly on the others.

Before the twentieth round he had lapped every car but Cal Lincoln's, and was riding right in the blue smoke back of that individual. Cal knew Jimmy was there, and his eyes burned with rage behind his smoked goggles. It was the worst beating Cal had ever suffered at Jimmy's hands, and he was not the type to take it smiling.

Jimmy pulled alongside the red car on the next lap, and then shot ahead. Cal offered no opposition. He did not even attempt to crowd Jimmy on the curves. And that was unusual—so unusual that Jimmy should have taken warning.

Five minutes later Jimmy was far ahead of Cal again. The race had settled down to a steady grind. The average pace of the field was terrific, but Jimmy's fierce velocity made the rest of them seem slow.

The speed began to take its toll now. On the thirty-second lap a green machine a hundred yards ahead of Jimmy suddenly swerved as it leveled off into the backstretch.

Jimmy caught a glimpse of a right rear tire on the green car—it was driven by big Tom Berry—as it flapped loosely from the rim. Then the car twirled drunkenly sidewise, rose up on two

wheels for a fearful second, and turned over and over.

Jimmy swerved high, nearly nicking the upper fence, and missed the hurtling wreck. He gave a quick glance back, and saw a cloud of dust against the inside fence. The dust had cleared somewhat as he sped past the spot on his next lap, and he could see excited pit men pulling Berry from beneath the car.

A moment later a new disaster took the spotlight. A machine, spinning down the homestretch, burst into flames. The gas tank had become ignited while in full flight. Its young driver displayed an iron nerve. He stayed with the car, tugging at the brake until it slowed to a safer gait. Then, his clothes already burning, he leaped. The driverless machine, now a crackling bonfire, rolled down the track, narrowly missing a bevy of passing cars, crashed through the fence into the infield, where it continued to burn, sending up a pillar of black smoke.

The race went on without pause. Jimmy grimaced. It was all in the game. Berry had been his friend. So was young Wilson, pilot of the burning car. Perhaps they had escaped with minor hurts. Perhaps both had paid a more somber penalty. There was no means of knowing. The race went on.

At the halfway mark, Jimmy sported a lead of two and a half laps. He still bore down mercilessly, giving Cal Lincoln the beating of a lifetime. In his heart he rejoiced. Cal had it coming. But Cal's attitude puzzled him. He had twice lapped the red machine, and each time Cal had given him plenty of room.

But Jimmy soon learned that all is not gold that glitters. Cal had not conceded this race. It was not yet over.

The first intimation of it came to Jimmy on the seventy-fifth circuit. The sun was swinging down toward the top of the home grand stand, and shadows were creeping across the track. As Jimmy careened into the rough north turn, now cut and rutted from the pounding of the cars, he peered ahead as usual, judging the bumps and the curve.

But suddenly he was blinded by a brilliant, dazzling flash that smote him squarely in the eyes. He blinked and instantly opened his eyes again, expecting the reflection to be gone. Sunlight flashed from windshields of automobiles was no uncommon occurrence. But this particular reflection still persisted.

Panic seized him momentarily, but he quelled it. Though blinded, he had his position photographed on his mind, and he steered by instinct for the next three seconds. Then he moved out of range of the villainous reflection.

Vision returned just in time to save him. He found his mount swinging dangerously near the outside fence as it shot into the backstretch, but he wrestled it down to safety, and continued on his way.

That moment of peril had given him a thrill that he did not care to have repeated. But it was repeated on the very next lap, and in the same spot. As Jimmy sped around the north curve, that diabolical gleam struck him in the eyes again. And this time he was caught unprepared. He had failed to orient himself. He endeavored to evade the reflection by squinting and bobbing his head from side to side.

But it was no use, and with a groan of despair he lifted his foot from the throttle and reached for the brake. But even as he did so, the car grazed the upper fence and whirled end for end. Jimmy, still blinded and bewildered, ducked beneath the cowl and grabbed the gear lever.

But the patron saint of speed rode with him this time. The white machine whirled around and around, gradually settling down off the banked curve. Three speeding cars swerved and missed it by inches. The white

speedster hit the level apron, spewing up a cloud of dust. It canted up perilously on two wheels, and then settled back right side up and came to a stop.

Jimmy instantly emerged from his retreat. He stood erect in his seat, and his eyes scanned a slight rise of land beyond the backstretch. Many automobiles were parked there, and for an instant it seemed hopeless to pick out the offender. Then he identified a man sitting in a roadster. And though the distance was too great for accurate observation, Jimmy saw the man hastily lower a cameralike apparatus from his face and drop it out of sight. But as it disappeared, there came one vagrant, brilliant flash of reflected sunlight from it.

"One of Cal's crew," Jimmy said grimly as he settled back in his seat. Then he leaped out, cranked the car, backed away from the fence, and began rolling. But his troubles were not yet over. He had barely started moving before a front tire collapsed with a hiss of escaping air. That skid had been too much for it. And he was half a lap away from the pit.

"I wise now to the reason for Cal's smoked glasses," he told himself bitterly as he bumped along on the flat wheel. Even as he said it, Cal's machine rushed past. Jimmy still held a lead of two laps, but before he reached the pit, Cal sliced off one full circuit.

Red McCabe made the change in fifteen seconds, but even so Cal already was zooming around the south curve again, ready to go into the lead. Jimmy shot his little car out of the pits with every ounce of power it could master, but Cal's momentum carried him past, and into the lead. Before Jimmy could get the white machine wound up, Cal had piled up an advantage of a quarter of a lap.

And there were only twenty circuits to go. Less than ten minutes of driving.

Jimmy had his car rolling at peak speed in little more than a lap. He knew he was gaining on Cal, and he held the throttle grimly down.

But he was alert now. He realized the menace that awaited him on that north turn. He knew just the moment that he would encounter the reflection. There was no doubt now but that Cal had set this trap. Jimmy had thought of telling Red McCabe, but to have done so would have taken precious seconds. And that might have cost him the race. Defeat to-day meant the end of his hopes of driving on the major speedways.

So, as he shot into the north turn at full speed, he gazed far ahead, mentally photographing the situation. Just as he expected, the bright, dazzling light caught him in the center of the turn. But he ducked his head and drove by instinct and from that mental picture. He emerged safely into the backstretch, and lifted his head triumphantly. He knew now that he had the race won.

Cal Lincoln was forced to admit it ten laps later. Jimmy passed him on the north curve with the diabolical reflection playing in his eyes. He went by without even seeing the red car, for he was blinded. But he drove as though he had perfect vision. Cal's goggles protected him from the deflection, though Jimmy was of the opinion that the beam was concentrated into a very small area, and was held on his car alone.

It was all over then. Even Cal became disheartened, and finally the operator of the heliograph on the hill abandoned his useless machinations.

Jimmy rode the last five miles in peace, and at a pace that brought him under the checkered flag half a lap ahead of Cal.

"Pretty lucky," snarled Cal in the pits after it was over. "You did your usual Gilhooley, but you were loaded down with horse shoes. I was hitting on only three right from the start, or

I'd have trimmed you down to child's size."

Jimmy grinned coldly. Cal lied. His motor had functioned perfectly, and everybody knew it.

"Lend me your dark goggles next week, Cal," Jimmy said, his eyes narrowing. "You don't need 'em."

Cal flushed and turned away. Jimmy glanced up at the hill. The roadster had disappeared. It was useless to search for it now, as the roads were jammed with departing traffic.

THUS it was that, seven days later, Jimmy and Cal again sat side by side at the starting line. Parked in a place of honor back of the pit wall, festooned with ribbons, stood the prize. Jimmy glanced at it longingly. With that machine under him, he knew he could scale the heights of fame. Sleek, trim, and glistening in its coat of silver, the front-drive speedster was a lure to every pilot with red blood in his veins. Jimmy closed his eyes and visioned himself peering along that slim hood watching a fast track spin beneath him, a riding mechanician at his side, for the front-drive job was a two-man car.

He glanced at Cal, and that individual scowled. Jimmy smiled grimly, and fingered a spare set of goggles that hung around his neck.

"I'm carrying dark glasses to-day, if I need 'em," he called to the lanky driver. Cal pretended not to hear, but Jimmy noted that his rival's own goggles were equipped with normal clear mica. He surmised that there would be no repetition of the sun-glare episode.

But, on the other hand, Jimmy realized that he was facing a fierce battle. He again held the pole, but had won it by only a scant fraction. Cal evidently had tuned his red car until it was fully as fast as the white.

The starter was waving his arms now. The pilots began pulling on gloves and adjusting goggles. A loud speaker opened up with the usual announcements and introductions of drivers.

"First on the pole in the front row is Jimmy Keith, driving a Keith Special. Time, twenty-seven seconds flat. Next is——"

But a leathery voice from the grand stand spoke.

"Yoo-hoo, Gilhooley."

Another voice higher up took up the taunt.

"What fence yuh gonna bust to-day, Gilhooley?"

Still another chimed in. "His name ain't Keith—it's Adam Gilhooley."

A roar of laughter came from the crowd. Jimmy flushed and squirmed. He saw Cal grinning broadly.

"I'll show you," he gritted.

In a moment they were rolling amid a thunder of popping motors. Blue castor-oil fumes swirled above them as the cold cylinders warmed. In the backstretch Jimmy stepped the pace up. He glanced back and counted the field. All fourteen were there. This would be a start on the first time around, and he turned back to his task.

The fourteen cars, in perfect formation, swept out of the south turn into the stretch, speeding faster and faster, but holding rigidly to their alignment. The starter leaped to the railing to view them better, then jumped down and unfurled the green flag.

Go!

Cal Lincoln opened up with everything he had two seconds before they crossed the line, but Jimmy had been on the alert for that, and he matched Cal's move with a similar spurt. They shot down the stretch, wheel to wheel, at a hundred miles an hour, leaping away instantly from the remainder of the field.

Cal attempted to cut low as they tilted into the curve, but his pace was too hot to handle, and, in spite of himself, he drifted high. He had more driving room than Jimmy, but the latter, by su-

perb handling, held his machine down, though it negotiated the turn in a thirty-per-cent skid.

They straightened out in the backstretch, with both cars swaying dangerously and almost out of control. Jimmy mastered his wheels first, and thereby gained half a length on the lanky pilot.

But Cal did not give up. He smashed into the south turn wide open, skimming along the upper fence, and came out of it on even terms. They completed the lap side by side.

But on the second loop Cal began to realize what he was up against. Jimmy rode the north turn without relaxing his reckless speed an inch, and Cal's nerve began to waver. He eased up a trifle, and fell a length behind. Jimmy turned and grinned sarcastically.

Then Jimmy also cut down a trifle. Cal took heart, and attempted to pass him on the next lap. But he failed ignominiously. Jimmy allowed him to pull alongside, then held him even until they entered the treacherous north curve and proceeded to edge ahead, his tires spewing dirt against the red car as the accelerated wheels bit into the oiled surface.

Cal blanched, and in a panic lifted his foot entirely as he thought Jimmy had gone into a spin. But the white car maintained its footing, and sped into the stretch safely ahead of him.

For fifty laps Jimmy played with Cal. Time after time he offered the lanky driver tempting bait, and Cal fell for it repeatedly, only to be routed, defeated and humiliated. It was a nerve-racking, morale-shattering exhibition, and Cal's attitude was changing from rage to apprehension.

The spectators realized they were watching more than a race. They began to sense the true meaning of this dramatic duel of nerve. It grew evident that Jimmy Keith was endeavoring to break Cal Lincoln here publicly, and where all could see. They remembered the taunts that had been hurled at the broad-shouldered pilot in the white car before the start and comprehended that, somehow, Cal Lincoln had been at the bottom of that attack.

And now Jimmy, using burning speed, roaring wheels, and a steel heart as his weapons, fought to erase permanently the stigma that Cal was responsible for.

At the conclusion of seventy laps the grim task was on its way to fulfillment. Cal, driving listlessly and unsteadily, seemed like a boxer reeling about the ring under the barrage of blows from a more scientific opponent. He was ready to quit, and the only thing that prevented him from doing so was the realization that to do so would mean disgrace.

Cal thought of faking motor trouble. But too many expert ears were listening. He stared at his tires, hoping one would blow. He was willing to risk a spill to escape from this.

Cal did not have it in him to accept defeat gracefully. Trickery always had been his handmaiden, and now he sought desperately for some ruse that would save his face and the situation.

But his brain refused to function now in his hour of need. Lap after lap rolled monotonously on, and ever before him rode the grinning face of Jimmy Keith. Cal began to know what real hate was. He conjured a vision of that white car rolling over, crushing and distorting that smiling face. It gave him momentary satisfaction. But even as the unholy vision arose it vanished into hopelessness. For Jimmy was driving with too sure a hand.

Eighty-five laps. Then ninety. Ten more to go. The race was fast, but not as speedy as the one a week before, for Cal had failed to offer the same brand of competition. But even so, they led the remainder of the field by three laps.

Ninety-fifth lap now. And then Cal's

brain began to perform with some of its old resourcefulness. A plan to escape open, unqualified defeat, had occurred to him. It was a desperate plan, but Cal was in the proper mood for it.

"I'll do it," he said.

Jimmy's white car smashed along a hundred yards ahead. Jimmy held it there as bait in the hope that Cal would once more challenge the lead. And suddenly Cal seemed to take up the gauntlet. The red machine picked up with a rush, its exhaust spitting a steady tongue of flame.

Jimmy, warily on the alert, allowed his rival to gain. Their speed reached ninety, and still moved up. They were almost at the peak of the track's capacity to hold them.

Cal bent over the wheel, straining theatrically for the benefit of the grand stand, and he could sense the cheers that greeted his apparent bid for the lead. But it was a fake, because he knew in his heart that Jimmy would never allow him to pass.

He pulled alongside the white car, and they skimmed the old north turn side by side. Jimmy then settled down to the job of pulling away. But he watched Cal from the corner of an eye as they careened into the backstretch.

And he saw Cal's left hand release itself from the steering wheel, drop below the dash, and reappear with a hammer, a small hammer that by some chance had been left loose in the cockpit.

Jimmy chilled, and was ready to dodge. But Cal had no intention of throwing it. He merely let his arm fall loosely outside the car. He glanced down, and then let the head of the hammer dangle into the blur made by the twirling handles on the racing hubcap on the left rear wheel.

The hubcap instantly flashed off the spindle and bounced along the track. Like all caps of that type, it had been merely screwed on and hammered tight. Contact with the head of the hammer had been enough to spin it back off the threads and release it.

Jimmy saw the wheel wabble, and then drop from the spindle. He instantly reached for his brake and glanced back. The red car was sliding along safely on three wheels, and the brake drum of the fourth. The dislodged wheel was racing along the track at a mile a minute. It finally hit the upper rail, and then gave a crazy bounce and came shooting down directly at Jimmy.

Its speed made it a deadly missile and Jimmy flinched, but could not dodge. Fortunately the wild wheel took another bounce, and sailed over his head, caromed off the inside fence and finally ended its flight on the apron not far ahead.

Jimmy slid his car to a stop with locked wheels, and Cal's machine came slithering up alongside him, its momentum expended.

"You're not going to get away with that," Jimmy gritted, as he leaped from his machine and ran to the wheel. "You're going to finish this race with all four wheels under you. No alibi. Where's that hubcap?"

He found the cap lying not far away, and then raced to the astounded Cal's car.

"Hey, you guys! Three or four come on there and give me a lift," bawled Jimmy at a group of spectators who were jammed against the inside fence.

Four eager and willing youths scrambled out on the track and, at Jimmy's direction, lifted the rear end of Cal's light machine, with the raging driver still in it. Jimmy jammed the wheel onto the spindle, twisted on the cap, grabbed the hammer from Cal's hand, and hammered it securely into place.

"Give him a push until his motor picks up," Jimmy directed. "Then do the same for me. I'm going to give that guy a fair and square trimming."

A moment later Cal reluctantly roared away under the impetus of the shove the volunteers gave him. Then they manned Jimmy's car. But, as motors will, the one in the white car chose this moment to balk. It was hot, and would not begin firing.

"Push," howled Jimmy, for Cal was already disappearing down the track. "Once more. All together. Push or I'm sunk."

And then the motor began hitting, and Jimmy was on his way with an angry roar from the exhaust.

But his mad maneuver placed him at what seemed a hopeless disadvantage. Cal's machine had rolled up a lead of a quarter of a lap, and the lanky driver was bearing down with everything under the hood, realizing that fortune had at last smiled on him.

A quarter of a lap behind, and only four circuits to go. It seemed useless, for Cal was riding wide open now. But Jimmy had his foot almost against the motor, and the open throttle, pouring gas to the motor from four jets, was beginning to race the pistons as they had never been raced before.

He reached peak speed within a lap, and stayed there. There was no shutting down for curves now. One hundred miles an hour on both straightaway and stretch. The machine was throwing dirt over the outside fences in a steady circle all the way around both turns. Its course was marked by a regular furrow in the oiled surface.

Cal's lead began to melt. But it still appeared hopeless. No car could last for four laps at that insane pace. Sooner or later Jimmy must surely lose control. But he did not. He held the twisting wheel, clung to the bouncing car with never a change in pace, ripping off the laps in twenty-five seconds.

As they whizzed under the green flag for the last circuit, Cal had an advantage of twenty yards.

Jimmy was within a length of him as they emerged into the backstretch. He pushed the radiator of his car alongside Cal on the last curve. The two mounts rode out of that turn hub to hub, drifting so high that Jimmy was crowded within inches of the fence.

A moan and a roar, and they were under the checkered flag. But in those final few seconds Jimmy had booted his white car half a length into the lead.

Ten minutes later, Jimmy and Bill Rice were admiring the front-drive car.

"It's yours, all right. But I hope no one ever calls you Gilhooley again," Rice grinned. "I wouldn't want to see you crack up in this wagon if you had your foot to the floor."





# The Army Of Invasion

## By John Randolph Phillips

IT was a November afternoon in Charlottesville, Virginia. Though a tawny sun shone gallantly, there was a tang, and a chill in the brisk wind. Across the hard, blue vault of the wide sky lace-handkerchief clouds meandered gracefully. All morning automobiles had streamed into the tiny city, and train after train had deposited its load of gay passengers at the Union Station. For that day, the first Saturday in November, was the day of the V. M. I.-University of Virginia football game—an event which, in drama, color, and glamour, was to eclipse even the glorious battle with North Carolina on Thanksgiving Day.

And now the army had arrived. The army was the cadet corps of the Virginia Military Institute. By companies they lined up before the Gleason Hotel on Main Street. In a miraculously short time they presented a solid phalanx facing the hotel.

"Squad left!" It was the ringing voice of the cadet battalion commander, and down the line captains and lieutenants echoed the command.

"March!"

Immediately the line became a column, and the V. M. I. Post Band, stationed at the head of the column, swung into the strains of that unforgettable march, the "V. M. I. Spirit." As the

cadets marched westward toward the university, spectators thronged the sidewalks—for the cadets of V. M. I. were always glamorous, always colorful.

With the steady, measured tread of the embryo soldiers that they were, they followed Main Street until it became University Avenue. At Rugby Road they turned right, marching toward the stadium. The "V. M. I. Spirit" swelled out again, serving notice upon the Virginia Cavaliers that the cadets were there.

The end of the street-car tracks found them crossing the bridge over the railroad, turning left, and entering Lambeth Field by way of the bleacher gate. From the great throng already gathered in the stadium and the bleachers on the other side of the gridiron from the stadium rose a sudden cheer. Then a hush as sudden as the cheer. In the dead silence the "V. M. I. Spirit" began once more, and now it was a vital, throbbing thing to which the cadets marched on inspired feet, as soldiers treading enemy territory.

Above the gridiron sailed innumerable toy balloons, in all the colors imaginable. On one of these a gay prophet partisan to Virginia had tried to foretell the score of the game, and the lettering, "Virginia, 35—V. M. I., 0," stood out boldly, flaunting its defiance in the faces of the men from the institute.

In review the individual companies passed across the field, broke ranks, and sought their seats in the stadium. But long after they had become merely a gray mass of young men impatiently awaiting the beginning of the football game, the memory of their march across the gridiron lingered in the hearts of those who had witnessed it.

Suddenly the V. M. I. cheer leaders bounded up, shouting, gesticulating, waving their megaphones, and from the throats of the corps came a deep, full-toned greeting. For down there on the field, Captain Leigh and his cadet football team appeared.

Quickly the first and second teams rushed upon the gridiron and began to run through signals. Coach Farrell, with the rest of his squad, hastened to the benches on the side of the field nearest the stadium. From the stadium the cadets watched their heroes practice. Finally a fourth-class man, or "rat," as he is called at the institute, quavered: "Coach has benched 'Flint' Yager."

"Shut up, mister!" snapped a third-class man. "He deserves to be licked off the team!"

The rat was silent, but he was thinking that, since so much depended on this game, it might be well to let the incomparable Flint Yager play and later on, after the game was won, argue with him about his disloyalty to the institute. This rat, having been, along with his fellow rats, a cadet for only two months, had not yet acquired the outlook of the third-class man, had not become steeped in the spirit and traditions of V. M. I. He would have liked mighty well to have seen Flint Yager in there at right half back.

QUIETLY, Flint Yager wrapped his blanket around him and sat down upon the bench. The second team had come off the field now; only the first team remained, still running through signals. A roar from the bleachers, where sat the Virginia students, smote his ears. He looked up to see the Virginia team run out. He laughed a little, softly, high in his throat. What that Virginia bunch was going to do to V. M. I. to-day!

Coach Farrell walked down the bench, stopped before Flint, and said: "How do you feel, Yager?"

Flint Yager looked up, anger in his smoldering eyes. "If you mean, have I changed my mind, and do I want to get down on my knees and beg the in-

stitute's pardon—I'm here to tell you the answer is no!"

A flush crept across the coach's face, and taking a sudden pleasure in his disloyalty, Flint added: "I still think V. M. I. is the tail-end of creation. I still think it's a lousy prison, where a man's no more than a convict serving out his four years, and I still don't care whether you play me to-day or not!"

Wheeling, Coach Farrell walked the length of the bench and seated himself. Flint Yager forced a tight, grim smile. He had got Farrell told at last. Farrell, with his eternal gibberish about playing for the honor and glory of V. M. I. What boloney to feed a lot of half-baked kids coming up from high schools! How most of them fell for it!

Well, Flint Yager hadn't fallen for it. Flint Yager was a man who stood on his own feet. He'd stood on 'em last year when he was a rat, and no third-class man had ever run over him. Being the outstanding member of the rat football team had helped some, but anyway, he wouldn't have let 'em make a slave out of him.

He hadn't wanted to go to V. M. I. in the first place. But the family, all male members of which had attended the institute, wouldn't hear of his going anywhere else. "Just wait, you'll like it," they had said. And when he had wanted to resign during rat year, they laughed at him, and consoled him thus: "Oh, being a rat's not so much fun—but you'll like it all right next year."

This was next year and he didn't like it, in spite of the fact that up to yesterday the institute had idolized him, because of his exploits on the football field in the earlier games of the year.

The referee's whistle shrilled through the air. Flint looked up. Why, they were already lined up, out there on the field. He had been thinking so hard that he hadn't noticed them. Virginia was kicking off. There was Putnam in right half, where he, Flint, should be. All right, let 'em play Putnam. They'd see plenty quick how that Virginia bunch would stop him. He probably wouldn't gain ten yards all day.

And now the ball was sailing down the field. Grayson, the quarter back, playing safety man, was under it. He juggled it. How that Virginia end came down! He'd got Grayson, too; sifted right through the interference and spilled Grayson in his tracks. All right, now, give the ball to Putnam and see how far he can take it.

They were doing just that. Putnam was shooting off tackle. Well, he did gain a couple of yards. That Virginia tackle hadn't gone after him right. Putnam again! And he was stopped behind the line of scrimmage.

V. M. I. punted then, on third down, and Flint Yager felt guilty, unholy joy when Ames, the Virginia quarter, ran it back to midfield. Oh, that Virginia team was sweet! Look at that guy Tracy go through tackle! Five yards if an inch. There he came again, and this time he had torn the V. M. I. line asunder, making it first down with plenty to spare.

Behind him then Flint Yager heard the V. M. I. band strike up, and now the corps was singing the "V. M. I. Spirit." He listened to the words, forced another tight, grim smile, and glanced back over his shoulder contemptuously. How they did chant!

"For when the line starts to weaken,
Our backs fail to gain,
Our ends are so crippled
To win seems in vain,
The corps roots the loudest.
We'll yet win the day.
The team, it will rally,
And fight, fight, fight—ray!
We'll gain through the line,
And we'll circle the ends.
Old red, white, and yellow
Will triumph again.
The Keydets will fight 'em,
And never say die.
That's the spirit at V. M. I."

It had come to an end now, and Flint Yager looked back to the field. Virginia had made another first down. There went a pass, and a Virginia end was wide open for it. No, he wasn't. There was a V. M. I. man shooting in there—and he had it! And it was Putnam, and he was cutting out to the side lines, running like a man gone crazy. He had some interference now. He cut back into the field. A Virginia man almost got him, but he side-stepped. Another Virginian dived at him. They were forcing him out to the side lines. Oh, they'd stop him!

And then Flint Yager was on his feet, refusing to believe his eyes. For out there on the field, Putnam had once more reversed. He had straight-armed the last would-be tackler, and a clear field loomed before him. To an accompaniment of thunderous cheers from the V. M. I. cheering section he shot across the line.

The cadets were going crazy. The drummer was beating on his drum like a wild man. The cheer leaders were frantic with joy.

"A lucky break," said Flint Yager, and was conscious of the sudden glares that were shot at him from the other occupants of the bench. He returned those glares, gave every man as good as he sent. Somewhere something was wrong, that Putnam, a plugging sub until to-day, should leap like a comet into the limelight.

And, no doubt, Putnam was all enthusiastic, wild with joy. Well, any football player would feel that way after such a play. Only Putnam, like the rest of that bunch, would be all pepped up because he'd brought glory to the institute.

Flint watched the teams line up again for the second kick-off. V. M. I. kicking off to Virginia this time. And that Virginia team was mad. You could tell that by just looking at them. They'd fight V. M. I. tooth and nail now, and they'd get back that touchdown, and more. Suddenly he wished that he was out there playing for Virginia. How he'd love to rip that V. M. I. line from end to end, swing out around the flanks, and, in general, run roughshod over them! It *would* be an honor to play for Virginia—playing for the greatest university in the South, instead of for a school that in reality amounted to no more than a prison.

That's what he had told the superintendent yesterday—that V. M. I. was a prison, that a man there had no more liberty than a convict. The whole thing had come about because on Tuesday night he had been caught "running the block"—leaving the institute grounds without authority. He had slipped out just after the seven-thirty inspection, had gone uptown, and had failed to return in time for the nine-fifteen inspection.

And yesterday the superintendent had sent for him, thereby releasing him from arrest, but placing him under confinement for two months, with special permission for football practice and the trips taken by the team. He had been so angry that he had almost lost his head. Only the fact that the superintendent was, personally, a swell guy, had kept him from saying a great deal more than that V. M. I. was a prison.

But down on the field at practice, after the interview with the superintendent, he had had his say, had vented all his rage. Farrell had come up and heard him, and Farrell had said: "As long as you feel that way about your school, you'll sit on the bench—and that goes for the Virginia game to-morrow!"

The team members hadn't said anything; they had just walked off, as if he were a man whose foulness would contaminate them all. And this morning the entire institute had known, and not a man had spoken to him, which only served to make his bitterness more complete. Captain Leigh had talked

with him on the way to Charlottesville, saying that everybody would forget the entire thing if Flint apologized to Farrell, which would constitute an apology by proxy to the entire institute.

"You can redeem yourself that way," Leigh had said, "and by getting out there to-day and playing your head off for V. M. I."

Well, his sentiments were all against V. M. I., and he had told Leigh so—and now he was sitting on the bench watching the V. M. I. kick-off sail down the field and thud into the arms of Ames, the Virginia quarter, and he was hoping that Ames would run the length of the field for a touchdown. That's how much he wanted V. M. I. humbled.

Ames carried it out to his forty-yard line. Tracy hit tackle for no gain, but on a crisscross Evans made seven yards. Flint Yager's practiced eye picked out the V. M. I. man who should have stopped that play. It was a chap named Grover, playing end, and Flint remembered that this same Grover was one who never lost an opportunity to sing V. M. I.'s praises. Well, it wasn't getting him anywhere now, hadn't helped him stop that play.

He found himself unconsicously tensing as Tracy hit tackle again, and he saw that Tracy, with a last desperate wiggle, had made first down. The Virginia team was beginning to function now; it would make short shrift of the Flying Squadron of V. M. I.

All of a sudden Flint knew that he longed to be in that game. Football had been his first and only love among sports. Sometimes it seemed that football was his life. He could be playing to-day, too, playing somewhere, at least, if his family hadn't made him go to V. M. I. He might be playing somewhere on a real team, for a real school.

He grew tense again. Ames was swinging out around Grover's end, and the Virginia blockers had taken Grover out The V. M. I. backs surged over. Somebody took out Grayson. Putnam knifed in through the interference, left his feet in a long dive, and thudded to the ground, having captured nothing in his frantic lunge but empty air.

Flint leaped to his feet. It was wonderful watching that Ames guy. He was like a lean, clean-limbed whippet running away from a bunch of bloodhounds. His feet were twinkling meteors. But suddenly he slipped, went to one knee, then lunged up. That slip, however, cost him the touchdown, for three V. M. I. men came crashing through to nail him on V. M. I.'s thirty-yard line.

The cadets in the stadium came to their feet. They were yelling: "Hold that line! Hold that line! Hold that line!"

And Flint Yager was laughing at them—laughing at all the funny little toy soldiers up in the stands expecting their little toy team to hold. What a mess they were anyway! There they went, singing that "V. M. I. Spirit" again. It was a good song, too, with a wonderful swing to it, and it was a pity that it had to be the song of a school like V. M. I.

He jerked his gaze back to the field. There went Tracy, hitting tackle like an animated battering-ram. The line just split open and folded over when that guy went through. Five yards that time, at least. And Ames was dropping back to pass, only it wouldn't be a pass. Flint, with that divine faculty of his for diagnosing plays, sensed that much, and with a contemptuous grin he observed the V. M. I. men fall for the ruse.

There it went, just as he had expected. Tracy right through the line again, making first down on the twenty-yard line. Up in the stadium the toy soldiers, who fancied themselves an army of invasion, were on their feet again, yelling their hopeless heads off. The cheer leaders, in their gray trousers and

white sweaters, with the yellow lettering, "Keydets," across their chests, were making frenzied efforts to lash the corps to greater vocal efforts.

Flint had to laugh again. Well, they'd soon see how far the famed V. M. I. spirit would take them. Would it be sufficient to enable those eleven men out there to hold their ground in the face of eleven other men who were plainly their football betters? Not in a thousand years, thought Flint Yager.

Ames was swinging out toward the end again. That was a good stunt. Ames was a bear for circling the flanks. But suddenly Flint saw Grover dart forward, and the next moment, stunned, he realized that Grover had spilled Ames for no gain. Luck, said Flint Yager to himself. Let's see 'em smear Tracy at guard. He lurched to his feet, breathless, for the V. M. I. line had accmoplished just that—had smeared Tracy for a two-yard loss.

The corps was yelling just as if it, personally, had stopped that thrust. Flint didn't laugh this time. He was too intent on the game. Virginia still had two more downs, and Tracy was perfectly capable of making the required ten yards in one of them. He was plunging at tackle now. He disappeared in a welter of bodies! The corps drowned out every other noise.

"Hold that line!"

The referee was untangling bodies now. Flint craned forward. There was Tracy, and the ball hadn't advanced an inch. That V. M. I. line had held like rock, and the corps behind Flint was telling the world about it. Flint felt a little dismal, but still, with the ball approximately in the middle, Virginia had a chance for a field goal.

Weston, the full back, was going to try for it, and now a new shout burst from the corps.

"Block that kick! Block that kick!"

Like an arrow the ball sped back. Weston cought it, poised momentarily, dropped the ball, and swung his big leg forward. Then Flint gasped with the rest of the spectators, as a red V. M. I. jersey flashed forward. His heart all but stopped. There came a thud which told that the ball had been blocked. A wild scramble followed. Then the referee fought his way down to the bottom of the pile of bodies, to find the ball resting in the arms of a Virginia end.

Well, thought Flint, V. M. I. had saved the day only to lose it again, for now Virginia could make a fresh start. The corps was cheering Magruder, the end, who had blocked the kick. Virginia was lining up. Ames swept out again around end. Grover was smothered in the interference, and Ames went on, to be downed finally on the five-yard line. What a comeback that was! Flint turned and mentally wiggled his fingers against his nose at the corps.

First down and goal to go. They would run Tracy every time until he crashed over with the touchdown. He was plunging in there at tackle now. He had split the line again for a gain of two yards. They were sending him right back, too. There he went. Something more than two yards that time. Flint craned forward. They were measuring now, and the referee had shook his head, which meant that Virginia would have to try again.

Tracy, in the back field, hunched himself. The ball sped back. Again the V. M. I. cry to hold the line rang out, rang out with a fierce, wild intensity. Flint grew tense as tight wire, then limp. At first he couldn't believe it, couldn't see how Magruder had got through there to spill Tracy with a loss of two yards.

Nor could he believe it a few seconds later when Ivy, the big V. M. I. tackle, bolted through the Virginia line and hurled Tracy to the ground again. Flint wiped the sweat off his forehead. All his football knowledge told him that Virginia had far the better line and bet-

ter backs, too. Yet twice, within the shadow of their goal posts, the cadets had flung them back. The corps had roared out as one man, and as one man the team had responded. Flint couldn't understand. He was so perplexed that he forgot momentarily how much he hated V. M. I. and how much he wanted the Virginia Cavaliers to win.

Throughout the rest of that half he watched V. M. I. do the same thing over and over again—be driven back until a Virginia score seemed unavoidable, and then, to the accompaniment of that lusty-lunged corps, rally and take the ball on downs. He thought that as long as he lived he would never understand that.

What a football game this was anyway! The kind he loved. If only he were out there, on either side, taking part in the fierce mêlée!

Suddenly he heard the whistle announcing the half, and mechanically he came to his feet. Mechanically he followed the rest of the squad down the running track to the little field house used in rest periods by the visiting teams.

The sound of the V. M. I. band made him turn his head and look toward the gridiron again. Back there the corps was marching out onto the field again, in their time-honored fashion. The sunlight flashed on bright black visors, cast a mellow glow over gray trousers, gray blouses, and trim gray Pershing caps. The measured thud of feet on sod came to him.

Everything was deathly still both in the stadium and in the bleachers. Why, even this University of Virginia crowd was paying homage to the toy soldiers!

In the field house, Flint was a solitary figure. Not a man seemed aware of his existence. Not a man looked his way without staring past him. Well, that was what he wanted. Just wanted to be let alone until he could resign. The family wasn't to have any more to say about it. He was through with being the inmate of a prison camp.

Through the walls he could hear the band still playing the "V. M. I. Spirit," and then a wild, loud burst of cheers from the crowd.

FARRELL did not look at him when the substitutes took their places on the bench, after the squad had marched back to the field. Flint sat still and heard, against his inclination, the corps singing to the team. They were cocky and full of confidence, those cadets, but Flint knew their joy was to be short-lived. Virginia was sending in Claborne, her forward-passing phenomenon.

Two minutes after the kick-off, Clairborne made his presence felt. He hurled a fifty-yard pass to Ames, who caught it and ran to V. M. I.'s fifteen-yard line. Tracy hit tackle for no gain. Claborne tossed another pass, this one to Heywood, the right end, and Heywood, swinging far out, eluded two tacklers and slipped across the goal line like a wraith.

Weston missed the try for the extra point, and Virginia was still trailing, 7-6. But they wouldn't be trailing long, and Flint Yager knew it. Claborne would toss a few more passes, and it wouldn't do any good for that cocky corps to yell to its team to hold the line, when all the time the ball would be sailing overhead.

The vociferous cheering of the cadets had died to a steady rumble, a low yet powerful chant. Even then it swelled out on Lamberth Field with force enough to drown out the efforts of the Virginia cheering section.

For a while the two teams battled at mid-field, then Virginia had the ball on V. M. I.'s forty-five-yard line. Tracy hit tackle for a slight gain. Claborne dropped back, made as if to pass, then handed the ball to Ames, who shot through the middle of the line for nine

yards. A moment later, Tracy made it first down. Then Claborne arched another pass to Heywood, and Heywood was free. He ran across the line for another touchdown, and this time Weston kicked the goal. Virginia was leading 13-7.

A mighty growl came from the corps, and swelled terrifically when Grayson, receiving the kick-off for V. M. I., ran the ball back fifteen yards to his own thirty-five-yard line. But then V. M. I. stopped gaining. Twice Putnam hit the line, and once Grayson tried the flanks, all without gaining an inch. Then Grayson punted and Virginia took up the march again, relying mainly on the overhead attack.

Flint had never seen anything as cocky as that Virginia team. They exuded both confidence in themselves and scorn for their opponents. The very way in which Claborne tossed his passes showed his contempt for the opposing eleven. Flint grew tense. He'd like to be in there, like to get in there and get his hands on that ball, and show that Virginia team how a man could go through them. The cocky devils!

He watched them go down the field by leaps and bounds. Now in midfield, now on V. M. I.'s forty-yard line, now, by virtue of a dazzling forward pass, on the twenty-yard line. Putnam's fault that time. He should have covered that Virginia end. Putnam was tiring too rapidly. The pace had been too hot. Flint knew that he could take Putnam's place and change the countenance of the game. Farrell had better let loyalty to the institute go by the boards and send in a man who could really play football.

It would be pleasant to relate that in the stress of that moment, with the corps rooting the loudest, despite the way the team gave back before every Virginia lunge, Flint Yager came alive, and, rushing to the coach, begged for a chance to play. It would also be pleasant to tell that Farrell, although watching his team beaten in the game he had pointed for all season, made no move to send in his refractory star.

Nothing of the sort, however, happened. Flint, though he was suddenly torn with newborn, indefinable emotions, sat rigid. His only clear feeling was that he would give anything to be in this game, the best and wildest game he had ever seen.

He did not see Farrell until the latter spoke. Then he looked up to find the coach standing close, bending low, and whispering: "You're going in, Yager. I'll hate myself the rest of my life for it, but I'm going to send you in. Get out there!"

A moment, and Flint Yager, his right arm upraised, was sprinting across the field. He reported to the referee and, joining the team, saw Putnam trotting to the bench. Flint was filled with a sudden high elation. Farrel had weakened. He, Flint, had won the victory.

The ball was on the ten-yard line now. Flint took his place. In the stands the cadets were going wild. That showed that they wanted him in the game, loyal or not. He lunged through and caught Ames for a one-yard loss. The corps went wild again.

And as they were lining up. Captain Leigh said: "Good for you, Flint! I knew you'd come round. Listen to that corps calling your name. They know you're O. K. now."

Flint was too stunned to reply. But he understood. Leigh and the rest of the team thought he had apologized to Farrell, believed that he wouldn't be in there unless he had, and up in the stadium those wildly-yelling cadets believed the same thing. He was so astounded that on the next play he was sucked out of position, and Ames, catching a pass from Claborne, ran across the goal line for Virginia's third touchdown.

He was mad then, enraged. Virginia had made him look like a sucker. He shook off Leigh's hand, barely heard Leigh's voice saying: "That's all right, kid. That's all right. Let's fight 'em."

The Virginia team was laughing as it lined up for the try at goal. Flint suddenly lost all reasons. When the ball was snapped he charged straight forward—whether over or through the line, he never knew. His body left the ground, his groping hands met the ball and blocked it.

How they were yelling for him now! He'd saved a point then. The Virginia Cavaliers looked surprised. They stared at the blood trickling down Flint's chin, where Weston's heavy foot had grazed it. Flint let the blood run, never knowing that it was there, knowing only that he wanted to fight as he had never fought before. Of his teammates he lost all track. Of the eleven men on the other side of the line only was he conscious—and he was going to beat them.

They lined up for the kick-off. Grayson dropped back as safety. Flint shouted at him. Grayson ran forward and Flint, trotting back, took his place as safety man.

Weston swung his massive leg and the ball sailed down the field. It would go over the goal line and could therefore be brought out to the twenty-yard line. But Flint gambled. Leaping up he snared the ball. A moment later he saw the recklessness of that. The whole Virginia team was swarming down upon him.

No time now to think of interference. He darted from his own ten-yard line like a catapult. A Virginia end's hands grazed his ankles, but he spun free and charged toward the side line. They had him in a pocket. He reversed, swinging back into the field, and he knew that never before had he run so fast. Tacklers were all about him. Another pocket. He swung again, but a Virginia man brought him down on the thirty-yard line.

"Give me that ball!" he said hoarsely to Grayson, and Grayson called the signal which sent him through tackle. All the pent-up fury which had festered during his sojourn on the bench came free. He was at the line with the irresistible driving force of a catapult—at it and through it, and when they dragged him down, the ball rested on the forty-yard line.

"Give it to me again!" he pleaded, and Grayson once more called on him. Around end this time, in a long sweeping run. But Virginia had been looking for that. Flint found himself hurled to the ground after gaining a scant two yards.

The third quarter ended just then, and they switched goals. When the rest period was over, Flint called for the ball again. As he dived forward, he could feel rather than hear the corps yelling. It was like the reverberations of a battle heard from afar, something that beat in all around him. Even then, as he plunged into the hole the forwards had opened, he was conscious of the joke being played on the corps, for the corps thought he'd had a change of heart.

Then he was hauled to the ground and, jumping to his feet, realized that he had been stopped without gain. It was third down and still eight yards to go. Again he begged for the ball, as they went into a huddle.

"You'll kill yourself," Grayson said. "I'm going to let——"

"Give it to me!" Flint cried so loudly that even the Virginia eleven heard him.

Grayson gave it to him, and Flint swung out around the flanks. He was cut off. Wheeling, he darted in between end and tackle. He could feel the gasp that went up from the stands, could sense the breathlessness with which every cadet in the stadium watched him. He wriggled through,

plunging into the Cavalier back field. Three men rushed at him. It was too late, and there were too many of them for him to risk losing yardage by trying to spin out of their arms. He lunged straight at them, and every one of the three found a grip somewhere on him.

Their arms were steel bands weighting him down. But digging in with his feet, driving forward with every atom of strength, he plunged two precious yards, then went down.

And the referee proclaimed it first down on the fifty-yard line.

On the next play Flint darted out around the flanks and took a pass from Grayson for a gain of nine yards. He buckled the line, straight through guard, for first down on Virginia's forty-yard line. The Cavalier coach was sending in reënforcements now. They were scared all right. Flint breathed a great gusty lungful of air. He'd put fear into them!

Grayson called on Layne to buck the line. Flint stood up and waved his hands. Grayson looked at Leigh, then switched signals and sent Flint at tackle. Flint knew suddenly that nothing could stop him. He delayed only until the line, with frantic efforts, had opened a tiny hole, then he lunged through, righted himself, and spun out of the arms of a tackler. Before him was one thin lane, and down it he plunged. The lane became blocked with Virginia backfield men. He swung out, swung back, straight-armed a tackler, side-stepped another, and like a flashing streak ran past the last Virginia man between him and the goal line, thirty yards away.

In the tumultuous cadet section of the stadium it seemed that they would never finish shouting his name. They kept it up until Grayson had drop-kicked the extra point and the teams had lined up again for the kick-off, with the score now 19—14 in Virginia's favor.

One more touchdown, whether or not they kicked the goal, would do it. Flint dropped back to the safety position. One more touchdown, and the score would be 20—19, with the V. M. I. leading. The corps had started the "V. M. I. Spirit" again. Their lusty voices bore snatches of it to him:

"The corps roots the loudest.
We'll yet win the day.
The Keydets will fight 'em,
And never say die.
That's the spirit at——"

And then the ball was sailing down to him again, and the Virginia team was swarming downfield to converge upon him. Gathering the ball in, he swung out to the side behind scanty interference. A Virginia end's groping arms struck his legs, slowing him up, though he shook off the tackler. The last of the interference flopped, and he was alone, plunging into a mass of orange-and-blue Cavalier jerseys.

Though he struggled fiercely and dug his cleats frantically in the sod, he couldn't gain headway. They brought him down on his own twenty-five-yard line. The Cavaliers were ferocious now, determined to protect their five-point lead. They came charging through on the first play, and Flint was thrown for a two-yard loss.

The voice of the corps came to him, the same deep-throated rumble, the same powerful chant. It was a moving, vital call. Yet it was not that which drove him ten yards through the line on the next play; it was the fire of his own spirit, his love of playing against the odds.

In the next three plays he was heroic, writing an epic chapter in V. M. I.-Virginia football history. He took the ball on his own thirty-five-yard line and in those three plays ran it to Virginia's ten-yard line. A drive off tackle carried the ball fifteen yards to midfield. A plunge through the center of the line added twelve more, and a wild, heart-

stopping swing out around Virginia's left flank brought him to the ten-yard line.

And now they lined up again. Virginia was digging in. Flint saw them through blinded eyes, dimmed with the swirling haze of exhaustion. There were figures all around him, but he couldn't distinguish the faces. Everything blurred redly before his flaming eyes.

The only thing in the world that mattered was the goal line ten yards away. Ten yards to a touchdown and victory. Time would soon be up. He had to make that touchdown now, had to humiliate those cocky Cavaliers.

The signals came, and he was too dazed to protest when Grayson sent Layne at the line. Layne failed, losing half a yard. The Cavaliers were tense, their backs to the wall.

Then Grayson was calling on Flint again. Off tackle this time. The ball was a brown blur floating to him through space. He caught it in full stride, hit the line with all his waning energy. It opened a bit, then closed tight. He was lifted high and flung to the ground. Everything went dim. Vaguely he realized that some one was working on him, trying to bring him around. Far away the corps was shouting.

Then the corps was very still, waiting for him to get up. When he lurched to his feet, the gray-clad army roared and roared. They seemed a long, long way off, and the music of the band came but faintly, almost like echoes down an endless corridor.

"No gain," Grayson was muttering. The team went into a huddle. They snapped back into position. Flint was suddenly crying. That was funny. He'd never cried in a football game before. But this game was different. In his bewildered state all the color, all the glamour of the army of invasion flowed into him.

Third down! Third down, and ten to go. If the forwards would only open the tiniest of holes, he'd go through. They couldn't stop him. He was Flint Yager, who'd never been stopped. No Cavaliers could hold him. Ah, the ball! He almost fumbled then in his eagerness. And now the line before him!

He hit it hard, hit it with all the dying strength in his body, felt it waver and open, felt himself hurtling through. Then something happened. He never understood it, but suddenly he was tackled hard around the middle, shaken to his heels—and he no longer had the ball. It was gone somewhere else. It just jumped out of his arms and bounded away.

When his head cleared enough for him to take in things, he saw the situation.

A Virginia man had recovered the ball, and it was now Virginia's on her five-yard line. Flint put a grimy, sweaty hand to his grimy, sweaty forehead. The gridiron and the bleachers and the stadium reeled round and round. He felt a sudden terrific pain in his ankle when he tried to take a step, and the next moment he had crumpled up and slumped to the ground.

Somebody was bending over him. Who? It didn't matter. Probably Leigh. Nothing mattered. He had failed in that one last drive. Now he was through. And he hadn't wiped out the Cavalier lead. The Cavaliers had stopped the man who never before had been stopped. Failure! But it was good to lie there on the ground, knowing that his day's work was over. He wouldn't have to battle again and bruise himself to a pulp trying to score for a prison-camp team.

They were lifting him up now, asking him how he felt, and he was just shaking his head, unable to speak. He couldn't stand on that ankle; it was twisted. Anyway, he was too tired.

Through dimmed eyes, from which

the fighting fire had died, he gazed toward the stadium, as, supported by Leigh and Grayson, he hobbled toward the side line. Somebody was running up and down in front of the bench, preparatory to entering the battle in his place.

A wave of color before his eyes. He tried hard to see. All that he could tell was that the corps, the gray army of invasion that was going down to defeat because he had fumbled, had risen to its feet:

"The Keydets will fight,
And never say——"

Never say die! That was it. The Keydets would never say die. Even now they were an army that refused to believe in the defeat staring at them. Even now they believed that somebody else in the few short minutes remaining would carry the ball over.

"You're not going back!" Leigh cried. "You——"

"Who says I'm not!" It was defiance, a gauntlet flung down, as Flint hobbled back toward the team. "I've got one last run left in me. Let me take that kick."

Leigh looked toward the bench, shook his head. The substitute stopped running up and down. Virginia lined up for the punt, and Flint, favoring that twisted right ankle, went hobbling back as safety. The roar of the corps was a great wave washing round him. How they did love a man that was game! A Keydets never said die. He wasn't sure that he was a real Keydet, but he, too, was one who never said die.

Arching toward him came the punt, as he braced himself on Virginia's forty-yard line. The Virginia ends were down under the kick, waiting to spill him the moment the ball met his fingers. He set himself, ready to shift toward the side.

The ball came down. The Virginia ends dived. But there was nothing now where Flint had stood. Instead, there was a red-jerseyed streak flashing straight down the middle of the field. He ran in the crouch that had made him famous. There was no interference for him. He wanted none. He was the last man of an army that would not yield the day.

A lone man running on a twisted ankle. A red jersey flashing in and out, in and out, spinning, whirling, sidestepping, leaving a wake of stupefied tacklers. A last burst of wild, furious speed. And then the thin, white line that was the goal, and somewhere near at hand, yet seeming far away, an army going wild over victory.

They helped him off the field then, before the try for the extra point. Flint hobbled toward the bench. Ames failed to kick the goal. That didn't matter. The whistle was due any second now, and they had won. With the corps standing up and yelling out his name in the wild abandon of victory, he felt suddenly like a conqueror, even like a general passing in solitary review before his army.

He went and stood before Farrell and met Farrell's eyes firmly. In a low voice he said: "You needn't ever be sorry you sent me in." And he knew, from the sudden flashing look in Farrell's eyes, that the coach understood.

The game ended then, and Farrell himself was one of the two who helped Flint limp toward the exit. Flint looked over his shoulder at the corps swarming down upon the field, singing as it came. Back there the army of invasion was making merry in the land of the conquered enemy.

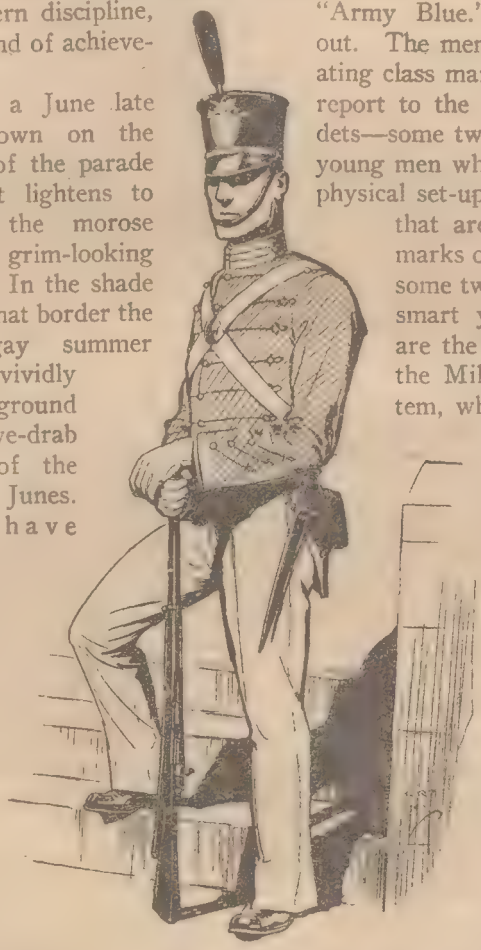
# Which College?

## The United States Military Academy

## By Arthur Grahame

GRADUATION parade at the United States Military Academy at West Point. The last parade of the many, many parades of the graduating class—the end of four years of hard work, of stern discipline, of disappointments and of achievements.

The hot sun of a June late afternoon pours down on the emerald-green turf of the parade ground; a sun that lightens to cheerfulness even the morose grayness of the grim-looking Academy buildings. In the shade of the old, big trees that border the parade ground gay summer dresses stand out vividly against the background formed by the olive-drab officers' uniforms of the graduates of earlier Junes.



The companies have marched to their places on the line to the lively strains of the "Dashing White Sergeant"—twelve hundred stalwart young men clad in immaculate white-duck trousers and brass-buttoned tailed cadet-gray dress coats, and wearing the tall black-leather hats that they call "tar buckets."

Sound off! The band plays "Home, Sweet Home." Now the band marches down the motionless line playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "Auld Lang Syne."

The great moment in every cadet's life has arrived—the end of his last cadet parade. The band breaks into "Army Blue." An order rings out. The members of the graduating class march to the front and report to the commandant of cadets—some two hundred and fifty young men who have acquired the physical set-up and military stride that are the distinguishing marks of the West Pointer; some two hundred and fifty smart young soldiers who are the finished product of the Military Academy system, which has behind it a century of tradition, and whose keynotes are: "Duty, Honor, Country." In a few hours they will be wearing brand-new olive-drab uniforms with the single gold shoulder bar of the second lieutenant. But before they change from "Kaydet Gray" they have one more cadet duty to perform. They take their places on the reviewing line, and as the first company marches past them they salute—and they stand at the position of salute, thus paying reverence to the Corps of

which for four long years they have been members, and to their Alma Mater, until, to the stirring strains of "On to Victory," the last gray company has swung past.

These smart young graduates are the finished products of the West Point system. Let's go back over the long trail of four years, back to "Beast Barracks," and see them when they entered the Academy—have a look at the raw material from which the Military Academy makes army officers.

MR. DUCROT AND MR. DUMBJOHN.

It's the morning of the first week day of any July. It's hot at the railroad station down by the river, hotter on the steep road that leads up the hill to the reservation, and hotter still—nervous and faintly apprehensive sub-plebes decide—when the busses have rumbled through the gates, and their loads of suitcase-lugging youths find themselves standing at last before one of the graystone barracks of the Military Academy.

Three hundred odd above-average American boys, from every State of the Union. They have been graduated from high schools and prep schools, they have passed the rigid physical and mental examinations required for admittance to the Academy, they have received their appointments as cadets, and they are reporting for the two months of strenuous preliminary training which is called in cadet slang "Beast Barracks," which must be gone through before the new plebe class is incorporated in the Corps of Cadets. This two months of training is the most rigid and exacting, and oftentimes the most discouraging period of the four-year course at West Point.

Three hundred odd above-average American boys, each with the normal American boy's stock of self-confidence and adaptability to environment—but, unless he happens to be the son of an "army family," and so knows the ropes, he probably feels strange and ill at ease as he stands there for a moment in the hot sun, looking up at the grim stone barracks. He was a big man when, a few hours or days ago, envied and admired, he left his home town for West Point. He'll be a bigger man when he goes home on leave in his trim, gray uniform. But just now the chances are that he feels hopelessly unimportant, and that he is thinking enviously of his school classmates, just starting their long summer vacation, and with nothing on their minds but having a good time.

He feels even less important when a smartly uniformed cadet steps up to him—one of the carefully selected instructors from the First Class—it would be the senior class in a civilian college—who has been put on what the cadets call "Beast Detail."

"Right in through that sallie-port, Mr. Ducrot!" he says briskly. He sees another staring sub-plebe. "You, too, Mr. Dumbjohn!" All fourth classmen are either Mr. Ducrot or Mr. Dumbjohn to upper classmen who don't happen to know their right names.

Our sub-plebe is a little dazed by the strangeness of everything—and he hasn't the slightest idea of what is meant by "sallie-port."

"Huh?" he demands.

The cadet points to a stone-arched passageway leading to an open square surrounded by barracks. "Through there," he says. "And, Mr. Ducrot—plebes say 'sir' when they are speaking to an officer or an upper classman—any superior!"

"Yes—sir," replies our sub-plebe, perhaps a little unwillingly, for outward respect for authority isn't one of the distinguishing marks of present-day youth. But as he goes the way that he has been ordered to go he sees his cadet instructor stiffen to attention when an olive-drab-clad officer speaks to him, and hears him say "Yes, sir!"

in reply to some question or order. So, already, he has recognized two of the keynotes of Military Academy discipline—a swift and willing obedience to orders, and a courteous and respectful demeanor toward military superiors.

Now, while our Mr. Ducrot is going through the details of reporting for duty and drawing equipment, is as good a time as any to talk about the requirements for entering the Military Academy, and how an appointment may be obtained.

ENTERING THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

The maximum enrollment of the Military Academy is 1,374 cadets. Over a thousand of these cadets are appointed by senators and congressmen, many of whom arrange for competitive examinations open to all qualified boys who desire to try for an appointment. Learn the name of the senator and congressman who represents your district, and write to him for information, if you desire to obtain an appointment in this manner.

A limited number of appointments are made by the President of the United States, and by the vice-president. Some appointments are made from the honor graduates of military schools. Others are made from among the sons of men who gave their lives in the World War. Still others are awarded by competitive examination of enlisted men of the Regular Army and the National Guard. It isn't easy to obtain an appointment, but for a young man with a sound body and a good brain it is far from impossible.

Having obtained an appointment, the candidate for admission to the Academy will be ordered to report for mental and physical examination on the first Tuesday in March. These entrance examinations are held at various army posts throughout the country. The mental examination, which consists of decidedly difficult tests in United States and general history, algebra, English and plane geometry, requires three days In some cases, candidates presenting educational certificates need not take the mental examination.

The physical examination is given to those candidates who have passed the mental tests. Candidates are eligible for admission from the day they become seventeen years old to the day that they become twenty-two years old. They must be unmarried—if a cadet marries, he must at once leave the Academy. Chris Cagle, Army's most recent football ace, was discharged from the service a few days before he would have been graduated, because it was discovered that he had been married while he was on leave. Candidates must be at least five feet four inches in height, and be of normal weight for their height and age. Hearing must be perfect. Vision must not be below 20/40 without glasses, and must be correctable to 20/20—normal—by glasses. The teeth must be in good condition. Generally, the successful candidate must have a sound body, and be in robust health; but slight, and correctable, physical defects do not usually debar him from becoming a cadet.

It is suggested by army authorities that boys who desire to enter the Academy undergo a preliminary physical examination by an army doctor, to make sure that they have no physical defects that will debar them. This precaution often saves time, effort and disappointment.

For detailed information regarding appointments and examinations, write to "The Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.," asking for a copy of the booklet: "Information Relative to the Appointment and Admission of Cadets to the United States Military Academy." It will be sent to you without charge.

Upon reporting at the Academy, each candidate is required to take the oath

of allegiance to the United States, and to sign an engagement to serve in the army for at least four years after being graduated from the Academy, unless sooner discharged.

Although stern and to the civilian eye autocratic in its traditions and discipline, the Military Academy is—with the Naval Academy at Annapolis—one of the most thoroughly democratic educational institutions in the United States. Poor country boy and city youth of wealth, general's son and boy appointed from the ranks of the Regular Army, every West Pointer must stand on his own feet from the moment that he dons Kaydet Gray. Money means little to the cadet—the Academy authorities object to him having more spending money than a small proportion of his pay, unless he has to make a long journey home on leave. Athletic ability is acknowledged in the selection of cadet officers, but the boy of outstanding athletic ability who enters the Academy hoping for any favors not given nonathletic cadets is doomed to bitter disappointment. Athletics, including highly-competitive intercollegiate sports, are a highly important factor in West Point life, but the athlete must live up to the same high standard of conduct and of scholastic achievement as is demanded of other cadets. Many star athletes have been found deficient in their scholastic work and discharged from the Academy.

A travel allowance of five cents a mile from his home to West Point is credited to the account of each cadet. When he reports at the Academy, the new cadet must deposit three hundred dollars, less his travel allowance, with the treasurer. After that payment has been made, the West Pointer's family doesn't have to worry further about his finances. While he is at the Academy he receives pay and allowances amounting to $1,072 a year, which will take care of all his needs at the Academy, and, if he practices the economy encouraged by the Academy authorities, will leave him enough on graduation to buy his officer's outfit.

It often is said that becoming a cadet at West Point is a good way to get a first-class education for nothing. There is no doubt about the excellence of the education, but it should be remembered that every cadet must engage to serve in the army for four years after his graduation from the Academy, that the pay of army officers is so low that many men with family obligations are forced to resign from the service, and that the training and discipline of the four-year course at the Point, while undoubtedly of high value in civilian life, are likely to be highly distasteful to any young man who isn't keen on the profession of soldiering. It would be much wiser for the boy without financial resources who wants a college education as a preparation for business life to work his way through some civilian institution. Most of the graduates of the Academy who resign from the army to enter business life are successful, but the mission of the Academy is not the making of successful business men—it is the making of efficient army officers.

### ON BEING A PLEBE

Getting started right counts as heavily at West Point as it does anywhere else—perhaps a little more heavily. Plebe year, which corresponds to freshman year in a civilian college, is the most difficult and important of the four years at the Academy, and the two summer months in "Beast Barracks" with which it starts are the most difficult part of plebe year.

The young man who enters the Academy from civil life finds himself in an entirely new and novel environment. From his first day in uniform he is taught that to be a West Point cadet is something very worthwhile, and that to wear the uniform he must faithfully

live up to certain high obligations. He is required to learn the "Alma Mater" song, the first verse of which runs:

Hail, Alma Mater dear,
To us be ever near,
Help us thy motto bear
Through all the years.
Let DUTY be well performed,
HONOR be e'er untarned,
COUNTRY be ever armed,
West Point, by thee.

"Duty" is the watchword of the Military Academy. One of the first things that the plebe learns is that every task, no matter how small, must be done to the very best of his ability. When he sweeps the floor of his room, he must sweep it *clean*. When he cleans his rifle, he must clean it so thoroughly that the strictest inspection will not disclose the smallest spot of rust or dust. He must never appear in public unless he is wearing the uniform ordered for the day—and that uniform must be immaculate. He must carry himself erectly and carefully. He must be quick to obey orders, and respectful to his military superiors. In those two months of hard going in "Beast Barracks" he must lay the foundation for those military habits that, long before he marches in his graduation parade, will have become second nature to him.

In these days there is no hazing at the Military Academy, but upper classmen are expected to correct faults in plebes, and there is some good-natured joshing of the fourth classmen.

The plebe isn't worried with classroom work during his first two months at the Academy. All of his time and effort is used in learning his drill, in developing his carriage, and in taking part in various sports that are part of the Academy's intramural athletic program. During his first two months at the Academy the plebe is given instruction in baseball, lacrosse, football, soccer and track. Every cadet must turn out for athletics, and during his four years at the Academy each cadet must take an active part in at least eight different branches of sport.

Another thing that the plebe learns early in his Academy career is that there are certain things that he mustn't do. He must not use the front door of barracks; he must not cross The Plain —the Academy's playground—except as a member of an athletic squad; he must not turn the cape of his overcoat back; he must not use cadet slang when he is speaking to an upper classman; he must not make excuses for failing to carry out properly orders that are given him; he must not speak to an upper classman unless the upper classman first speaks to him. And he learns that there are some things that he must do. He must remove his cap at the foot of the steps before entering the mess hall for meals; he must act as "water corporal" or "milk corporal" at table; he must give preference to upper classmen while waiting to report to the company orderly room; above all, he must make his word his bond. The Military Academy works on the honor system—a very strict honor system—and no cadet will give his "all right," which means that what he is doing is authorized, even to save himself from severe punishment when he is caught doing something against the regulations that govern all cadets.

### SOME WEST POINT SLANG.

West Point cadets make use of a system of slang that almost gives them a language of their own. The feminine visitor at West Point may be a little shocked to hear herself described as a "drag," but when she learns that drag merely means a girl escorted by a cadet, and that a "heavy drag" is a pretty girl so escorted, she won't mind. A cigarette is a "skag." A bugler who sounds the calls for formations is a "hell cat." A tall man is a "flanker"; a short man is a "runt." A cadet who hasn't learned to dance—all cadets must learn to dance

—is an "elephant." The Military Academy insignia worn on caps and hats is a "fried egg." When a cadet wants to rebuke a lower classman, he "crawls" him. Tomato soup is "growley"; stew is "slum"; hash is "turkey"; a small pitcher of milk is a "small cow." An "A. B." is an "area bird"—a cadet who is required to march up and down the area of the barracks as punishment. A "B. A" is a "busted aristocrat"—a cadet officer who has been reduced to the ranks. Ice cream, cake, candy and so on, are called "boodle," and a social gathering at which these refreshments are served is a "boodle fight." And so on—a long way on.

All things come to an end, and so does "Beast Barracks." On the first of September the new plebe class is incorporated in the Corps of Cadets. But certain restrictions still are wished on the plebe. He doesn't go on Christmas leave, but amusements are arranged for his benefit at the Academy. At the end of the first year the plebes are "recognized" by upper classmen—become upper classmen themselves. And, before that, on two designated evenings at mess, the plebe comes into his own—he may express, without fear of reprisal, his frank opinion of the upper classmen at his table.

The West Pointer gets just one long vacation while he is a cadet—ten weeks leave after he has been at the Academy for two years. There is no classroom work during the summer months, but the classes not on leave are kept busy learning the business of soldiering in cadet camp.

### ATHLETICS AT WEST POINT.

Athletics play an important part in the life of the West Point cadet. They are encouraged because the ability to coach army teams in various sports is a great asset to an officer; because they are of value in developing the body; and for their recreational value. The West Point attitude toward athletics is well expressed by the words carved over the entrance to the gymnasium: "Upon the field of friendly strife are sown the seeds that, upon other fields, on other days, will bear the fruits of victory."

As in almost all other American colleges, football is the "big" game at West Point, and Army teams of recent years, under the efficient and magnetic coaching of Captain "Biff" Jones, have been of very high quality. Captain Jones was assigned to other duties after the close of the last football campaign. This year Major Ralph Sasse, who has been end coach for several seasons, will be head coach.

Army teams engage in intercollegiate competition in many other sports, including baseball, basketball, polo, boxing, wrestling, fencing, hockey, swimming, lacrosse, tennis, rifle shooting, and golf. The major-sport "A" is given for football, baseball, basketball, track and lacrosse. The minor-sport "A" is given for the other sports.

In addition to its varsity athletics, the Military Academy has what is perhaps the most successful intramural sports system in the country. "Every cadet an athlete" is a slogan, and since 1920, when this system was inaugurated, it has become a fact. Every cadet who is not a member of a Corps sport squad is required to take part in intramural sports, his sport being changed each season. There is a schedule of intramural contests among company teams in every sport that is on the varsity intercollegiate schedule.

Various individual athletic trophies are open for competition by all cadets. The most-prized of them is the Army Athletic Association Saber, presented each spring to the First Classman who has excelled in general athletics during his four years at the Academy. Another prized trophy is the Edgerton Saber, presented each year to the outgoing football captain. Army Athletic

Association Gold Miniature Trophies are presented to all first classmen who have won a major-sport "A."

It isn't all work and no play at West Point. There are movie shows on Saturday nights, numerous dances, and several amateur shows staged by cadets each year. It's no cinch to complete the Academy course, but army officers who are graduates of the grim-looking institution on the banks of the lordly Hudson River look back on their cadet days with the same mixture of pleasure and regret that other college graduates look back on their more carefree undergraduate days.

Watch for other articles in this "Which College?" series.

THE purpose of this series of articles is to help the prospective college student to answer that question for himself—to give enough information about the leading colleges, large and small, in every section of the country, to enable him to make a wise choice.

AS all the readers of this magazine are interested in sport, and as sport is an important part of college life, the athletic systems of the institutions included will be described in some detail. But there is more to undergraduate life than sport, and other activities, in and out of the classrooms, will not be neglected.

IT will be impractical to include every important American college in this series, and no article of this length can hope to answer every question that may be asked about any particular college. For further information about the colleges included, or for information about colleges not included, the services of Handley Cross are yours for the asking.

—THE EDITOR.



# Rockne Dobie Cross

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## FOOTBALL-PLAY CONTEST

They know their football! That's why we have asked them to act as judges.

There still is time to get into this fascinating contest. Invent a play, and send it in. A handsome wrist watch will be awarded to the coach—college or high school—whose play is judged to be the best submitted; another handsome wrist watch to the football player or fan who submits the winning play. If equally good plays are submitted by two or more contestants, duplicate watches will be awarded to each contestant so tying.

Plays submitted in this contest need not be "freak" or "trick" plays, but they must be original plays. The awards will be made on the basis of originality, technical soundness, and availability for actual play.

All plays, to be considered, must be plainly diagramed and clearly explained. The assignment of each offensive player must be shown. The objective of the play must be designated. Play originators should remember that their plays must be designed to "go" against a flesh-and-blood defense—football plays aren't sent against thin air.

Mark your play "coaches' contest" or "players' and fans' contest."

Plays must reach this office not later than midnight of October 1st. Address them to

HANDLEY CROSS
SPORT STORY MAGAZINE.
79 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

# Heap Much Golf

## By Herbert Reed

WHEN George Fortescue Featherstonehaughborough — pronounced Fawcett, old dears — first joined our select group of Acorns, little did we suspect him of those depths of deceit and mendacity that we subsequently plumbed. But since George's little pranks and small deceits provided amusement for his fellow club members, and really did very little harm, he was invariably forgiven, and I venture to-day to say that there is no more popular Acorn among us than this same portly George. Quite seriously we knew that George in some mysterious manner was connected with a long line of belted earls in England, the American branch of the family being in its third generation, and that some day the flu or something, becoming epidemic in England, might easily toss George, American citizenship and all, into the House of Lords. You all know the Wallop case, of course.

While we made light of all this, we were secretly prideful of the fact just the same. We never inquired who belted the earls, or for what, but presumed that a belted earl was simply the British version of one of our hard-bitten pioneers, "hard-bitten" being the thing in all the best sellers these days. Usually these hard-bitten chaps "rap" out something instead of just saying it, as, for instance: "What of it!" rapped Davy Crockett, the hard-bitten pioneer. Well, our George didn't rap things out —he sort of *belted* out the last line of some nefarious scheme, which was invariably, "Let's do it!" And invariably we did it. That was how come all this hobble-gobble golf I started to tell you about. Oh, didn't I start to tell you about it? Well, let's do it, as George would belt.

But first you've got to know something about the Acorns. Background, what? You see the Acorns are made



up of a group of business golfers, the kind you find on the sand greens down South in the winter, and up in New Hampshire in the summer. Pretty good golfers, if not in the championship class, but all swell on the practice putting greens, where the big money is made. What the Acorns didn't know about putting on their home practice greens wouldn't add a great deal to the equipment even of Bobby Jones. We were *that* good.

And as for big business, why we were the despair of all salesmen, for since practically all business and professions were represented, we just handed our business around among ourselves and wired the home office—thus in no way allowing business to interfere with golf. Pretty good scheme? I'll belt, rap, exude and even aver that it is.

You see we always met the evening train, not the morning. Then there wasn't time for the newly arrived visitor to play a round. Just time for a few putts on the practice greens. The initiation was generally expensive. If the victim was a good sport, as was usually the case at our club, Pohannock, which is Penobscot, Algonquin, or perhaps Modoc for Rainbow on the Hillside, he dropped some more at bridge in the evening and we made him a member in good standing, if he had enough left for the modest dues. And if not he usually wired the same office for it and everything was jake.



Such was our daily life in our beautiful mountain home of Pohannock. Oh, yes, artists came from far and wide to put our scenery on magazine covers. But at the time I speak of, our serenity had been somewhat upset by a newcomer in our midst who had become something of a problem, especially as the Acorn tournament was coming along soon.

The Acorns, you must know, are sticklers for golfing etiquette, quite dignified, and apt to take their time. For that reason any one of us would have made a hit, no doubt, with the golfers of the Royal and Ancient at old St. Andrews. Or at least George Fawcett, who had been there, said so.

Well, the disturber was none other than one W. U. A. S. Ransome. I'm telling you that sartorially Walter Hagen was as a marsh hen to a peacock set alongside of this Ransome. Naturally we called him the Broadcasting Station —"W. U. A. S. speaking." His dad was interested in horses, and kept some embryo racers on a farm near by. The family came from Passamaquonsitt, were related to the Adamses and the Winthrops, and boasted the fortune of all the American privateers in the history books.

W. U. A. S. "did himself well," as George would say, George still keeping up, but inoffensively enough, a few of the Britishisms of his quite British forebears.

"All this egg needs," said "Daff" Gammons, one of our founders, "is the advent of television to put himself clear across the continent." We all realized that he had quite outgrown Passamaquonsitt. Our chief objection to W. U. A. S., however, was not his self-glorifi-

cation nor his condescension toward the rest of us—he had enough good golf at hand for that—but his everlasting hurry. Fussing us was half of his game, at least so Andrew Ross, our Scottish pro, told us. He'd drive off the tee, and hardly waiting for his opponent to make his shot, would start out, half running, for his ball. He had most of us out of puff most of the time, keeping up with him. And he brought in even the thin ones, like Gammons, Spears, Herring, and Hartridge, fuming, and generally anywhere from two to ten down. He always insisted on finishing the match—generally at a dogtrot. I defy any golfer in the land to play his game against that sort of thing.

So a couple of weeks before the great hobble-gobble started, we were all sitting around the crying bucket in the big lounge of the club, discussing just what seemed about to happen to our tournament. "I don't mind his winning it," said William Gables, who, because of his six feet four and his two hundred and forty pounds, was known as "the Colossus of the North," "but I do mind his crowing over us. I have friends at Passamaquonsitt who tell me he is insufferable on his own links. But they have to stand for it. What's to be done, what's to be done! Why just the other day he had me so blown on that Idiot Hill hole that I was in the rough from the tee, took three to get out, and seven for the hole. You all know I'm better than that."

George hadn't said a word so far, but I could see he was trying to think up a scheme of some sort. Somehow you can always see George think. Just then a boy brought in a telegram for him. He studied it for a minute or two and then his face lighted up with an unholy grin.

"I've got it," he belted. "Look at that, boys. I gotta scheme. Let's do it." And he handed me the telegram to read aloud:

TULSA, Oklahoma.

Am taking you up on old invite to visit stop Arriving this week-end unless countermanded stop Suppose you have golf there.

CHIEF.

Well, that didn't mean much to anybody.

"Look here," said George. "There's going to be a secret here. Most of you will have to trust me. I'm going to take Dick Johnson here into it. And you, Harry," he said to me. "Dick was once a press agent, and you were once an actor. I'll need both of you. Take away that crying bucket. Let's do it. Acorns first."

The upshot of it was that a long telegram went off that day to Oklahoma, and a few days later three of us met the morning train, on which there are usually few arrivals, and shook hands with a tall, lean, straight-spined, straight-toed—or perhaps just a shade pigeon—man with high cheek bones and sleek black hair, introduced to us by George as Chief Flight-of-Many-Arrows, of the Choctaws. "One of these oil redskins," added George, "and pure poison when it comes to golf."

"How," said the chief, with an expansive wink, "real name Brown. The Indian blood dates quite a ways back, but I'm glad to say the oil is still in the family. I don't know exactly what the game is, but I'll do anything within reason and a few things without, for old George here. But my throat is dusty. How about it?"

Well, sir, we sneaked our man off to an old hunting lodge of George's, and by the time the plot was explained to him, and I had done my work with the old make-up box of my stage days and the chief had arrayed himself in his heirlooms, we had on our hands the reddest redskin ever seen in Pohannock, complete with buckskin, moccasins and enough beads to give a fair imitation of a light hailstorm every time he moved. "Good medicine," quoth George

as we surveyed our work. *"Ugh,"* said the chief, and again, *"Ugh."* I'm here to tell you it was perfect.

When George introduced the chief at the club-hotel desk, and the latter made his mark, which looked like a bunch of swastikas, I'll say there was a sensation. There was a crowd around us in no time. "Gently, everybody," said George. "Disperse, please. Time enough to meet the chief to-morrow. He comes from a far land and is tired from the journey. Also it bores him to speak English, and none of you know Choctaw." So we got the chief up to his room safely enough and had his dinner sent up. Everything looked to be jake.

There were two little incidents in the course of the evening that disturbed us, however. The first was a knock at the door and an inthrust head, this belonging to Maizie Dane, an ash-blonde commonly known as "Dizzy," whose manner of life in the good old summer-time would have filled half a dozen issues of *Town Topics*.

"I think you're awfully mean, George Fawcett," said the head, "not to let the chief meet the ladies. I think he's too perfectly darling."

I heard a mumble that sounded very like "There's danger in your eyes, chérie." It seemed to me to come from the chief. George Fawcett threw him a dirty look, anyway, and he sat up all solemn and haughty.

"What's that, chief?" queried Dizzy.

*"Ugh,"* retorted the redskin. "No ketchum plenty English; ketchum plenty Choctaw. No likeum squaw. Injun heap beat squaws; beatum plenty. *Ugh.*"

"I think you're horrid," said Dizzy and disappeared, slamming the door.

"Haw-haw," gurgled George, "you're all right, chief. Keep it up. You had me scared for a minute."

There was a few male intrusions, but to each of the curious ones George said, "The chief cannot be disturbed just now, he is smoking his pipe of peace just before he turns in. See you in the morning."

The other incident was in a way more serious. The way the chief could ketchum bridge, and later poker, was nothing short of scandalous. *"Ugh,"* was all he would say when he had cleaned us, "palefaces heap bum card players; plenty rotten. How."

"It seems to come high," was all George would say, "but I expect we must have it."

THERE was even more of a sensation the following morning when the chief came down to breakfast. Dick Johnson, the old-time press agent, had done himself proud. There was a long and fulsome yarn in the local paper, the *News-Intelligencer-Dispatch*, some of which ran something like this:

There is in our midst to-day one of the most distinguished visitors ever to appear at old Pohannock. He is Chief Flight-of-Many-Arrows, of the Choctaws, the always friendly tribe in Oklahoma, where many of our old redskin allies have become wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice through the discovery of oil. In his home town the chief is known as the "Redskin Rockefeller."

Despite his great wealth and his ancestry, which dates back to a time long before the advent of white people in this land, the chief lives very simply in a wigwam, when at home, keeping up all the tradition of his forebears. His costume is said to be the work of three generations of squaws, is of ceremonial nature, and is worn this time out of courtesy to the high lineage of our own George Fortescue Featherstonehaughborough, whose guest he is.

Curiously enough, about the only activity of the palefaces of which he thoroughly approves is the game of golf, of which he is the champion of all the Indian nations, having won the title from Chief Bender, the famous ex-ball player. He is entered in the Acorn tournament, and while we have yet to see him play, we understand that he is always in the seventies. He will make his first appearance this afternoon on the course in a foursome with Messrs. Gammons, Andrew Ross, the popular pro, and Johnson.

It turned out that the chief drove a long ball, was a master of the irons, and had about every shot in the bag—apparently just about as good a golfer as W. U. A. S. Ransome. I need hardly add that that person took good and early note of his game. He only grinned, however, at the solemn and quite formal redskin, and was quick on the trigger in the matter of bets. "That kind is just my meat," broadcast W. U. A. S.

Believe it or not, the chief was going good. So was the broadcasting station for that matter. If anything, a little better than usual. We had been missing our nearly fake redskin for a few nights, but that troubled me very little, since it permitted me to recoup some of my bridge and poker losses. No one suspected the chief of not being all that he was painted—he complained somewhat about the stain as a matter of fact—and so far as we knew all was serene. So much publicity had gone out that it was apparent there would be quite a collection of golf writers who usually passed up our tournament. So long as the chief confined himself to *"Ugh,"* though, we weren't worrying. We didn't figure that the reporters were any too well up on Indianology, or whatever you call it. The papers were all full of the recent discoveries in Yucatan, and our Indian was no Aztec, nor yet a Toltec, or whatever you call 'em in the native tongue.

But just as the day for the start of the tournament neared, the whispering gallery got busy. I scouted around a little and discovered that the chief had been out canoeing several times with Maizie Dane, and according to "Froggy" Peters, the ten-year-old boy varmint of the hotel-club family, hadn't made a very good job of handling the paddle. I didn't trust that woman, and I decided to look into things a little further.

"How's the chief on the opposite sex?" I asked George Fawcett one night.

"Hates 'em with a holy hatred," rapped George.

"Um—so?" I said. "Well, come with me down to the lake and give a couple of looks."

The moon was not low as it is in the song, no, not at all—it was high. And in its path, there on the lake were two figures in a canoe, unmistakably those of Dizzy and the chief.

Next day the chief came to us in a corner of the locker room, and what he said wasn't in Choctaw. Omitting the things I'd have to represent by dashes, this is the substance of what he said:

"You're a fine lot of guys, you are. You've got me in for it now. This Dane dame wants me to bring her a bird caught with my own fair hands—caught red-handed, so to speak. Says she knows a chief has to do that every year in order to hold his chieftainship."

"What did you say?" queried George.

*"Ugh,"* quoth the chief.

"What did she say?"

"'Oh, goody, that means yes.'"

We went into executive session of the committee of the whole, and threshed it out.

The upshot of the matter was—as I knew it would be—we decided to let Froggy Peters, that little grafter, in on the deal. The kid has resources, at that. He trapped us a live bird all right. The chief said *"Ugh"* a couple of times the next day and gave the bird to the Dizzy dame, and we were out of that.

THE chief took the medal on the qualified round all right, and made a great hit with the countryside in doing so. He was followed by the queerest gallery I ever saw. They came from near and far, especially far. You could tell the trekkers by the strange hound hogs that followed their tin lizzies, their tongues hanging out from the long hike—the dogs, not the lizzies. The only

Indians they'd ever seen was in their boyhood when a couple of ex-Carlisle redskins—Hurons, I think they were—used to sell baskets hereabouts.

The night after the second round of match play the chief burst into our conference room looking more like Chief Thundercloud than he did like the Chief Flight-of-Many-Arrows.

"Now she wants a fish!" he rapped, or belted, or something.

Well, Froggy Peters got us the fish, all right—in a net, I guess—and Froggy got his ten-spot. But that wasn't all.

"Say," said this knickerbockered grafter, "that guy ain't no redskin at all. I heard Andy Ross telling the head caddy that he's John Arthur Brown of Tulsa, Oklahoma, handicap five on the U. S. G. A. list. I'm gonna tell the broadcaster you're runnin' in a ringer on him."

"Here," snapped George, handing out a double sawbuck.

"Naw," come back the kid, "I want that peace pipe."

*"Ugh,"* grunts the chief, and hands it over, feathers and all.

So those were those.

One night the chief and Maizie Dane were both missing and this time her car was gone, too. But there was nothing suspicious about that, since the near-redskin had been givin' the ash-blonde a grand rush.

"Never mind, gentlemen," said George Fawcett, "twenty-four hours does it."

And sure enough, early the next morning, the day of the final between the chief and W. U. A. S. Ransome, the former comes to me and says, "Trot out your war paint, old thing, we're going to do this up brown, and no pun intended."

That was a gorgeous figure, gentlemen, that stood upon the first tee addressing his ball, the most gorgeous figure that had ever appeared at Pohannock. He was in full war paint, was the chief. He had no war bonnet, but his long hair was done up in imitation of a scalp lock and stuck full of feathers—red and blue feathers. And of all things who should be caddying for him but the Dizzy dame! At once I feared some sort of double cross, but a wink from our redskin assured me that it was all right. The Broadcasting Station give him a dirty look and turned his back.

"'A touch of sun, a touch of sun,'" he sneers, "'the color sergeant said.'"

Never in the history of the Acorns and of Pohannock had there been a turnout like that gallery. Tin lizzies were parked along the roadside as far as the eye could reach. Judge Handyside had come all the way from Owenborough, shutting down the county court for the day, and hick politicians and yokels were as thick as leaves in Ponderosa, or is it perhaps Vallombrosa. Soft-drink and peanut stands were here and there, and I suspect somethin' was being done in the woods in the way of flourishin' shell games. Judge Handyside made a speech welcomin' the Noble Red Man, who replied in a few well-chosen words of Choctaw, winding up with *"Ugh,"* and the game was on.

The redskin had won the toss. The ash-blonde hands him his driver, and he sends it away straight down the course for a good two hundred and sixty yards. Ransome, all in white, a brand-new outfit for the occasion, drives, and finds himself playing the odd. Andy Ross, who is caddying for him, so he won't put anything over, hands out the No. 5, and I must say the Broadcaster played a gorgeous shot, right on the pin and needing only a nice pitch-up to be laying pretty. Our redskin is just as good, though, and keeps W. U. A. S. still on the odd. Well, they halve this long first one in fives, and the dogs of war are loose. The process goes on for the next five holes, and for some reason this Ransome has displayed so far none of his rush tactics.

They begin on the next hole all right enough. The chief is very deliberate while Ransome is fussing, being now quite in character. He knows it's an even bet with the redskin, by now, and realizes it is time to begin the dirt. So after he drives he sets out on a dogtrot, and being still on the odd, whales away with his second and takes up the chase again.

"Paleface no ketchum courtesy of golf," grunts the chief, and appears to be laboring as he plods up to his ball. He still has the honor on the next tee. Bad news. He pulls his drive away off into the rough, and his backers, meaning those in the conspiracy, not to say plenty of others who dislike Ransome, begin to quiver like maple leaves, or is it aspens.

"Slaughtered," mumbles George, "slaughtered to make a Choctaw holiday."

Well, pretty soon this Ransome is one up, and he keeps that lead when they come to the turn. There isn't much to be said about the return home. Here is the chief lumbering along, with this Ransome always on the dogtrot, and they finish the morning round, the first eighteen, with the redskin two down.

"I'm here to tell you that clubhouse was humming at the lunch hour. We sit a while with the chief and ask him about it all and so on. He ain't saying anything but that everlasting *"Ugh."* Not until he sees this Ransome passing our table. Him he hails, and says, "Paleface ketchum plenty wampum?"

"You bet I have, if it's money you mean," raps Ransome, and digs up a roll that would've derailed the Twentieth Century.

*"Ugh,"* says the chief, and begins to dive into his buckskin pockets.

Well, boy and man I've seen betting in my time, but nothing like this. This Ransome has as many pockets as the chief, and when the bugles sing truce the table is piled so high that dozens of these Irish flags begin flopping off on the floor. George's eyes bulged out so you could hang your hat on them, and as for me, I'm fit for first aid.

This Ransome at last pulls out a check book, and at last has the redskin stopped. "No ketchum checks," he says. "No have gottum." And then a funny thing happens. "Old Man" Ransome steps up and offers to cover son's paper. The kid scowls.

"Up to your allowance, boy, for the rest of the season," says the Old Man, and laughs. "Lo, the poor Indian for a long race," he adds, and grins.

Well, sir, that creates a sensation, and word of what happens is flashed through the clubhouse.

"It looks like," says this Ransome, "it looks like the only friends I got in the world are the trusty clubs in my bag." And I guess he had the right of it.

WELL, when we go out for the afternoon warfare there wasn't nobody left in the village but the traffic cop, and he was cussin' his luck.

Then the great hobble-gobble starts. The chief, as he comes up to the first tee, puts his hand to his mouth and a great wabblin' cry goes out over the uplands and the moors, and reverberates among the trees. It also goes up and down your spine.

"What's all this turkey-gobbler stuff about?" demands the Broadcasting Station, and I could see he was somewhat shaken. He had driven off, and had been stopped in his mad rush to the ball by the unearthly gobbling.

"Ma conscience," says Andy Ross, " 'tis nawt less than the pibroch. 'Twas taught me in the Clan Ross."

*"Ugh,"* says the chief. "Heap war cry. Choctaw makeum medicine."

This Ransome puts up an awful kick to the referee, but that gent, "Daff" Gammons, is equal to the emergency.

"Just Choctaw for 'fore'!" he says, "and besides you're not any too strong

on the etikay of golf yourself. Pipe down." So that settles that.

This Maizie Dane, unusually quiet so far for her, then suddenly lets out a gobble of her own, and turning to the Broadcasting Station, says, "That for yours, W. U. A. S., and how do you like it?"

Cheers go up from the crowd and we have a time keepin' this enormous gallery slightly under control.

Well, the upshot of it is that this Ransome is so shaken the chief takes the first hole easily with a birdie and the conspirators start to grinning with relief. I've *seen* many a great golf match in my time, but I never before *heard* one.

An' so it goes, the chief gobbling at every tee, and if that call of his had been done in the right season and down in the Carolines we of the turkey-huntin' set would've had all the law allows in our bag in no time at all. This Ransome has now settled down to play some pretty grim golf, and I'll say he's good. In the early stages of the gobbling the chief had managed to square the match, and then turn for home in that situation. That tenth hole is one we of Pohannock always brag about. It's a par 5, and the drive is from a high tee, between two avenues of tall trees—a mighty narrow alley—and over a tip of the lake. The Indian, of course, has the honor, and we expect to hear him gobble again and get into his stance.

This time we guess wrong. There's more hocus-pocus comin'. The redskin straightens up to his full height and looks up to the sun. Then he pulls a feather from his scalp lock. This feather—it's a blue one—he hurls into the unoffendin' atmosphere, where it shoots along like an arrow.

"Kumquat!" he howls, and again, "Kum-q-u-u-a-a-at!"

"What is it, oysters he's orderin'?" asks George, plainly awed.

"Bully for you, old Deerskin!" hollers Old Man Ransome. "Gentlemen," he adds, "you are looking at the last great chief of the Hokums," and suspicion begins to stir within me that the Old Man is on, especially as Froggy Peters is pullin' a wide grin, an' everybody knows the old boy is fond of the kid.

"Lokai!" bawls the chief, as he sails a red feather off to the left. "Lok-a-a-a-i," and then "Gitchimanitou!" he adds.

"A little mixed as to tribal gods," mumbles Old Man Ransome, "but good medicine just the same."

At last he gobbles and sails a windcheater straight up along the middle of the alley. It was close to three hundred yards, I'm betting. Ransome's grin is wiped off his countenance by now, and he begins to press. He just clears the lake, and his second shot is mediocre, to give it everything due it.

Pretty soon the chief is one up, and begins to move—to *move,* I'm here to tell you. From now on he goes right after his ball, just as the Broadcasting Station used to do. He don't seem to be running or anything like that, but he is up with his ball and has us all out of puff, shot after shot. He's toein' in, now, and that with an Indian means speed and plenty of it.

From now on to the finish it looks like murder. On the green he hauls out a flat-headed tomahawk and putts with that. Ransome makes a holler, of course, when the chief begins to sink them with this uncanny weapon, but "Daff" Gammons rules it's all right. It isn't any center-shafted affair, murderous as it looks, and is as legitimate as anything. The chief, I think, could have putted that day with a stove lid. Well, we come to the fourteenth tee, with the chief three up and four to go. I must say I take my hat off to Ransome for stickin' in the game at all. There must have been somethin' to him after all. Pretty soon the chief is dormie and on the next green the third act that

all these playwrights talk about comes off.

"It's the longest hole on the course, well trapped, and is a hard par 5. The Indian gets off a screamer, and likewise does the kid. The redskin shuffles along at that same killin' gait, and has Ransome on the dogtrot, not to mention the rest of us, and puffin' and pressin' to our hearts' content.

Their brassie shots lie about alike, and close together. Thought waves, or short waves, or something, or perhaps the thing called intuition, must have got to young Ransome by this time. Suddenly his temper, such as it was, quits him as he comes close to Maizie Dane. "Dizzie," he says, "I knew you played around a lot, and were something of a double crosser, but I never thought you'd go ringer."

"You bet he's a ringer," cries this dame, and throws up her left hand, "and a double ringer, too." And right there is the sunshine dancing on a pair of fourth-finger rings, and sparkling and darting like it does from a heliotrope—I mean heliograph. You could have knocked me and George down by whispering "Pish-tush." Well, this Ransome was all of a heap. He flubbs his putt, but the match was over then and there with that flash from Maizie's hand.

He straightens up slowly, looks at the chief, and says, "Chief, if you want to play it out for your card, I'm agreeable."

"Atta boy, atta sportsman, son," hollers Old Man Ransome, who has just come up.

"I'm agreeable, too," says the chief, and this is no Choctaw palaver either that he spills.

Well, the can of peas is wide open and said peas are rolling all over the fairway.

"Also," says John Arthur Brown, "the bets are off. I was going to call them off when I had won, on the home green. However, the squaw was won in a fair field. What?"

"That's all right with me," says young Ransome. "I guess it was only a kid affair, anyway."

By this time the crowd has come up, and the marriage is announced to one and all on the home green. Well, sir, there *was* a hobble-gobble then. The chief goes in and washes off the paint, coming back for Judge Handyside's public congratulations.

"Well," says George Fortescue Featherstonehaughborough—pronounced as I told you, Fawcett—"We gave them a show, anyway."

Pohannock never saw a night like that, and probably will never see another. There *was* a dance. In the governors' room everybody shook hands all around, half a dozen times.

"How did you get wise?" asked George Fawcett of Old Man Ransome.

"George," said the latter, "you don't know how to bribe a kid. I promised Froggy Peters to let him act as exercise boy at my stables. He thinks he's going to be a jockey and wear silks. As for my son here, I wanted him to show that he was game. From now on you won't see so much of him on the golf links. He's going to take over the management of my stable for me. I'm getting a little old, you see."

"And now," says George, "Mr. and Mrs. John Arthur Brown, the former something of a good Indian after all is said and done, desire membership in the Acorns. Are they in? All in favor signify in the usual manner!"

"Acorn! Acorn! Acorn!" howls the gang.

"Hobble-gobble," hollers George, "they're in!"

"But when did you folks get married?" I asked Mrs. Brown, who is blushing, and me doing her the injustice of not thinkin' she had it in her.

"Don't be an ape," retorts that lady. "It was that night we went up to Owen-

borough. And afterward we went to the movies—it was 'The Vanishing Race.' It was there that John brushed up on some of the Indian dope."

Well, that was two seasons ago. Where you goin' for your winter golf? Better come down to Bosco-in-the-Pines and join the Acorns. Besides, I want you to see that new papoose of the chief's and his squaw's. He's the cutest little feller—and with high cheek bones and slightly pigeon toes, too. Some Choctaw.

So long, and hobble-gobble.

# Notes On Polo

POLO is the name now used to describe one of the world's most ancient games. Its age is attested by records showing that it was played in Persia over a thousand years ago—as far back, really, as that country's recorded history goes. There, and in Tartary, and later, India, it was the favorite pastime of those who could afford it. Its expense, obviously, was always, as it is to-day, due to its being played on horseback and by especially valuable, well-trained horses.

It came by devious paths across Asia until it reached Northeast India, where it is called *runjai.* Here it was first encountered and taken up by British cavalry regiments. The English name "polo," however, is derived from the Tibetan *pulu,* meaning ball.

The fundamentals of the game have always been substantially the same, though in early times, as now, the minor points vary slightly. The playing field, for example, was one hundred by fifty yards in Tibet, and the goal included the entire width of fifty yards. In India, before its British adoption standardized it, the field was one hundred and twenty by fifty yards, also with the full width for the goal. In other Asiatic countries it was sometimes four hundred by one hundred and twenty yards.

The game was introduced in England in 1871 by the Tenth Hussars, a British cavalry unit. The first match was played at Aldershot in the spring of that year.

The present standards of the game are set by the Hurlingham Club, the recognized contemporary authority. They define the field as not less than two hundred and fifty yards in length, with the goal eight yards wide, thus making it more difficult, and adapted to the hard-riding modern horsemen.

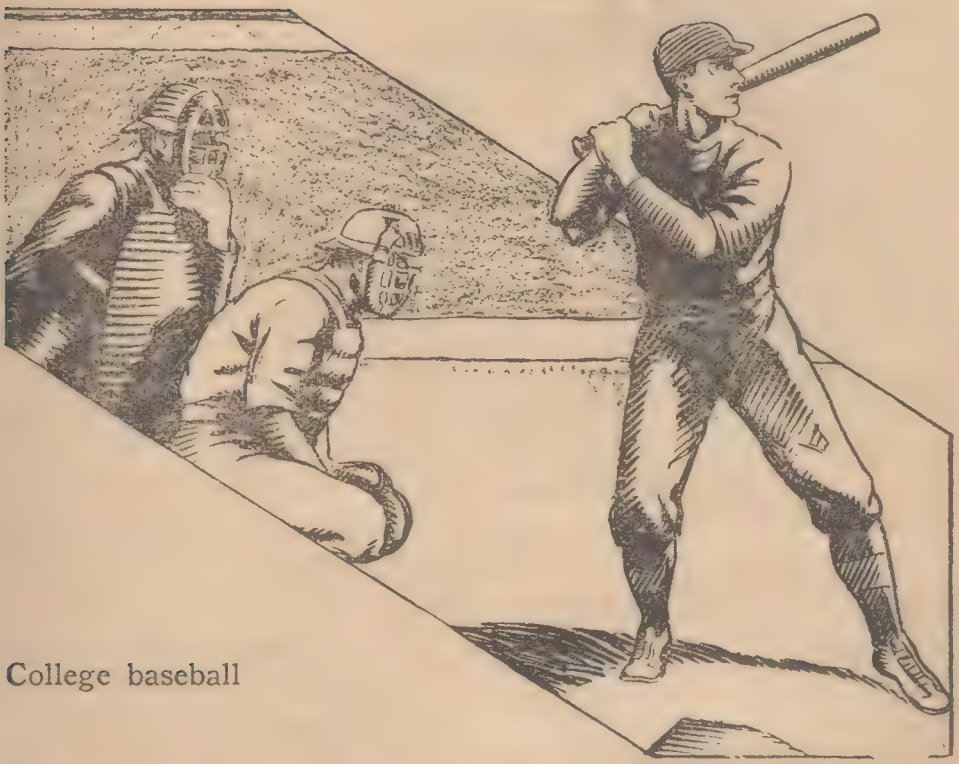
Players vary from six to three on a team, though four is the standard in cup play. The ball is of wood, three inches in diameter, usually of willow. Recently an inflated rubber ball has been approved for indoor play. The stick is four feet in length.

The duration of the game is an hour and ten minutes, with five-minute rest periods every twenty minutes. This provides a breathing spell for players and time to change ponies, one pony seldom going more than one chukker at a time.

It is interesting to note that since the International Cup Matches started, England and the United States have played for the cup ten times, and the United States has won six times, chiefly during recent years. The explanation rests partly upon superior ponies over here, as well as an excellent program of player development which grooms our teams for international material. The colleges, now, are beginning to supplement this program in substantial fashion.

# Horse Doctor

## By Joseph Cox



College baseball

IN the eighth inning of the Highland game, J. Edward Fry came to bat for the first time in his university career. Luck had eliminated two better men than he, to bring this about—he was only third-string second baseman—but if luck had really meant to give the lanky red-headed boy from the country a chance to show his stuff it might have chosen a better time.

Highland College was two runs in the lead, and the Franklin team, which had expected to win easily, was demoralized. There were two down. The spectators on both sides of the great stadium—there were far more on the Highland side, though the game was being played at Franklin, and Franklin was the larger school—looked with little interest at the new man coming out from the bench. Nothing much, they knew, could happen now.

Then each bored student in the stands sat upright and blinked his eyes in astonishment. J. Edward Fry had assumed his pose at bat. And what a pose it was.

At Franklin, one particular style of batting had been a tradition for years—a style which trained the batter to stand upright at the plate with his elbows at his sides and to step in and meet the

ball with an easy swing. It was graceful, and it got results.

The substitute stood at the plate as if he had never heard of this. He extended his left leg, barely touching the ground with his toe. He bent his right and crouched back on it, as if he were going to squat on the ground. And at the same time he bent over and twisted his head so that, as he glared at the pitcher, it was held at right angles to the position in which heads are generally held. His bat seemed wrapped around his neck.

The Highland crowd sent up a derisive cheer, which was repeated when Fry took a might swing at the first ball and missed. Calmly he resumed his pose and swung at the next one even harder, missing again. People began leaving the stands, and the Highland cheering section, as cheering sections will do when an unexpected victory looms in sight, began to sing without sign or signal from its cheer leaders. Captain Bell of the Franklin team was in despair.

Then J. Edward Fry swung on the third ball pitched and met it squarely. The ball rose in a long, low arc and sailed directly into a box in left field near the foul line. J. Edward Fry galloped around the bases.

After that the crowd that had been stopped on its way to the exits was surprised to see Franklin squeeze over two more runs and win the game.

It was a hard-earned victory, but one that brought no joy to Captain Bell. As he dragged himself wearily to the gym he noticed that Highland's cheers for the defeated team were much louder than those of Franklin for its own victorious team.

Fair enough, he told himself. Franklin deserved no credit for winning. It should have been a walkover.

In the locker room the team was unnaturally silent, until a husky voice was raised.

"Now, that I've made the team——" it began.

"What's that?" cried Charlie Bell.

"I say now that I've made the team," explained J. Edward Fry patiently, "I thought maybe some of you fellows would like me to point out some of the things I've noticed wrong with your playing."

Speechless with amazement, the tired ball players turned to stare at the tall, bony figure clad, of all things, in a red-flannel union suit.

"Wait a minute!" cried the captain. "What makes you think you've made the team?"

Fry looked at him in great surprise.

"Why, haven't I?" he exclaimed. "Didn't I win the game? And doesn't the fellow who wins the game always make the team?"

"He does in books, maybe. But here I am the one who says who makes the team. And what makes you think you won the game, anyway. I know you got a home run, but judging from the way you stood at the plate it was the biggest piece of luck that ever happened. Where'd you learn to stand like that anyway? I don't remember seeing you do it at practice, and believe me, I would have noticed."

"No, I didn't stand like that at practice," said Fry, "I knew you would have objected to it. You like the boys to stand up straight and pretty. Only I know this way's right. I learned it at school."

"What school?"

"Plank Road Hollow High School. Say, you were kidding when you said I had not made the team, weren't you? Because——"

"We'll talk about that later," interrupted the captain. He had something important on his mind.

"Look here, you fellows," he went on, and there was that in his voice that made the others look at him seriously, "there is going to be plenty of criti-

cism on the campus about this game, and most of it is going to be directed at me. They are going to say I should not have taken out the regular second baseman just because he had one bad inning. Well, that's not why I took him out. I took him out because he was not trying. And he wasn't trying because he thought there weren't enough people there to watch him. I say it's a bum idea. We are baseball players, not matinée idols. I agree the school isn't giving us the support it should, but I don't agree that we should lie down on the job just for that reason. At the next game we play I expect you to go out there and fight as if there were a million people in the stands, no matter whether there is really any one there or not. If you don't, we have substitutes, and there is still time to build up another team between now and the Zenith game, which is the one game we have got to win if we never win another."

He paused, and there was an uncomfortable silence which was broken by the unabashed substitute second baseman.

"I don't think you need worry about there being a good crowd out for the next game, captain," he said calmly.

"On account of what?"

"On account of me."

"On account of you?"

"Certainly."

"What! Do you think that on account of that fluke home run of yours that a big mob is coming down to watch you play in the next game?"

"Home run or no home run," said the red-headed substitute calmly, "I'm saying there will be a lot of fellows at that game on account of me."

"Suppose you don't get into the game," said the captain grimly.

"I was coming to that," replied Fry. "I'll make you a proposition. You start me in that game, and if by the end of the third inning you aren't convinced that there are a lot more fellows at the game than usual, and that they are cheering for me, you can throw me out and no harm done. But if you are convinced, then I have made the team. How about it?"

There was dead silence in the locker room as the members of the team looked at the substitute in amazement. Then they looked at Charlie Bell to see in what manner he would denounce the upstart. But Charlie Bell, with their glances intent upon him, had a sudden idea. Why not accept the proposition? There was no chance Fry could make good his promise, and by starting him in the game the captain would give the team the jolt that they needed to make them realize that no man's place was secure.

"O. K.," he said. "It's a bargain. You start the Osceola game."

During the next week, pains were taken to teach Fry the Franklin style of batting. It seemed certain that the home run he had got in his own awkward pose had been a fluke, and anyway the Franklin system of teaching men to stand at the plate and hit was a tradition. It had turned out famous batters in the past and other schools had tried in vain to imitate it.

Captain Bell, pegging the ball down to second before the Osceola game, wondered what method the visiting rooters would use to try to rattle the new second baseman. Osceola was a wild, agricultural college which considered Franklin an effete city institution which should be put in its place, and it always brought forth strange devices at the baseball games, calculated to drive wild the members of the Franklin team—especially the new ones.

The captain resolved to warn the new second baseman about this. Then he forgot all about it as he wondered whether Fry, by some strange means, really could bring forth a crowd. Impossible. The man was unknown. Had

he really hoped for anything like that? His bargain had had its effect in pepping up the team during the past week, and that was all he had expected.

NEVERTHELESS, during the first two innings—which went as usual with Osceola, closely contested but uneventful—he found himself scanning the cheering section again and again. At the beginning of the third inning he resolved to keep his eyes on the diamond. No use in disappointing himself.

Osceola went down in one-two-three order in the first half of the third, leaving the score 0—0, and Franklin began its share of the inning with Pete Dorman at bat. He got a clean single, and the captain thought that the Franklin cheering seemed louder than usual. There was reason for that, however, as this was the first hit of the game. Then Jim Mitchell advanced Dorman to third, and this time the captain was sure that the cheering was louder. Still he did not look, mostly because J. Edward Fry was stepping to the plate. As he rubbed his hands in the dirt and wiped them off on his pants, a cheer went up for him, and it was stupendous. The captain looked.

Somehow, during the time that he had kept his eyes away from the stands, the crowd had doubled. There could be no doubt of it. The entire section behind third base, generally bleak and bare, was now as crowded as the lecture room of a popular professor. And what was more, the students in that section were cheering with rare enthusiasm.

Fry stood at the plate in the upright and graceful pose that was a tradition in the Franklin baseball system. The captain had drilled him in this all the week before saying that it was one condition on which Fry would get into the game.

The cheering that went on when Fry stepped to the plate was by no means abated when he hit a single that brought in Dorman. That was the only score on either side for several innings, but the captain did not worry. Somehow the miracle had happened, and the awkward substitute had brought to the game a following that increased the crowd of Franklin rooters to respectable proportions. In addition to that, Fry was fielding excellently, and it seemed to matter little—at that moment, anyway—that with the exception of his first hit, he struck out every time he came to the plate.

J. Edward Fry took it all calmly enough. All he did in the way of talking was to ask the captain twice if he might not bat in the way he had learned at Plank Road Hollow.

"You bat the way we have taught you," said Bell. "Your way may get you a home run once in ten years, but this way will build up a good, steady batting average, once you've learned it."

Each time the redhead obediently stood at the plate in the approved Franklin fashion—until the seventh inning.

In that inning Osceola got one run, tying the score. Up to that time Osceola's rooters had been remarkably subdued, too intent on their team's uphill fight to perform any of their usual pranks. Then, with a chance for victory in sight, they burst forth in their old derisive manner.

Their jeers seemed to have no particular effect on the Franklin batters, however, who managed to get a man on second with but one out when Fry came to bat.

As he stood at the plate, knees together, elbows at his sides, the Osceola stands broke into song. It was an ancient ditty apparently well known to the agriculturists, and now brought forth by them because of the name of the man at bat.

"I got a cider mill up 'tother side the hill,
My name is Joshuay Ebenezer Fry!
I know a thing or two—you can bet your life I do—
Needn't try to fool me 'cause I'm too dern sly!"

It was an old trick of theirs, trying to get a new player rattled by working on his name. The captain remembered when he first came to bat against Osceola and had heard a mournful chant of "ding dong, ding dong," after every strike. It had had its effect on him, and now this song was having its effect on Fry.

From the bench Bell saw the second baseman stiffen with amazement as the song began. He did not make a move as the Osceola pitcher burned one straight over the plate for the first strike. The singing in the enemy stands became louder:

"Waal, I swan, I must be getting on.
Giddayup, Napoleon, it looks like rain!"

J. Edward Fry, it seemed, began to quiver, but he made no other motion as the pitcher laid another one down the groove for the second strike. As the Osceola cheering section beheld this, they sang with greater gusto:

"I'll be switched, the hay ain't pitched!
Come in when you're over to the farm again."

That seemed too much for the substitute second baseman. He gave himself a shake, and with that shake seemed to discard all he had learned about the Franklin style of batting. He leaned back, bending his right leg and extending his left. He crouched over the plate, wrapping the bat around his neck, glaring at the pitcher from a horizontal position. Fry had reverted completely to his old style.

The pitcher, evidently thinking he had an easy strike-out, threw a third straight ball over the plate. Fry uncoiled and swung.

He sent up a high infield fly and was automatically out.

"I thought you said they wouldn't get your goat," said the captain as Fry came back toward the bench.

"They didn't! They didn't!" cried the other. "It was that song. Did you hear it?"

"That's what I mean," said Bell. "It seemed to rattle you."

"I wasn't rattled!" protested Fry. "You don't understand. We used to sing that song back in old Plank Road Hollow. That is, they used to sing it for me every time I came to bat, and so when I heard it again I thought I was back in the old school, and before I knew it I was batting the way I used to there."

"Well, don't do it again. You'll learn and I'll overlook it this time. At least you've brought out the crowd you said you would."

"Then I've made the team?" cried Fry eagerly.

"I guess so."

"You won't change your mind?"

"Certainly not. I promised, didn't I?"

Then occurred what can only be described as a strange interlude. Suddenly, among the ball players, appeared a student who bore, somehow, a resemblance to Fry, a resemblance not of features, but of general appearance. He seized the brand-new second baseman by the arm.

"Look here, Eddie," he cried. "How about our picture?"

Fry was obviously horribly embarrassed. He shook himself free of the other and made as if to push him away from the bench.

"Later!" he said in a sort of stage whisper.

"Nothing doing!" retorted the other. "You said it would be taken during the game, and the game is almost over. Come on now, how about it?"

"What's all this about?" demanded

the captain. "Let Fry go. You're holding up the game."

"I can't help that," snapped the student. "He's holding up our picture!"

"What picture?" asked the captain, while J. Edward Fry looked as if he wished very much that he were somewhere else.

"The picture of our school!' returned the student. "You know that this year is the first our school has been recognized as a regular undergraduate department of the university, and so we got to have our picture taken to be put into the year book. Well, last week, Eddie here, came to the executive committee and said he had made the baseball team."

"Oh, yes?" said the captain.

"And wouldn't it be a swell idea to have the picture taken at the next game with him in uniform and all that, the first man in the school to make a varsity team. He said if we should cheer for him a lot it would show that we're a live-wire bunch, and so we did, but what we want to know is when are they going to take our picture?"

"Go away! Go away!" said Fry hoarsely. "I'll talk to you later."

"Just a minute," said the captain. "What school is this you are talking about?"

"The veterinary school, of course," said the student proudly. "We are a regular part of the university now and we are two hundred and fifty strong. That's all of us up there."

But the captain's glance did not follow the direction of the other's finger, which was pointing to the well-filled section back of third base. All he could do was stare at J. Edward Fry with a curious expression.

"So it was just a trick to get you on the team," he said slowly. "Only it didn't work. What made you think you could get away with it? I didn't think we had any men like you at Franklin, even in the veterinary school. What have you got to say for yourself—horse doctor?"

"Yes, it was a trick!" cried Fry, his face redder than ever. "But I didn't mean any harm by it. I just had to get on the team somehow. I'm good and I know it, only you wouldn't give me a chance. As soon as I had made the team, by hook or crook, I was going back to my own way of batting and prove that I was good. Let me into that next game, Captain Fry, and I'll show you. Just let me bat like I learned at old Plank Road Hollow and I'll show you."

At that point the umpire shouted to Bell that if he did not start the inning right away he would lose by default, which was just as well, as the captain explained to Barry Laredo, editor of the Franklin *Gazette,* that night.

"I actually did not know what to say to the fellow!" he exclaimed. "There I was. At first I had been all excited because I thought he really had started, somehow, an interest—that is, a legitimate interest—in baseball. It was foolish of me, I suppose, but I wanted to believe it so badly that I couldn't help it. Then when I found out it was only a phony trick of his, I was so mad I could eat nails. And then, on top of all that, he seemed so naïve and sincere about it all that he almost had me convinced."

"Why don't you be convinced?" said the sleepy-looking editor. "You've complained about the other boys not trying hard enough. Here's one who might set them an example. Give him his chance, at least for one more game. Who can tell what will happen?" Barry was quite serious.

"That was my impulse," admitted the captain, "but every time I think of it, I think of the way he put one over on me, and I get mad all over again."

"What was the stunt again?" asked Laredo. The captain had been too excited when he first came in, and the

editor too sleepy, for the proper conveyance of ideas.

Bell explained about the veterinary picture. Laredo started to laugh, and then stopped suddenly.

"What do you know about that!" he exclaimed. "The boy has brains. Look! I've been trying for the past month to get some of the schools and their societies together so I could take their pictures for my Spring Day number. Never could get enough of any one of them to show up at any one time in any one place. But now the humble horse doctor has shown the way. They may not care much about pictures, and they may not care much about ball games, but I bet the two together will bring them out. See here! Is there a chemical engineer on the team? If there is——"

"Baker is a chemical engineer," said the captain. "What's that got to do with it?"

"I'll start with that school next week. He'll be the inducement to bring them out. I'll convince them that he is their hero, that he, a member of all the learned chemical societies, is the best ball player in school and that they must rally to his support, at the same time having their picture painlessly taken."

"I don't believe Baker is a member of any learned societies," said the captain dubiously. "He's pretty dumb."

"All athletes are members of all societies," stated Barry Laredo, the editor of the Franklin *Gazette*. "Don't belittle my idea. It's going to bring people to your baseball games."

"Maybe it is," said Bell, "but it isn't your idea. It's the idea of J. Edward Fry."

"Well, then, in gratitude you ought to let him play in the next game and bat the way he wants to. I'll take his picture at the plate."

"I'm going to," said the captain, "but not for that reason."

"You are? But I thought——"

"Think about your scheme," said Charlie Bell. "I hope it'll work."

Laredo looked at him closely. The captain suddenly seemed happier than he had for days.

"You've got a scheme of your own," said the editor suddenly.

"Maybe I have," said Charlie Bell. "Maybe I have. But I won't know for a long time whether it will work or not. I'll tell you, though, that it's a scheme that you've suggested to me just this minute."

He would say no more, advising the editor to get busy with his idea for bringing people to the next game to have their pictures taken, and expressing again a fervent wish that the idea would work.

IT did work. At the next game, the stands, even before the start of the first inning, showed a larger crowd than usual. The captain was not greatly surprised. Barry Laredo had a way of putting things over.

At the last minute he told the red-headed substitute that he could play and bat in the way he had learned at Plank Road Hollow.

"Do you really thing you can hit that way?" he asked.

"I do! I do!" said J. Edward Fry. "Just give me a chance. It'll take me a little while to get back to my old form, though, on account of having batted your way for so long."

"O. K.," said the captain. "Take your time."

It looked as if it would be necessary for the horse doctor to take his time. When he first came to bat, in the third inning, he struck out, almost grotesquely. But his strike-out had its compensations.

Up to the time he came to bat, the stands had been remarkably quiet. Then, when J. Edward Fry stepped to the plate and assumed his pose, they seemed to wake up. They cheered for

him derisively every time he swung, but the derision was good-natured, and it was also spontaneous.

"Say, was this your idea?" asked Barry Laredo of the captain, with whom, as usual, he was sitting on the bench.

"Was what my idea?"

"That letting the horse doctor bat in his own fashion would wake up the boys in the stands. This is just what they needed. They'll start yelling for him half in fun and the first thing you know they'll be taking an interest in the game and yelling for the team in earnest."

So it seemed to go. By the sixth inning something very much like enthusiasm was being shown and the team was responding to it.

"Pretty good, eh?" said the captain to Laredo. "This wasn't what I had in mind, but it helps just so much more. Only thing I'm worrying about is that the horse doctor will realize they are laughing at him and get sore."

The captain could have saved his worry. When the horse doctor came back from striking out the second time there was a complacent smile on his face. He had been cheered lustily and merrily.

"See?" he said. "I got 'em with me even when I strike out."

"Then that's all right," said the captain, aside to Laredo. "I can go ahead with my little stunt. It's working out better than I thought. Fry is satisfied, and apparently he is going to be the means of pleasing the crowds as well as doing the other thing I expect him to —if he does do it."

"What do you expect him to do?" asked Laredo.

"Wait and see," said Charlie Bell. "Wait and see. It'll take time."

SO Barry Laredo waited. It was not often that anything went on in the university that he did not know the answer to, and so he was doubly curious. In the meantime he applied himself to his work of getting the schools and their learned or honorary societies to the games to have their pictures taken. This, too, went well. The school of economics, the school of arts and science, all of the different engineering schools and their societies showed up to be snapped, stayed to see the game, to smile and cheer at the horse doctor, and came again. Franklin baseball games were getting a respectable turn-out, and the team was showing it.

Pleased as he was with this, the captain had at first one tiny worry. He wondered how the team and J. Edward Fry would get along together. At first several had intimated the captain must be crazy to discard Sam Davis for this uncouth vet, but Bell knew how to handle his men and the muttering soon ceased. What he really feared was when the men should start kidding Fry. This started soon enough, and he saw that his fears were groundless.

One day a few of the brighter wits, pretending that they did not know Fay could overhear them, started a discussion about the merits of the various schools of the university. They agreed that there might be merit in all of them.

"Excepting, of course," said Pete Dorman loudly, "the veterinary school. Who would be an animal doctor? Oh, I'm sorry, Fry. I didn't see you. Tell me, is it true that you can really diagnose the diseases of dumb beasts?"

"Sure," said the redhead. "Just describe your symptoms."

This was the beginning of a sort of popularity for the horse doctor. Having found it impossible to kid him in the ordinary way, they took to subtler means. They played up to his idea that he was Plank Road Hollow's gift to the baseball world and invited him around to their fraternity houses, saying the brothers were clamoring to meet him. Fry went innocently, but again there

was a reverse twist to the tomfoolery. Invited to sing, he produced a version of the song the Osceola rooters had sung—his Plank Road Hollow song—and accompanied it with a rustic dance. In ten minutes all the Tau Psi's were singing with him, or improvising the music on their banjos.

He knew similar songs, and sang them. He swapped smart cracks about being a vet as he had with Pete Dorman, and soon the boys began in earnest to ask their brothers on the team to have him around when there was need for some one to liven up an evening for them.

The captain was pleased to observe this and to observe another thing too. The horse doctor was actually having a good effect on the team. He was learning from them, and they were learning from him. He was acquiring neater ways of dressing, a milder manner of speaking, all the airs of a university man come up from the proper prep school. They, in turn, were acquiring something robust, something sincere and unashamed in spirit that he had brought from Plank Road Hollow. It did them good. It combined with the increased enthusiasm in the stands to work a change in them. They shouted and sang in the locker room, they talked it up in the field, they forgot to pretend to be bored, to be afraid of not showing good form. They began to act like a team.

BARRY LAREDO, being the bright lad that he was, observed all this, as well as the captain and spoke to him about it. It was at the beginning of the fourth game after the picture-taking campaign had started.

"Was this your scheme?" he asked again. "To build up morale by bringing an honest country boy into the team?"

"Nope," replied the captain, "although that helped."

"What was the scheme then?"

"I think you'll see in this game," replied Charlie Bell with a grin.

The game was with Tippecanoe, a team that always put its strongest defense against Franklin. They had, in the box, a veteran pitcher of renown, by the name of Penrose. For two innings Franklin was held powerless against his attack, and he mowed them down in one-two-three order. Then in the third, J. Edward Fry, occupying his usual place near the bottom of the batting order, came to the plate and assumed his pose.

The usual irreverent roar had hardly had time to ascend from the stands when the pitcher sent the first one over the plate. Started to send that is, for it never quite got over. J. Edward Fry swung awkwardly but powerfully, and the ball bounced just once before it hit the left-field wall. It was a neat three-bagger.

On the bench, Barry Laredo turned to look at the captain, with a question in his eyes, but the captain was on his way to the plate, where he soon smacked out the single that brought the horse doctor in for the first run.

"Hm!" said the editor of the Franklin *Gazette*.

He made the same remark several times later in the game, when the horse doctor hit respectively one double and one long sacrifice fly. Laredo did not linger to question the doctor then, but hurried off to find his photographer, who was there for the purpose of getting a few family groups of the Undergraduate Union. At Laredo's orders he desisted from that long enough to get several shots of J. Edward Fry at the plate in his most peculiar pose, and the horse doctor showed his appreciation by knocking out the single that was decisive in winning the game.

"Now you get your explanation," said Charlie Bell to the editor when it was all over. "Listen closely, for it is pretty subtle stuff for an editor to un-

derstand. You took some pictures of Fry at the plate to-day, didn't you? Remember saying you would do that long ago when we first discussed this picture stunt? That gave me the idea. I remembered how Zenith, which likes to be so scientific about their baseball, once were supposed to have taken motion pictures of our batters from the stands in order to study their style at their leisure, and how they bragged that because of that, they had solved the secret of Franklin batting and always knew what to expect. Other schools, including Tippecanoe, that played to-day, said the same thing, although, of course, they did not go in for the motion-picture stunt. They had veteran pitchers, though, who had pitched against us before, and who will come down here with their plans all laid out. Why not, says I to myself, give them a surprise. Put against them a batter whose style is radically different from the regular Franklin style? Why not, in other words, put up the horse doctor and see what happens? So I did, and you see what happened."

"But why didn't it happen before?" asked the editor.

"For two reasons. First, because it took some time for the horse doctor to hit his stride and get over his self-consciousness, and second, and most important, because the schools we have played earlier, with the exception of Highland and Osceola, were little schools that had not played us much before and had not previous ideas or plans about the Franklin style of batting. I was just as well satisfied that he did not do much against them, because they were easy to lick anyway, and because he did not call attention to himself, and so give away my stunt by batting well when it wasn't at all necessary."

"But he has called attention to himself now," said the editor. "There's a game yet before the Zenith game and they may rush over to look at him and so get wise."

"I know," said the captain with a worried frown. "But I don't know just what to do about it. We'll just have to take a chance, I suppose."

"Are you sure he will continue to bat as well as this?"

"As well or better. He's found himself."

"Oh, boy!" said Barry Laredo, with the first enthusiasm the captain had ever seen him express, "that Zenith game!"

J. EDWARD FRY did continue to bat as well or better, and those, who had once come to the games to be amused by him, were now more or less astonished. The limited and somewhat condescending popularity he had enjoyed before now became a real popularity that was campus wide. He began to be a big man in the school. He was elected to a fraternity. He was invited to parties and appointed to committees. He became, as Barry Laredo put it, a gilded undergraduate.

Captain Charles Bell did not realize how far this change had gone, until he was walking out of chapel next to a strange individual whom he seemed vaguely to remember. Oh, yes. It was the veterinary student who had come to Fry about the picture during the Osceola game. He seemed to want to speak to the captain. Probably wants to say something about his distinguished fellow sheep physician, thought Bell. I'll give him a break.

But the other needed no break. Before the captain could open his mouth he had spoken. It was indeed about his fellow vet.

"Is that big pain in the neck, Fry, still on your team?" he snapped.

"Why, of course," replied Bell in amazement. "But why call him a pain in the neck? I should think you boys would be proud of him."

"Proud, my eye," retorted the vet. "We were once, but not any more."

"What's the matter?"

"He's gotten too good for us, that's what's the matter. He's stuck up."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that."

"I would."

The veterinary student seemed so worked up about it the captain thought he would calm him down a bit. It would not do so well to have people going around saying things about his ball players.

"I'll admit he has changed some," he said. "He's just gotten a little more serious, that's all. You can't blame a man who has become as big on the campus as he has, for being a little more serious."

"How do you mean he has gotten more serious?" asked the other scornfully. "You mean he's ashamed to be himself."

The captain felt he wasn't doing so well. "Well, he doesn't clown around so much any more, I admit. He has cut out a few things like singing the Joshua Ebenezer song, and he even objects to other people singing it when he's around. I'll admit that, but——"

"That song was a big favorite with us veterinary boys," said the other sternly. They were now outside the chapel, and the vet student walked rapidly away, turning when about ten paces away to shout over his shoulder, "We were going to make it the regular Vet School song."

Charlie Bell got another and much more startling and important insight into the horse doctor one night about two weeks before the Zenith game—the game which was to make or mar the season. Fry and Barry Laredo were with the captain on one of the dozen committees which were running the Spring Day dance the night of the game, and they came around to the captain's fraternity house to discuss details. There was also an architectural student on the committee, put there for the purpose of doing the work. The others lent dignity.

"Oh, whatever you say," yawned Laredo after the architect had held forth for half an hour on the merits of one design of dance program as opposed to another, "whatever you say. Look, horse doctor, I've got something to show you."

"I wish you wouldn't call me horse doctor," said Fry.

"Why not?" the editor was surprised.

"Because it's silly, that's why not!"

"You used to like the nickname."

"Never mind what I used to like. What was it you were going to show me?"

"Here it is." The editor produced a large envelope and pulled a photograph from it. "Maybe this will make you feel better. I'm planning to run it as the cover on the Spring Day number of the *Gazette*."

It was a picture of J. Edward Fry at bat, and it showed all the peculiarities of the pose that had once caused mirth, and was now making baseball history. Its subject stared at it long and hard.

"Pretty nice, eh?" said Laredo.

But J. Edward Fry exhibited no pleasure. Instead he amazed both the editor and the captain for the second time that evening.

"Say, are you trying to kid me?" he demanded, his face red.

"Kid you? Of course not. What do you mean?"

"I don't look like that!"

"Of course you look like that. Doesn't he?" The editor appealed to the captain.

"Certainly."

"I don't!"

"You do. Look here." The editor showed some more photos. "These were taken at the same game, only that one turned out the best. They'll show you whether you look like that or not."

Fry studied them carefully, and his face, which had been red, actually became pale. He was plainly being convinced against his will.

"You can see now why I once tried to change your batting style," Bell said. "I was wrong, of course. That may look ridiculous, but it gets results."

Fry paid no attention to him..

"You can't print that picture!" he cried to Laredo. "I've got a girl coming up from Bryn Mawr on Spring Day and she'll see it sure. Think I want to be made to look like a monkey before her?"

"She'll see you at bat that way at the ball game, won't she?" retorted the editor.

The horse doctor stared at him a long time before replying. It was evident that he was thinking very hard.

"Maybe she will and maybe she won't," he said at length, and without another word he picked up his hat and walked out of the house.

"Now, I wonder what he meant by that," said Charles Bell to Barry Laredo.

HE found out the following day. There was a game then. When the horse doctor came to bat, he stood, not in the Plank Road Hollow position that had brought home runs, but in the upright and dignified manner that the captain had once tried to teach him. In that pose he surely looked more pleasing to the eye—even to the eye of the opposing pitcher. He struck out.

Bell remonstrated with him when he came back to the bench.

"You can't do this," he expostulated. "You're ruining everything. The Zenith game practically depends on you hitting, and if you bat this way you won't get a pop fly. Snap out of it!"

"Think I'm going to make a fool of myself?" retorted the other. "That might have been all right in the old days, but not any more. I've gotten to be too big a man in the school to be able to afford to make myself ridiculous. Thank goodness I found out about it in time!"

Then Bell lost his temper for the first time.

"Why, you conceited cow curer!" he exclaimed. "Of all——"

"There's another thing," broke in Fry. "You won't be able to call me a horse doctor much longer. I'm going to transfer to the pre-medical course next term. There's no class in being a vet."

The captain could not trust himself to speak. After a while he got command of himself and looked at the situation more philosophically. No use to get excited. A couple of strike-outs in this game would do no harm and would quickly bring the horse doctor to his senses. Then next week, at the all-important Zenith game, everything would be all right again.

There was even a good thing about the horse doctor's refusal to bat in his own peculiar style. At this game, if at any, Zenith would have its scouts—and these scouts would go back and report that the new Franklin hitting marvel batted just as did every one else at Franklin, and Zenith's pitchers would come down all unprepared for the big surprise that awaited them.

Or, said the captain to himself, that would await them if he could somehow get the horse doctor back into his Plank Road Hollow style of batting.

This task looked increasingly difficult as the horse doctor, after striking out twice and being put out easily once on a grounder, still persisted in batting in an upright fashion in practice the following week.

Charlie Bell was at his wits' end. What made things worse was the attitude of the men he met on the campus. It had been a long time since Franklin had had a baseball team that could beat Zenith, or that even looked as if it could. Then he, Charles Bell, as-

sisted by the publicity schemes of Barry Laredo and the Plank Road Hollow batting of J. Edward Fry, had built such a one and had forced the university to recognize it. All during that painful week before the Zenith game he could not help realizing that he was being accorded a respect and admiration that the captain of the baseball team had not received at Franklin for many a year—all because they expected him to beat Zenith.

And beating Zenith all depended on inducing the horse doctor to go back to his old style at bat. What was the miracle to bring that about?

THE day of the Zenith game finally dawned with the problem still unsolved. There was a crowd on the campus that day that would have thrilled Charlie Bell's heart at any other time. Being the most important game of the year the Zenith contest was played on Spring Day, when most of Franklin's pre-commencement affairs took place. House parties filled the fraternities to overflowing, and girls and old grads were everywhere. In the evening, everybody would go to the Spring Day ball, but in the afternoon they would all be at the stadium to see the team that that miracle man—so the *Gazette* had called him—that miracle man Charlie Bell had built up around the slugger J. Edward Fry.

Bell had writhed when he read the words "miracle man" in the *Gazette*. They appeared in a caption on the cover under a picture of himself in uniform.

"To think that I once thought of using a picture of that stuck-up steer surgeon!" said Barry Laredo bitterly.

The captain saw one other person that day who spoke bitterly of J. Edward Fry. It was the veterinary student—he never did learn his name—with whom he had had the conversation in chapel. He was loitering by the door of the training house as the captain came out, almost as if he had been waiting to speak to him.

"Is J. Ed. with the swell head going to play to-day?" he demanded without preliminaries.

"Of course."

"Going to show off in front of all of his new friends, and forget he was ever a vet?"

"Well——"

"Maybe he is," said the veterinary student, with a laugh of great mockery. "Maybe he is! Heh-heh-heh!"

With that, he disappeared in the crowd, leaving the captain with one more thing to puzzle about.

He could not puzzle about it long. A few minutes later he was tying on his shin guards and watching out of the corner of his eye the Zenith team at practice. They looked good, very good, but then they always did in practice before the Spring Day game. They had as stimulants, the crisp, blue weather, the great roar as their school cheered its champions by name one after the other, and above all the knowledge that for three years past they had beaten Franklin at this game of all games. Charlie Bell had a battle on his hands this day.

He also had a team to fight the battle with, if only the horse doctor would be himself.

Then, as usual, he forgot everything else in the grim struggle of the game itself. MacNeill, his pitcher, was in wonderful form, and the pride of the Zenith batting list went down in one-two-three order. So did the first three men up for Franklin—Dorman, Mitchell, and Baker. The second inning went the same way. Each man on both sides was pitching perfectly, but the captain knew that each was under terrific tension—a tension that would break under some sudden upset and throw the game to the other side. He prayed that when it came it would be in his favor.

This tension had transmitted itself to the stands. The cheering was slight.

A sudden burst would come when the ball was hit and would stop abruptly when it was perfectly played to first, to be followed by a cheer as brief for the put-out. Then the whole stadium would settle down grimly to watch for the deadlock to break.

Three innings passed. The horse doctor, back to his old place in the batting order, started the third. Batting in the pose that he hoped would bring approval from the girl from Bryn Mawr, he struck out.

"Next time he'll surely know better," said the captain to himself. "This time doesn't make such an awful lot of difference."

But it did, in a way the captain had not foreseen. Zenith had learned of the new slugger that the Franklin team had produced. It was true that their scouts reported that he had not shown much stuff in the game the previous week, but that might just be strategy and they had come, expecting to find him the worst threat against them. Then suddenly they saw him thrust to a low place on the batting order and striking out. Their reaction was swift and sure.

It was not quite the upset that the captain had feared, but he saw, with a sinking heart, that it was just as dangerous. Zenith had gotten just the spur it needed to break the deadlock. In the next inning, they pushed over a run and got two on bases. Franklin, trying desperately in its half, got one man on first, but that was all.

So it went in the fifth, sixth and the first half of the seventh. When Fry batted for the second time he still stuck to his pretty pose and fanned—and there was a man on third whom a hit would have brought in.

After that the Zenith runs came in faster. Franklin started their half of the seventh with the score 6—0 against them.

They were not licked yet, however. With startling suddenness they got two men on bases with none out. Charlie Bell felt a thrill of hope. It died as he realized that the horse doctor was next up.

The stands were silent now, watching tensely to see what the under dog would do with what was probably its last chance.

Then through the silence there came a strange sound. Away down beyond the left-field line on the Franklin side of the stadium a whole section was singing. Familiar the words were to Captain Bell's ears, and there was even something familiar about the way of singing. He looked hard.

A student was standing up and leading them. He recognized the student. It was the vengeful vet who had spoken to him outside the training house.

Strong and clear the words came:

"My name is Joshuay Ebenezer Fry!
I know a thing or two, you can bet your life I do—
Needn't try to fool me 'cause I'm too derned sly!"

In a flash—the captain—probably alone of all others there—realized what it was all about. The veterinary students were having their revenge on the man who had snubbed them. They were reminding the stuck-up, steer surgeon of what he had so foolishly tried to forget—his own honest self and the Plank Road Hollow past, of which he had been so proud.

"I'll be derned, the butter ain't churned!
Giddayup, Napoleon, it looks like rain!"

Charlie Bell looked at the horse doctor at the plate. He was shivering slightly, as once the captain had seen him shiver before. The Zenith pitcher burned over a strike and the catcher shot the ball back to him. It was obvious that both members of the battery realized that Fry was in some sort of daze. Immediately the pitcher put over another called strike.

A second verse of the song came loud and clear, a verse the captain had not heard before:

"My son Joshuay went to Philadelphia-ay,
Wouldn't do a day's work if he could.
Smokes cigarettes too, like the city fellers do——"

The Zenith pitcher was winding up now. Two on, but two strikes on the horse doctor and two weak batters to follow him. It looked like the end of the lucky seventh and of hope for Franklin.

"All he'll amount to is no derned good!"

At these words there happened what the captain had hoped for. For the second time that season the horse doctor gave a shake that shook off the Franklin style of batting. He bent his right leg and extended his left. He crouched over the plate and wrapped his bat around his neck. He was back in Plank Road Hollow again.

Then, when the pitcher burned over what he fondly hoped would be his last strike, Fry met it squarely.

A few seconds later he was standing on third base and Franklin had two runs.

This became three when Bell made a single that brought Fry in, and before the inning was finished the revitalized Franklin team thrilled the stands by tying the score.

Before the teams shifted places Bell went up to Fry and silently held out his hand. Fry took it and looked the captain in the eye—for the first time for many days.

"You realize what did it, don't you?" he said, nodding toward the stands, which, having got the idea, were singing the Joshuay song with great gusto.

Bell nodded in turn. "We've got this game sewed up, now," he said.

"You said it!" cried Fry, his face suddenly happy, and he started a few steps of the old rustic dance that had always accompanied the song. Then he stopped suddenly with a grimace of pain.

"What is it?" cried the captain anxiously.

Fry's face was white. "Twisted my leg or something sliding into third. Muscles seem sort of in a knot."

"Can you go on?"

"Yes, I can go on." Fry spoke between strained lips. "I got to go on. I almost lost this game for you by my foolishness, and now I'm going to win it. I can stand the pain. I guess its my punishment for being a fool. And after all," he grinned suddenly. "What good is a horse doctor if he can't lick a Charley horse?"

At those words the captain knew that somehow everything was going to be all right. And so it was, even though the stands wondered why J. Edward Fry wasn't able to stretch his hit in the ninth—the hit that won the game—into another three-bagger, and that night at the Spring Day dance, the girl from Bryn Mawr thought it strange that her red-headed escort, who was obviously the hero of the party and could have danced with all the girls there, wanted to spend most of his time sitting down.

# Speaking Of Cross-country—

**George Connors and Frank Kanaly, Yale University Track Coaches, Do the Speaking—and You'll Be Interested in What They Have to Say About the Hill-and-Dale Game.**

## By Handley Cross

THIS being cross-country time, I want to introduce to you two men who are highly enthusiastic about that branch of spiked-shoe sport, and who know as much about it as any two men you could find anywhere. Both of them are track coaches at Yale University. After I've properly introduced them, I'm going to make them do all the talking. If you'll listen to their conversation, you'll learn a good deal about the benefits of the hill-and-dale game, and a good deal of about how to train for it, and how to lay a good foundation for success on the cinder path.

Readers, meet Mr. George Connors.

Mr. Connors is a very small English gentleman, who first came to the United States forty-two years ago for the purpose of competing in one of the professional six-day go-as-you-please races that were then an exciting feature of New York's sporting life. Mr. Connors admits without bitterness that he didn't win that race—that it was won by a runner named James Albert. But, being here, he decided that America was a pretty good sort of place, so he further decided to stay here and work at his trade of professional running. There was plenty of professional track sport at that time, and he competed steadily for four years, running races at any distance over a mile. In 1892 he became connected with the Illinois Cycling Club, of Chicago, as track coach and football trainer—in those days athletic club football elevens met teams representing even the big colleges on an equal footing. In 1896 he became a track coach at Cornell University, and also trained the foootball squad. After four years in Ithaca, he moved on to the Carlisle Indian School, where Glenn S. Warner, whom he had known as a football player at Cornell, was in charge of the gridiron squad. In 1901 he became track coach at Phillips Exeter Academy, in Exeter, New Hampshire—a job which he filled for twenty-two years. During his last ten years at Exeter he developed twenty-eight boys who later won intercollegiate championships. In 1923 he became track coach at Yale—and he's been coaching the Blue's cinder-path performers and cross-country men, and training the Yale football squad, ever since then.

Now, readers, meet Mr. Frank Kanaly.

Mr. Kanaly is much larger, and a bit younger, than Mr. Connors. He comes from down Boston way, and started his track career as an amateur representing the Cambridgeport Gym.

He won the American five-mile championship at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. In 1902 he became a professional, and until 1907, when he was defeated by the great Alfred Shrubb, of Great Britain, he won all the American professional championships at distances from one-half mile to five miles. In 1910 he went to Great Britain, and won the British professional championships at one half, one, and one and one half miles. He started his coaching career back in 1904, when he became track coach at Colby College, in Waterville, Maine. Later on he coached at Tufts, and in 1907 he became physical director and track coach at Massachusetts Tech. He went to the University of Maine in the fall of 1923, and developed several outstanding cross-country men. He took up his present work at Yale in 1928.

Now that you know Mr. Connors and Mr. Kanaly, I'll step aside and let them do the talking. Imagine, please, that you are sitting in the Y Club in New Haven—an institution sacred to those who have won their "Y" in Yale athletics, and to their coaches—listening to the following after-luncheon conversation:

THE IMPORTANCE OF REGULAR HABITS.

KANALY: That was a mighty good luncheon to-day, George. Plain and simple—that's what I like. Of course, a whopping big meal is all right now and then—on Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas, and so on. But for a regular thing, you can't beat training-table fare.

CONNORS: I suppose you're right, Frank—but, to my mind, the real secret of proper diet is to learn what foods agree with you, and what foods disagree with you, and then to keep away from the things that don't like you, no matter how much you may like them.

KANALY: Right you are, George. But there's a lot in learning to eat properly. I've handled some boys who could learn anything you tried to teach them out there on the athletic field, but who couldn't—or wouldn't—learn to chew their food thoroughly. They were too busy to take sufficient time to eat their meals.

CONNORS: Yes, that's important, too. Good food that agrees with you, properly chewed—that's the foundation of good physical condition, whether you're going to run a Marathon, or you're going to sit at a desk all afternoon. That, and sufficient sleep. I tell the boys who are in training to get nine hours a night. That isn't too much.

KANALY: No, it isn't. Remember George Owens, of Harvard? He used to sleep twelve hours a night when he was in prep school.

CONNORS: Twelve hours? Well, every one doesn't need twelve hours between the sheets, but I don't think that any one can do their best work on less than eight hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. Sleep's a great thing for building up the body.

KANALY: And building up the body is what every track athlete should try to do. The fellow who tries to do all his running with his legs isn't going to run very fast, or very far. Every time a kid comes to me and says that he wants to be a runner, I tell him to get busy building up his body. To do some real deep breathing, at an open window, as soon as he gets up in the morning, and to follow that with some light exercises. And after the boys have finished their training on the track, I want them to do a little work with the chest weights.

CONNORS: Yes, some good, fresh air in the lungs is a lot better as a bracer, and as a preparation for the day, than an ice-cold bath.

KANALY: All the bathing an athlete needs to do in the morning, he can do with a wet towel.

CONNORS: Right! But a shower after training is all right. Here's an

odd thing that I've noticed a great many times since I've been coaching and training athletes. A lot of boys are very particular about getting their baths, but they aren't nearly so particular about keeping their feet immaculately clean. They'll walk bare-footed from the showers to their lockers, over a floor that perhaps isn't too clean, and then pull on their sox. About the first thing that a track man should watch is his feet. He should keep them one-hundred-per-cent clean—use a tub bath to do it. And he should take good care of his toe nails—keep them cut to just the right length. Being careful in those little things helps a lot.

KANALY: There's another way in which being careful helps a lot—in getting rid of the waste products of the body. Regularity of habits in that respect is as important as proper food and sufficient sleep.

CONNORS: It takes will power to keep yourself up to the notch in those little things. That's what a lot of the boys to-day lack—will power. Perhaps it's because life has been made too easy for them. If we had fewer automobiles, and our boys had to do a lot more walking than they do, we'd have fewer brittle athletes.

KANALY: Right! We all should do more walking, and the youngsters should do more running than they do. What made Clarence de Mar a great marathon runner? Why, running—lots of running—running every day! What made Alfred Shrubb and Paavo Nurmi world-beating distance runners? Running—lots of slow, easy running.

ABOUT CROSS-COUNTRY.

CONNORS: We used to do a lot of walking when I was a youngster in England. Many a time I've walked with some other fellows for fifteen miles early in the morning of a Sunday, had a breakfast consisting of two duck eggs, some bread, some watercress, and tea, and then walked the same distance home. And we did lots of running—cross-country running, which is the best running of all. Why, one of my first jobs was with the Spartan Harriers, in London. They had a hare-and-hounds run every Saturday of the season, and there usually would be a hundred and fifty or so runners out. My job was to take the bags out—lay the trail of paper scent. I liked that—I'd go over some plowed land every now and then, just to give the hounds something to remember! That was tough going for them—they had to have their shoes laced tight to keep from losing them. That was a popular and successful club, but it didn't go in for luxuries. We didn't have fancy shower baths in those days. What we did have was two big hogsheads cut in half, and filled with warm water. After the run, every one took a dip in them.

KANALY: Cross-country running, whether it's playing hare and hounds or racing, is a great game. Too bad that there is so much rot talked about it. That's partly the fault of the press photographers—they think that a cross-country runner collapsing as he finishes makes a good picture. Maybe it does, from the newspaper angle, but it gives people a wrong impression of the sport. And it's partly the athletes' fault, too. Some of the boys—especially boys of high-school age—like to do a little grandstanding now and then. Some of them have a bad habit of putting on a thrilling collapse act when they are beaten. When I was coaching at the University of Maine, we held an inter-scholastic cross-country run each fall, for the Maine high schools. One year we gave the runners, and their coaches, a dinner the night before the race. I got up at that dinner and said some plain words about faking—told the boys that it was good sportsmanship to keep on going, no matter how they felt; in fact, that if they were all in they should dis-

guise their condition from their competitors, and keep right on running. It snowed that night, and next morning the course was a sea of wet snow and slush—conditions were just about as bad as you'll ever see them in the cross-country game. In spite of that, every boy who started that race finished it, and there wasn't a single runner down at the finish!

CONNORS: Oh, there's nothing in properly supervised cross-country running that will hurt any able-bodied boy. There's nothing in any properly supervised track athletics that will hurt him. Trouble is, in a lot of schools they don't have proper supervision.

KANALY: That *is* the trouble. Cross-country work is good for a growing youngster, but long races on the track, or on roads, aren't good for him. I don't think that any boy who is under sixteen should be allowed to run more than a mile on the track. And boys should keep out of long road races until they are nineteen or twenty years old.

CONNORS: Yes, the mile race should be the limit for boys of high-school age. But I think that the biggest mistake made by high-school coaches is letting boys who are good enter too many events on the same day. It takes a grown man to go through several events on the same day without being hurt. You've noticed, of course, that fellows who win the Olympic Games decathlon always are twenty-five, or older.

KANALY: Another mistake of some high-school track coaches is to let their boys enter too many meets. There's too much competition.

CONNORS: Yes—and then some people wonder why so many boys who have been good in school fail to get better when they get to college. They are burned out, that's why—burned out by too much competition in school. At Exeter we had the right sort of supervision of athletics. Can you think of one Exeter boy who was good at school and then didn't make good at college?

KANALY: No, I can't.

TRAINING FOR CROSS-COUNTRY.

CONNORS: I've seen a lot of good runners get their start running cross-country. Remember John Paul Jones, who was a record-breaking miler while he was at Cornell? Well, I started him out running two-and-one-half-mile cross-country jaunts at Exeter. Had him run cross-country, and pay strict attention to good form while he was doing it. That laid the foundation for his success on the track, I think.

KANALY: Cross-country running is a great thing for eliminating faults in form. When the going gets hard, the boys soon learn to do away with those movements of the legs and body that don't help to get them over the ground. And, when you come right down to cases, that's good running form—getting rid of the waste motion!

CONNORS: You've walked up the hill to the Cornell campus, Frank. Remember how steep it is? Well, in the old days, when maybe we thought more about winning and less about sportsmanship than we do now, we used to beat visiting teams by getting them to walk up that hill. Our boys were used to it, of course. We used to win our cross-country races on the hills. Sometimes Pennsylvania had us licked badly on the flat, but we made up for it on the up-and-down going.

KANALY: Training for cross-country is just as important as training for any other sort of running. To get good, you've got to get out there and do a lot of running.

CONNORS: Certainly not less than four days a week. And on the days that the boys don't run, they should do some walking.

KANALY: The boys should do their long work in the early part of the week. For a fellow training for a three or

four-mile cross-country race, I'd say that he should start the week with a jog of two miles on the course. Then he might go over the entire course, easily, the next day that he trains. Then, later on in the week, some speed work. You can't say just how far or how fast without knowing the boy. Whoever he is, he shouldn't run too many time trials. Paavo Nurmi is a fellow who knows his running, and he'd run only two or three time trials in six weeks of training. When he was training for the miles he'd do a lot of easy jogging, and then run three quarters of a mile at a little faster pace than his mile racing pace. Boys who are training for cross-country would do well to follow his example.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

CONNORS: There isn't anything better than playing hare and hounds to develop cross-country men—or runners of any sort, for that matter. Hare and hounds is a traditional game here at Yale. They had a Hare and Hounds Club before I came here, and it's a good bet that they will have one long after you and I have gone, Frank. There's plenty of real interest in the sport. The boys know that hare and hounds will keep any one in good condition. We start the season with two or three-mile runs, and work up to eight or nine miles before the weather gets too bad for running. That's considerably longer than the intercollegiate cross-country race, but it's an easier game—the "checks" when the hounds lose the paper trail give the boys a chance to rest. About a mile from home—never more than a mile—the hares drop the paper-carrying bag, and when the hounds come up to the bag they line up and race home. They score according to how they place at the finish, and at the end of the season there's a trophy for the fellow with the best record.

KANALY: Yes, hare and hounds is popular here at Yale, and it should be popular every place. I'd like to see hare and hounds clubs organized in every town in America. The smallest town should have one. I'm a firm believer in encouraging the country boy to do some running. He needs it almost as much as the city boy—more, maybe, because he has fewer chances to play active games.

CONNORS: You are dead right, Frank Running and walking are the basis of track success, and they also are the best and easiest methods of getting and staying in good condition. Training for health is even more important than training to win races, and running and walking will bring health to any one, unless he happens to have a bad heart. Trouble is, it's getting harder and harder, in this automobile age, to find a decent place to walk. Concrete roads, with cars whizzing past every five seconds, aren't so good. But there are a few little-used dirt roads left in the rural districts, and parks with good walks in them in most of our cities. Walking on turf is the best of all—and I've found that they will let you walk over some golf courses, if you are careful to keep off the greens. I wish that we could get our Yale athletes to do more walking. I do get the distance runners out for long hikes on Sunday afternoons. But during the week there isn't much time. I'd like to have the football men walk home from the field after practice—it would be a lot better for them than riding home in the bus.

KANALY: Right! Using your legs is the way to get strong legs—and a strong body. George, what's your idea of the most beneficial sort of running?

CONNORS: Cross-country running! What is yours?

KANALY: Cross-country running!

**An interview with Major Frank Cavanaugh, football coach at Fordham University, will appear in the next issue.**



# The Announcer

## A Sport Calendar

**October 11th**

EAST: Yale v. Georgia, New Haven; Carnegie Tech vs. Georgia Tech, Pittsburgh; Harvard vs. Springfield, Cambridge; Princeton vs. Brown, Princeton; Pennsylvania vs. Virginia, Philadelphia; Army vs. Swarthmore, West Point; New York University vs. Villanova, New York; Syracuse vs. Rutgers, Syracuse; Penn State vs. Marshall, State College; Dartmouth vs. Boston University, Hanover; Holy Cross vs. Catholic University, Worcester; Amherst vs. Union, Amherst; Cornell vs. Hampton-Sidney, Ithaca; West Virginia vs. Washington and Lee, Charleston; Temple vs. Bucknell, Philadelphia; Bowdoin vs. Williams, Brunswick; Georgetown vs. West Virginia Wesleyan, Washington; Johns Hopkins vs. Lehigh, Baltimore; Columbia vs. Wesleyan, New York; Tufts vs. Colby, Medford; Colgate vs. Lafayette, Hamilton; Albright vs. Mt. St. Mary, Reading; Hobart vs. St. Lawrence, Geneva; American vs. Gallaudet, Washington; Dickinson vs. Ursinus, Carlisle; Bates vs. Norwich, Lewiston; Haverford vs. Susquehanna, Haverford; Loyola vs. Washington College, Baltimore; Vermont vs. Coast Guard Academy, Burlington; Maine vs. Connecticut Aggies, Orono; Muhlenberg vs. Lebanon Valley, Allentown; Western Maryland vs. St. John, Baltimore; Drexel vs. Juniata, Philadelphia; Hamilton vs. Rochester, Clinton; Lowell Textile vs. New Hampshire, Lowell; New York Aggies vs. Long Island University, Farmingdale; Upsala vs. Cooper Union, East Orange; Rensselaer vs. Clarkson, Troy; Franklin-Marshall vs. St. Joseph, Lancaster; Gettysburg vs. Pennsylvania Military College, Gettysburg; St. Thomas vs. St. Vincent, Scranton.

WEST: Minnesota vs. Stanford, Minneapolis; Notre Dame vs. Navy, South Bend; Wisconsin vs. Chicago, Madison; Michigan vs. Purdue, Ann Arbor; Oklahoma vs. Nebraska, Norman; Northwestern vs. Ohio State, Evanston; Illinois vs. Butler, Urbana; Indiana vs. Oklahoma Aggies, Bloomington; Haskell vs. Kansas, Lawrence; Iowa vs. Centenary, Iowa City; Nevada vs. Santa Clara, Reno; Washburn vs. Pittsburgh, Topeka; North Dakota State vs. South Dakota, Fargo; Michigan State vs. Cincinnati, East Lansing; Adrian vs. Manchester, Adrian; Denver vs. Colorado Aggies, Denver; Hiram vs. Otterbein, Hiram; Loyola vs. Duquesne, Chicago; Akron vs. Kent State, Akron; Colorado College vs. Western State, Colorado Springs; Greeley vs. Brigham Young, Greeley; Knox vs. Lake Forest, Galesburg; Dayton vs. Ohio Wesleyan, Dayton; Monmouth vs. Illinois College, Monmouth; North Dakota vs. Morningside, Grand Forks; Washington University vs. William Jewell, St. Louis; Oberlin vs. Case, Oberlin; Wittenberg vs. Washington and Jefferson, Springfield; Wooster vs. Baldwin-Wallace, Wooster; Wyoming vs. Montana State, Laramie; Augsburg vs. Gustavus Adolphus, Minneapolis; Hamline vs. Carleton, St. Paul; Kalamazoo vs. Hillsdale, Kalamazoo; Augustana vs. St. Ambrose, Rock Island; Defiance vs. Toledo, Defiance; Miami vs. Kentucky Wesleyan, Oxford; Rose Poly vs. Valparaiso, Terre Haute; Utah Aggies vs. Colorado, Logan; St. Louis vs. Missouri, St. Louis; Cornell College vs. Ripon, Mt. Vernon; Thiel vs. Geneva, Greenville; St. Thomas vs. Dakota Wesleyan, St. Paul; Ypsilanti vs. College of the City of Detroit, Ypsilanti.

SOUTH: Vanderbilt vs. V. P. I., Nashville; Alabama vs. Sewanee, Birmingham; Florida vs. Alabama Poly, Jacksonville; Tennessee vs. Mississippi, Knoxville; Birmingham Southern vs. Union University, Birmingham; Texas Aggies vs. Tulane, Dallas; Citadel vs. V. M. I., Charleston; Texas vs. Howard Payne, Austin; Kentucky vs. Maryville, Lexington; Rice vs. Arizona, Houston; Baylor vs. Trinity, Waco; William and Mary vs. Wofford, Wil-

liamsburg; Carson-Newman vs. Milligan, Jefferson City; Duke vs. Davidson, Durham; Richmond vs. Lynchburg, Richmond; Texas Christian vs. Arkansas, Fort Worth; Southwestern vs. Howard, Memphis; Loyola vs. Daniel Baker, New Orleans; Chattanooga vs. Centre, Chattanooga.

PACIFIC COAST: Washington State vs. Southern California, Pullman; California vs. St. Mary, Berkeley; Washington vs. Idaho, Seattle; Oregon State vs. California Aggies, Corvallis; California Tech vs. La Verne, Pasadena; California, Southern Branch vs. Pomona, Los Angeles; College of Puget Sound vs. College of Idaho, Tacoma; Whittier vs. Occidental, Pasadena; Redlands vs. Santa Barbara, Redlands; San Diego vs. California Christian, San Diego.

**October 18th**

EAST: Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge; New York University vs. Missouri, New York; Princeton vs. Cornell, Princeton; Yale vs. Brown, New Haven; Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, Syracuse; Dartmouth vs. Columbia, Hanover; Bowdoin vs. Tufts, Brunswick; George Washington vs. South Dakota, Washington; Lafayette vs. Penn State, Easton; Rochester vs. Wesleyan, Rochester; Williams vs. Hobart, Williamstown; Villanova vs. Boston College, Villanova; Bucknell vs. St. Thomas, Lewisburg; Holy Cross vs. Fordham, Worcester; New Hampshire vs. Maine, Durham; Swarthmore vs. Washington College, Swarthmore; Western Maryland vs. Georgetown, Baltimore; Springfield vs. Lebanon Valley, Springfield; Union vs. Vermont, Schenectady; Worcester vs. Amherst, Worcester; Temple vs. Washington and Jefferson, Philadelphia; Lehigh vs. Gettysburg, Bethlehem; Boston University vs. Middlebury, Boston; Niagara vs. St. Lawrence, Niagara Falls; Connecticut Aggies vs. Trinity, Storrs; Haverford vs. Kenyon, Haverford; Manhattan vs. Rensselaer, New York; Norwich vs. Coast Guard Academy, Northfield; Rutgers vs. Johns Hopkins, New Brunswick; Ursinus vs. Franklin-Marshall, Collegeville; Thiel vs. Allegheny, Greenville; Buffalo vs. Hamilton, Buffalo; Dickinson vs. Muhlenberg, Carlisle; Maryland vs. St. John, College Park; Catholic University vs. Loyola (Baltimore), Washington; Duquesne vs. Howard, Pittsburgh; Mount St. Mary vs. Baltimore, Emmitsburg; Pennsylvania Military College vs. St. Joseph, Chester; West Virginia Wesleyan vs. Glenville, Buckhannon; St. John vs. Drexel, Brooklyn; Colby vs. Lowell Textile, Waterville; Rhode Island vs. Bates, Kingston; Providence vs. Clarkson, Providence; College of the City of New York vs. Massachusetts Aggies, New York.

WEST: Notre Dame vs. Carnegie Tech, South Bend; Wisconsin vs. Pennsylvania, Madison; Chicago vs. Florida, Chicago; Illinois vs. Northwestern, Urbana; Michigan State vs. Colgate, East Lansing; Ohio State vs. Michigan, Columbus; Minnesota vs. Indiana, Minneapolis; Idaho vs. Whitman, Moscow; Iowa State vs. Nebraska, Ames; Utah vs. Brigham Young, Salt Lake City; Montana vs. Montana State, Butte; North Dakota vs. South Dakota State, Grand Forks; Iowa vs. Washington University, Iowa City; Kansas Aggies vs. Kansas, Manhattan; Wooster vs. Akron, Wooster; Knox vs. Augustana, Galesburg; Wittenberg vs. Heidelberg, Springfield; Drake vs. Grinnell, Des Moines; Carleton vs. St. Olaf, Carleton; Gustavus Adolphus vs. St. Thomas, St. Peter; Case vs. Kent, Cleveland; Creighton vs. Marquette, Omaha; Nevada vs. College of Pacific, Reno; Washington University vs. Westminster, St. Louis; Morningside vs. North Dakota Aggies, Sioux City; New Mexico vs. New Mexico Mines, Albuquerque; Cincinnati vs. Ohio Wesleyan, Cincinnati; Colorado vs. Colorado Mines, Boulder; Denison vs. Miami, Granville; Hanover vs. Rose Poly, Hanover.

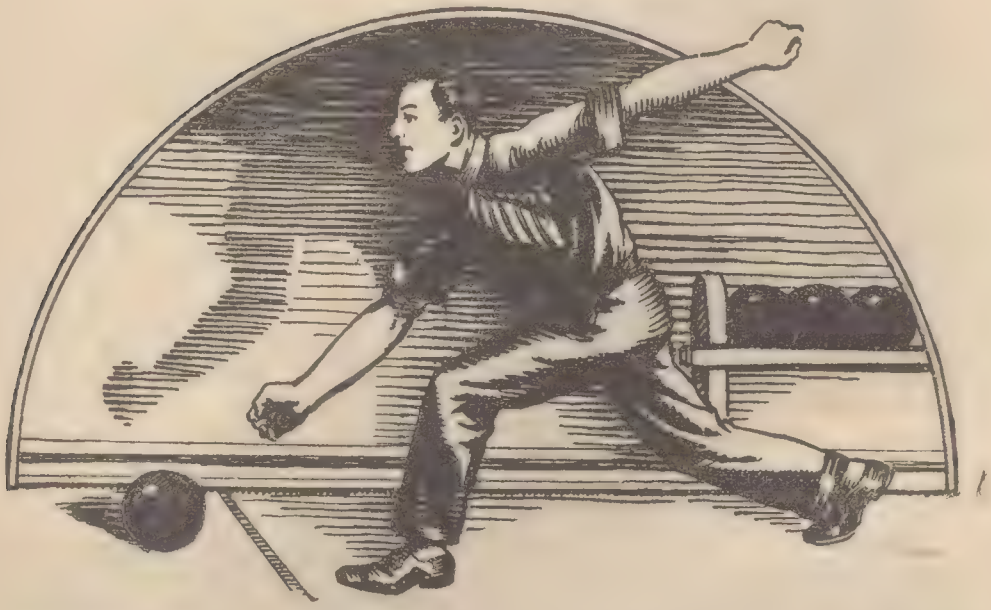
SOUTH: Alabama vs. Tennessee, Tuscaloosa; Georgia vs. North Carolina, Athens; Georgia Tech vs. Alabama Poly, Atlanta; Baylor vs. Southern Methodist, Waco; V. M. I. vs. Virginia, Lexington; Kentucky vs. Washington and Lee, Lexington; Tulane vs. Birmingham Southern, New Orleans; Vanderbilt vs. Spring Hill, Nashville; William and Mary vs. V. P. I., Richmond; Centenary vs. Stetson, Shreveport; Roanoke vs. Richmond, Roanoke; Davidson vs. Citadel, Charlotte; Mississippi Aggies vs. Louisiana, Jackson; Chattanooga vs. Mercer, Chattanooga; Texas Aggies vs. Texas Christian, College Station; Texas vs. Oklahoma, Dallas.

PACIFIC COAST: Stanford vs. Oregon State, Palo Alto; California vs. Olympic Club, Berkeley; Oregon vs. Washington, Portland; Southern California vs. Utah Aggies, Los Angeles; Gonzaga vs. Washington State, Spokane; California Tech vs. Pomona, Pasadena; California, Southern Branch, vs. St. Mary, Los Angeles.

INTERNATIONAL: Mexico University vs. Union University, of Tennessee, Mexico City.

# The Dodo

## By Kingsley Moses



ONE round of caddying for young Dodsleigh had been enough for Tommy Burr. Clement was the sort of a golfer who hits a terribly long ball—if you measure the total flight, not the distance from tee to green. He had been known to drive a ball that would carry two hundred and fifty yards—one hundred over the fairway and one hundred and fifty over the rough.

"If you'd keep your eye on it, caddy," Clement had complained when, on a terrific slice, his shot had hit some trees and dropped out of bounds into a pasture, "you might find a ball once in a while."

Tommy hadn't said anything to that. He had caddied long enough to be pretty thoroughly hardened to the crabbing of short- sports. It's part of the medicine a first-class caddy has to take. But when, at the end of the round, young Dodsleigh snarled: "There's your dollar. You don't get a cent tip. You lost too many balls," Tommy couldn't help replying perfectly seriously: "No, you lost the balls. I just didn't find all of them."

Dodsleigh's three companions roared at that, and young Clement couldn't find an appropriate retort. He complained to the caddy master about that "fresh young Burr," and the caddy master said: "Sorry, Mr. Dodsleigh. I'll speak to him, of course." And, of course, didn't. High-class caddies are hard to come by.

But, thenceforward, young Dodsleigh tried to ignore Tommy Burr, and Tommy assisted him by carefully remaining out of sight behind the caddy house whenever Clement issued from the locker room. It was not until the

late fall that chance brought them once more together. Dodsleigh was back from his junior year at college for the Thanksgiving holidays. Tommy, who was a couple of years younger, was working as clerk, runner, process server and general handy man for Judge Rufus Farraday. Some day he hoped to take the bar examinations, though college and law school were beyond his means.

The Clam Harbor Country Club crowd went in for bowling in the fall and winter, and on Wednesday and Friday nights ladies as well as gentlemen patronized the two good alleys which the club had installed. Tommy Burr could, and did, make five or six dollars a week as pin boy. And, on this night after Thanksgiving Day, he had been worked long and hard. There were many house parties at Clam Harbor and a dozen extra guests. Every one was enthusiastic about bowling—fine sport that it is, combining as it does keen competition and real exercise without undue physical fatigue. No one wished to go home.

Eventually, however, toward midnight, the ladies began to drift away, and only half a dozen of the more indefatigable men members remained. These were all middle-aged men of forty or over, two famous football stars, an ex-champion at tennis, a polo player and Judge Farraday and Clement Dodsleigh, senior.

And Dodsleigh, senior, president of the Treaty Ports Trading Co., and reputed to be enormously rich, fancied himself as a bowler. "Let's have one more string, Rufe," he suggested to Judge Farraday, who was general counsel for the Treaty Ports Co. "I'll take Black and Paige," indicating the football men, "and you take Keenan and Kent, and we'll roll a game for three hundred a side. That'll be a hundred apiece for each one of us."

Judge Rufus Farraday was well to do, but he was no reckless gambler and he knew that both his guests, Kent and Keenan, had expensive families to support. "Make it for thirty dollars a side—ten dollars apiece—and you're on, Clem," he answered. "Willful waste makes woeful want, I was taught in Sunday school!"

"O. K., yuh old nickel nurser," agreed the Treaty Ports president. "Hey," he shouted down the shining alley, "set 'em up again."

Tommy Burr slid from his perch on the shelf above the rear swinging cushion of the south alley, scooped an armful of pins from the pit and began to spot them. He was dead tired, a pin boy's task is a back-breaking job, and Tommy had been at it for four consecutive hours. The south alley set, he vaulted over the partition into the north alley.

"Hey," Dodsleigh shouted, "where's the other pin boy?"

"Gone home, sir."

"The devil! Well, you can't work both alleys. Hi, Merck!" The almighty Dodsleigh bawled for the steward. But that functionary had temporarily vanished, and young Clem Dodsleigh chose that inopportune moment to return from seeing one of his several girls home. "You get down there in the pits and set 'em up for one game," his father promptly directed.

That, you may imagine, made no hit with young Clement. He was willing to wrench his back and shoulder muscles all night bowling, but when it came to employing the same muscles setting up pins—— He was about to object indignantly when it occurred to him that he was going to have to strike the old man for about fifty dollars to-morrow morning—if he wanted to have any party money for Saturday night.

"Sure thing, dad!" he replied, therefore, forcing a pretty fair imitation of a grin. At the end of the alley he didn't bother about speaking to Tommy Burr.

Politeness to pin boys had nothing to do with wrangling a fifty-dollar bill out of his father.

Kent and Black bowled, Keenan and Paige, then the judge and Dodsleigh. All got spares except Dodsleigh, who crashed out a strike and was consequently exuberant. The two boys in the pits worked fast and silently.

When the fifth frame was filled the board showed a total of 252 for the three-man team of Judge Farraday, an even 240 for the Dodsleighs. They were all rolling very consistently, not getting a high percentage of strikes, but running into few splits and completing all their spares nicely. Good, average bowlers they all were, running from about 160 to 210 usually.

They came into the ninth frame still with only a dozen or so points separating them. A couple of consecutive strikes by any one player would certainly win the contest. Kent and Keenan, Black and Paige, all spared on their ninth frame. Judge Farraday followed suit in Tommy's alley. He had left the 7 pin standing, the one in the extreme corner, and Tommy had gasped as he saw the ball working over perilously toward the left-hand gutter. It did find the gutter, indeed, before it dropped in the pit, but not until it had just ticked the 7-pin over.

Here was Mr. Dodsleigh's big chance. A strike here and in the tenth frame would leave him, and his team, sitting pretty. He was bowling in the north alley, where his son was setting pins.

Tommy, working fast, had just spotted his own pins when he saw Mr. Dodsleigh deliver his ball. Tommy watched the big sixteen-pound missile come sliding down the yellow lane; a slow ball, but with a nice hook on it. And it was only by chance that he now happened to glance at the pins in the other alley. The rolling ball exercises a certain hypnotic power which usually keeps all eyes glued upon it.

But Tommy did look at the pins young Dodsleigh had set up. And he saw a surprising thing. The back row of pins—the 7, 8, 9, 10—were not on their spots, but stood a good two inches back of their proper position, balanced right at the rim of the pit. Obviously they had been so placed deliberately; one or two pins out of position could be easily understood. But all four incorrectly placed——

In the instant before the ball struck, though, Tommy could not, for the life of him, figure out what advantage for his father young Clement had hoped to gain by this phony arrangement. There was just that much less chance of the four rear pins being downed by the fall of the others. Didn't seem to make sense. Young Clement's own swift action did, however.

It was a clever trick. Sitting on the shelf above the swinging cushion at the rear of the pit, young Dodsleigh had bent his knee and shoved his heel back hard against the cushion. The push of the heel was timed for just the instant before the bowling ball curved into the head pin. In the observers' interest in watching the fall of the pins no one of them would be likely to be watching the padded cushion at the end of the pit. There is a fascination in the spectacle of the pinfall which naturally concentrates attention. When, therefore, the cushion swung out, upon the release of the pressure of young Clement's heel, who would notice that it was the cushion, not the ball, which had mowed down the rear line of pins? Young Dodsleigh was not permitting his fathers' strike to depend upon mere, fickle chance!

For strike it was. And a great advantage for the Dodsleigh team.

"Say, don't do that!" Tommy protested. "That's a——"

"Aw, pipe down!" answered Clem out of the corner of his mouth. "What do you think I'm here for, kid!"

"Bet your father doesn't know you're doing it," Tom replied, spotting his pins fast.

"I get the results just the same." Clem swung up to his seat. Tommy, deliberately spotting his last two or three pins with elaborate care, tried to think what to do. He could tell Judge Farraday, of course. He doubted, though, that there would be any sense in such an action. The judge was not the man, certainly, to make a row in a friendly game, even if he accepted Tommy's word against the word of his friend's son.

Well, it couldn't happen again. Mr. Dodsleigh's team had to bowl their last frame in Tommy's alley, according to the rules which demand alteration every frame. Tom had to let the thing go, even though it cost his friend the match.

It did. Mr. Dodsleigh's spare in the tenth frame, and the nine pins he added in the eleventh frame, were just enough to top the Farraday team by two pins total.

"I'd sure like to take it out of your hide, Dodsleigh!" Tommy growled, as the last ball thumped into the pit. Tom meant it, too, though the other boy was two years older and twenty pounds heavier.

"You and who else, kid," grinned Clement over his shoulder, but taking the precaution to move up the alley toward the protection of his father's companions.

IT can be understood that the next summer when the two young men found themselves together in the Treaty Ports' big office building on the docks they did little fraternizing. They saw each other often enough, as the offices of the general counsel and of the president were situated on the same floor, and as Tommy was still with Judge Farraday while Clem was supposed to be learning the business of the company directly under his father's eye. There was no unnecessary chat on either side.

It did happen, nevertheless, that the two came together occasionally outside the office. The business of the Treaty Ports Co. was at its peak during the summer months. Its vessels came in constantly from the Orient, and none of the company's juniors got vacations in the hot weather, or even week-end holidays.

It was Clem Dodsleigh's first taste of real work, and, needless to say, he didn't enjoy it. But he was permitted no choice in the matter. It was his father's determination to fit his son for the position of general manager of the company in China—a post requiring initiative and courage as well as thorough knowledge of the business. The president of the Treaty Ports Co., safe and comfortable in his home office, was like the general of an army in his headquarters far to the rear, but the manager in China was like the captain who must actually lead his platoons over the top and deal directly with the enemy.

Clem, like any other young man, was eager enough for the great opportunity for adventure and fame which the Chinese job offered. But the tedious preparations and training for the venture galled him, and, as was only natural, he missed the beach parties and golf and country club festivities to which he had always been accustomed. His only recreation during that long summer was two or three evenings a week of bowling at the big Strike and Spare Alleys.

Here it was that he naturally ran across Tommy Burr.

For a couple of months they never happened to bowl together, Clem Dodsleigh preferring to play in the open game where the bets often ran high, while Tommy stuck to the companionship of his clerk friends who usually played for not more than a quarter or fifty cents a side.

But one hot night in August Tommy

had no hankering to go home, and, after his usual game was done, sat and watched the progress of the open game where the consistent "200" bowlers habitually gathered. Clem was in the game, was doing well. In the open game every man puts up his entry—fifty cents, a dollar, even ten dollars. The high man of the game then takes all. Tommy noticed that of four games rolled Clem Dodsleigh had been high man in two.

The contestants in the open game drifted away one by one toward midnight. The three who were left hesitated as to whether it was worth while to begin another string. Tom knew the other two beside Clem. One was a rather famous professional bowler called Ruef, the other, a very different type, a studious-looking chap named Parker who was, in fact, the private secretary and confidential man to the president of the International City Bank. They had grinned when the slender Parker first appeared at the Strike and Spare Alleys, then gaped as he rolled off 269, and learned presently that this quiet young man had once been intercollegiate gymnastic champion.

It was Parker now who spoke to Tommy. "Want to join us, Burr? A couple of strings before we turn in."

Tommy was rather pleased. He liked and rather admired Parker, with whom he'd had some formal dealings, as the Treaty Ports Co. banked with the International City.

"Sure, I'd like to. What's the tariff?"

"Only fifty," Clem Dodsleigh answered superciliously. "Winner takes the pot, of course."

Tommy nodded, and the contest began, all bowling strongly, and not one missing entirely until the sixth frame when both Parker and Ruef got 7-10 splits. Those are ruination, and will put any bowler out of the running unless he can tack up a string of strikes immediately. This, neither Parker nor Ruef could do. While Clem Dodsleigh and Tommy proceeded serenely without a break.

When the seventh frame was filled in the score showed: Dodsleigh 145, Tommy Burr 142. The eighth: Dodsleigh 165, Burr 161. The ninth: Dodsleigh 184, Burr 181.

On the tenth frame Dodsleigh had only spared, his first ball toppling but nine pins, while Tommy had struck. Clem had but one extra ball, therefore Tommy had two.

And Dodsleigh again rolled a nine. That filled out his string for the very respectable total of 203.

Tommy stepped to the foul line with the ball which must decide the contest.

Parker and Ruef were well out of it, with scores far short of 200. Tommy, with 181 in the ninth frame and a strike in the tenth frame, had just one chance. He had to strike with this ball and get a chance at another fresh set-up. If he had to use two balls in this eleventh frame he would finish with a total of 201. Good, but not enough.

Tommy was satisfied that in this, his first session with fast company, he had done well. The fifty cents wasn't to be considered. It really didn't matter a lot whether he made this strike or not. Still, with all his heart, he wanted to do his best. Carefully he wiped his hands with the much-abused alley towel, weighted his smooth black ball carefully in both hands. He wouldn't try to blast the pins from the alley, a smooth, accurate ball would be just as effective.

Sighting carefully, he just walked three easy steps forward. His delivery was quite without effort.

The ball sped smoothly down the alley, appearing to slide rather than roll. Perfectly it curved into the gap between the 1 and the 3 pin. There was no leap and crash of the wood. But every pin toppled.

"Stuhr-rike!" howled the sympathetic pin boy.

"Good kid!" roared Ruef.

"Nice!" said Parker softly.

The next delivery scarcely mattered at all. But Tom made a nine with that, to finish with a 210 total.

He had won his first open game.

Parker and Ruef were extending bank notes, crumpled and soiled as sporting money usually is. "I'll have to get some change," Tommy grinned. He started toward the counter.

"Change! What for?" demanded Ruef's deep voice.

"For the dollar."

"Why, here's your fifty, kid." Ruef was holding out a bank note, Parker was presenting five tens.

With a sinking sensation that was actually sickish Tommy realized that the fifty he had been bowling for so lightheartedly was dollars, not cents. That was more than a whole week's salary—on a single bowling game.

He had heard, of course, that fellows bowled for that—even for a couple of hundred a game. And match money ran into the thousands. But it had never occurred to him that an informal, pick-up game could be rolled for such stakes. And here he had actually been in one. If he had lost—but he hadn't, he had won. His reaction was the straight, decent one, however.

"Why, I can't take that money," he shook his head. "I thought we were rolling for fifty cents a side."

Ruef roared. "Fifty cents—ho!" The big sport, part owner of the alleys, enjoyed a big bet more than anything. He had been known to wager a hundred dollars that, with all the pins standing he could pick off either of the rear, end pins without touching any of the others. "Fifty cents—ho! Here, take the money, kid. You win it!"

"We'd have expected you to pay, Burr, if you had lost," Parker emphasized. "Take it. You've won it."

Clem Dodsleigh all this time had said nothing, however. His fingers were in his pocket, as if fumbling for the money. But the avaricious gleam in his eyes showed very clearly that he would welcome a way to avoid paying his debt.

"No, I won't take it," said Tommy flatly. The money meant a lot to him—a whole new fall outfit, the expenses of a week's vacation as well. He felt honestly though that it was not his. "I was bowling for fifty cents. I can't take more than that from any of you."

"Oh, come on now! It's yours! You won it fair an' square!" protested Ruef. But Parker quietly interposed: "All right." And handed Tommy a bright half dollar.

Eagerly Dodsleigh snatched two quarters out of his pocket, too. Ruef, growling, passed over another fifty-cent piece.

And that, so far as Tommy knew at the time, closed the matter.

But when next he returned to the Strike and Spare Alleys and, at the end of the evening, went to the counter and tried to pay for the strings he had bowled, the cashier remarked: "Can't pay, Mr. Burr. You got forty-nine dollars and fifty cents credit in this place. Mr. Ruef's orders."

And Tommy's checking account at the end of the month in the International City Bank showed a surplus of precisely the same amount. He went to Parker and protested. And that young gentleman merely grinned and said: "I pay my debts, Tom. I don't give a whoop what you do with the money. Pass on and give the next customer a chance, will you—see you this evening."

But nothing at all was heard from Clem Dodsleigh.

WINTER arrived, and with it the annual league competition between the big corporations of the city. In February the teams of the Interna-

tional City Bank, led by Parker, and of the Treaty Ports Co., with Tommy Burr and Clem Dodsleigh, met in the final contest to decide the metropolitan championship.

Usually the important officials of the companies whose teams were engaged on the alleys made it a practice to be present at these matches. And this evening, when the championship was involved, there was a huge delegation from the International bank. There was a small mob of vice presidents alone. Not one of the directors of the Treaty Ports Co. was visible, however, when the first men of the two teams were bowling. That was a most extraordinary condition. They were usually there in force.

Tom was the captain of the Treaty Ports team, and, as such, had modestly designated Clem Dodsleigh, instead of himself, as anchor man. The two, as business had drawn them closer together, were now, of course, formally polite enough.

As they watched their teammates and waited for their turns Tom asked Clem: "Where's our crowd?"

"Didn't you hear about the trouble with Cates, at Shanghai?" Cates was the general manager, for whose post it was understood Clem was now being trained.

"No. Trouble?"

"You tell 'em! Got into some jam with the new revolution and had to beat it. Tried some funny work, I believe, and got caught at it. You know those chinks. Shoot straight with them and you're all right. But try to run a sandy—and look out!" Young Clem spoke with obvious excitement. Young and callow for such an important job, yet it was likely, nevertheless, that with his father's influence in the balance, he might be designated immediately in this emergency. The officers and directors of the Treaty Ports Co. were certainly weighing his qualifications at this very instant.

And they were indeed long delayed. Tommy had registered a splendid 249, which put his team two points in the lead, and Clem, the last bowler, was just stepping to the foul line when the Treaty Ports crowd filed in. Clem, naturally agitated, got off to a poor start, with a spare and a break. But presently, after selecting a new ball, which he had brought with him in a green baize bag, settled down to his normal, steady pace.

Parker, anchor man for International, was a full twelve points in the lead in this last match, however, having overcome the two-point lead Tommy had given the Treaty Ports crowd. And, through the sixth, seventh, and eighth frames Parker held that lead despite the fact that young Dodsleigh reeled off three consecutive strikes at that point.

That is where bowling is unlike golf. Par is supposed to be perfect for golf, but if your opponent shoots par and you can make a birdie or two you may win. While in bowling if your opponent shoots par—makes a strike every time—you can't possibly pass him. He has to fall down in order that you may profit by perfection.

And, on the ninth frame, sure enough, Parker did get an unlucky split. The 8 pin and the 10 pin stayed vertical—a mean, though not entirely impossible, split. With beautiful accuracy Parker shaved the 8 pin so that it should skid across the alley and fell the 10. The eccentric, bottle-shaped pin spun round and round and missed, however. Parker's ninth frame was filled in for a total of 202.

That meant that if the bank's anchor man followed with a strike in his tenth frame and then followed with two more perfect shots his best final count would be 232.

A suppressed but sincere sigh of triumph rose from the Treaty Ports

crowd. Clem Dodsleigh with reasonable luck, could beat that.

Tom Burr did not share the elation of his crowd, however. For the past ten minutes his conscience had been perplexed by an ugly suspicion. He was in a disagreeably awkward situation. During Clem Dodsleigh's sixth and seventh frames Tom had stood directly behind the bowler. Dodsleigh, surprisingly, had been delivering his ball down the exact center of the alley.

That is a most unorthodox method of bowling, a method which is almost certain to result, sooner or later, in one of those ruinous 7-10 splits, since a straight ball, traveling fast, is apt to tunnel straight through the center of the standing wood and leave the two rear, end pins untouched. Every first-class bowler starts his ball down the side of the alley, putting enough hook on it to make it swerve into the head pin from the side, and thus assure a complete pinfall.

And, right well, Tommy Burr guessed what Dodsleigh was doing.

But was it up to him to check his own teammate's unfair play—as captain of the Treaty Ports team?

Tom edged back of the spectators until he could reach Judge Farraday, and asked the judge to come down in the side of the alleys for a moment. There he told his elderly friend his suspicions about Dodsleigh.

The judge, Treaty Ports man that he was, had no hesitation whatever in going to the bottom of the thing. He marched on round into the obscurity behind the pin boy's pit, and said to the colored youngster, a lad he knew well, "Chocolate, slide me back Mr. Dodsleigh's ball the next time he bowls it."

The boy rolled his eyes till almost nothing but the whites showed. "Lan', jedge!" he breathed softly. "Do you-all know she's a dodo?"

"So?" said the judge grimly.

The ball, a beautiful, dark-red, mahogany color, came sliding down the strips. Another perfect strike.

Rapid calculation showed that, with decent bowling, Dodsleigh's ninth frame would be filled in for about 218. Only a miracle could prevent him from beating Parker, and winning the match for Tommy's, and the judge's team.

But Chocolate had passed the mahogany-colored ball back into the gloom behind the pits. The judge weighed it in one hand, then in both.

"Dodo ball, all right," he said. "Off balance, untrue." He spoke, then, so that Chocolate could hear him. "Don't send this ball back, boy."

"What'll I say, suh?"

"Nothing."

"Lawse, he'll skin me alive, cap'n."

The judge walked slowly away, carrying the crooked ball with him under his coat.

Up at the bowlers' end of the alley Clem Dodsleigh was arguing violently about the loss of his pet ball. The officials of the meet questioned and argued with poor Chocolate. But all the colored boy had to say was that the ball had disappeared, and it had just so happened that the other pin boy had been busy gathering up dead wood at the moment when the judge had arrived and had not seen what had transpired. The upshot of the whole thing was that the referee, astutely suspicious as to what really was the trouble, had ordered Clem to proceed with another ball.

That young gentleman, not soothed by his guilty conscience, was furious. But, aware that too bitter an argument must naturally stir disagreeable doubts among players and spectators, he finally agreed to proceed at the expiration of the five-minute grace period.

He was hopelessly upset, however. He bowled another ball, as straight as a stretched string. And, almost inevitably, achieved the hopeless 7-10 split. He ended up with a score of 227.

Parker, rolling perfectly, made his 232.

Clem Dodsleigh, furiously angry, did not wait for the condolences of friend or opponent. Grabbing his hat and coat he was out of the place before the scorer had chalked up the final tabulation.

With the dodo ball concealed under the overcoat he carried over his arm Judge Farraday disappeared alone, too.

TOMMY BURR wondered then when, two evenings later, he received a summons from Judge Farraday to come out to the Clam Harbor Country Club, if his chief intended to discuss the matter of Dodsleigh's unfair action. There would be no public acknowledgment of the trick certainly. The International bank had won, and that was an end to it. The judge, punctiliously honest as he was, was no man to wash his dirty linen in public.

But Tom was surprised to find the judge with the two Dodsleighs, senior and junior, together with Parker, of the bank. Those four were busily bowling. Certainly, then, Parker had had no tangible suspicion of the trick young Dodsleigh had tried to play.

"Mr. Dodsleigh," the judge waved toward the company president, "wants to talk to you about the Chinese situation." He dropped his voice, "To your advantage, son." Then indicating a chair by the door. "Wait till we're finished, Tom."

The thrill Tom felt at the suggestion in that hint may well be imagined. During the fall and winter he had been promoted fast, and had worked overtime as well, studying banking and foreign exchange. Sometimes, in his more sanguine moments, he had permitted himself to believe that already he might bt fitted for a foreign manager's job. But he had not dared to hope that the conservative heads of the company could entertain such an idea also. Besides, wasn't the thing practically a patrimony for young Clem Dodsleigh?

Yet this urgent evening summons meant something—he hadn't, obviously, been brought out here merely to make a fourth in an evening's amusement. They had four.

Was it possible, conceivable, that Judge Farraday had exposed young Clem's underhand trick to Dodsleigh, senior? Unlikely. Though Tom knew by now that the elder Dodsleigh was not in absolute control of the Treaty Ports Co., that the judge's holdings were important, and that the International City Bank held the real balance of power. Had Parker, representing the bank, and Judge Farraday quietly put their heads together? And, if so—— The torrent of ambitious hopes blinded Tom to the progress of the game being rolled there on the alleys. It was almost as if he were wakened from sleep when Judge Farraday called to him to come and take a hand in the game, inasmuch as Parker had to be leaving to catch an eleven o'clock train back to the city.

Well, perhaps, then, he had been asked only to round out the party! Still, that would seem peculiar. And Judge Farraday immediately reassured him by asking him to spend the night. "I have something important to talk over with you, Tom, before bedtime," he explained. "But, meanwhile, one more game. You and I against the Dodsleighs."

They had the alleys to themselves now, and save for the thunder of the trundling balls and the sharp crash of the scattering pins the clubhouse was unusually still. It was a week-day night, and every one had gone to bed save a single waiter and the pin boys.

The game went on swiftly. Tom was having a phenomenal streak. The first five balls he bowled were all strikes—a perfect record so far.

The judge and Mr. Dodsleigh were

enthusiastic at his exhibition, but neither of them, it was apparent, had his whole mind on the game. It was evident that before Tom's arrival they had been discussing the question of Cates and the Chinese problem. For, as they bowled, they talked, in fragments of conversation. Tom could not help but overhear certain phrases. "If he'd stuck to his job and fought it out." And, from Mr. Dodsleigh, the cynical comment: "Don't forget that Cates said: 'The company doesn't pay men to be killed'."

Tom bowled a sixth strike. Young Clem equaled that, but, since he'd had three spares in the first six frames his total had dropped well behind Tom's.

Both Dodsleigh senior and the judge fell into splits. At their present pace neither of them would beat 150, so that the result of the game depended squarely upon the two juniors.

Again, while waiting for the pins to be spotted for his seventh frame, Tom heard the judge running on: "Perhaps conditions have changed in China since I was there fifteen years ago. I rather doubt it though. Matter of fact I don't believe there's any more lawlessness there than there is right here in this country—in this county, in fact. We have hold-ups and burglaries aplenty. Wouldn't think of going out at night without a revolver. Have one in the side pocket of my car this minute. Cates was paid to protect our property, as well as to manage the business end. A chap's got to be a fighter as well as an office man out there."

Tom's pins were up. With his carefully paced run he slid his prettily hooked ball down the strips. *Smash!* Again the alley's end was empty. The seventh strike.

"Son, you're on the way to three hundred!" said Mr. Dodsleigh, who, whether he particularly liked Tom or not, was sportsman enough to appreciate masterly bowling.

As the elders took their turn Tom said to young Clem: "Why did this Cates light out? Got away down the river, I understand. But he had a dozen men, and the compound is walled, according to the picture we've got in the office. Think he'd have put up some kind of a fight, at least."

"Dunno," was the answer. "Those chinks pinched a lot of gasoline drums from the oil people and set 'em off around the compound walls. If Cates had stayed he might have been roasted to death. Not likely—still——"

"Seems to me he should have put up a scrap," hazarded Tommy. "His job was to protect our property, as the judge says."

"Easy enough to talk like that when you're safe and peaceful here," Clem retorted. For a young man who was supposed to be the successor to Cates' job the son of the president seemed singularly unenthusiastic about his potential assignment. "Still, if I were out there, I guess I wouldn't quit for a little bonfire or two. Well, here we are again. Going to peel off another strike?"

Young Dodsleigh scored one himself then. But Tom, carefully as ever, rolled his eighth.

"You've got cool nerve, young man," approved Mr. Dodsleigh. "You're the kind of a chap who'll hole a fifteen-foot putt on the last green to win a match or wait out a pitcher when he has two strikes against you and make him pitch a decent ball. That's one of the beauties of bowling. The sensational spread-eagle chap hasn't a chance against the cool fish who won't let anything fluster him. I hope you make your three hundred."

"Tom's the boy to do it, if any one can," the judge supported his young protégé. "If he'd been Cates, now, he'd have sat tight until the fire burned itself out, or burned him up. We wouldn't have had a total loss anyway."

Dodsleigh looked at the judge sharply.

He knew very well that their choice of a successor to the recreant Cates was by no means settled. Three months ago there would have been no dispute about giving the job to his boy Clem. But lately this young Burr fellow had been proving himself. And within the last day or two something had happened—Mr. Dodsleigh was no fool, or he'd not have been president of the great Treaty Ports Co. And, though he did not like to admit it, he sometimes wondered himself if his son had quite the backbone, the rigid integrity and dauntlessness, which must characterize the man who should be sent to China.

Tom was ready now for his ninth frame. Again the pins sprayed wide, tumbling into pit and gutter. If he could make the tenth strike, and then score two more on his extra balls he would have attained the bowler's pinnacle of distinction—300. Once in a year that score may be made in a tournament, not much oftener.

The seniors bowled their tenth frame. Both miserably got breaks, and were through. The pins were set up for Tom and Clem Dodsleigh.

They were both poised, measuring their line of delivery, when the harsh voice sounded behind them.

"Stan' still!" growled some one.

The judge and Mr. Dodsleigh, seated in wicker chairs on either side of a table, stared unbelievingly at the door's aperture. The judge's right hand, with a cigarette halfway to his lips, stopped in mid-air where it was. Mr. Dodsleigh did not stir a muscle. Only the cigar in his mouth sagged slowly downward.

The two young men, poised at the head of the alleys, swung round together. The tone of the voice they'd heard told them very well that something untoward had happened. No one who has any business at a select country club speaks like that.

In the doorway, side by side, were two chunkily built, shabbily dressed men with masks concealing their faces. Each leveled an automatic pistol. In the utter silence of the countryside the faint humming of a running motor in the darkness indicated how these visitors had arrived.

"Shell out, youse," commanded the taller of the two. Then, to his companion: "I'll hold 'em, 'Chuck,' while you try de safe upstairs."

Clem Dodsleigh, staring incredulously, dropped the bowling ball he held with a heavy thump. The smaller of the two robbers jumped nervously. "Don' do that, yuh mug!" he grunted. "You—cul," he brandished his pistol at Tom, "put 'at ball o' yours down soft, see."

The fellow's scare was ridiculous, for, compared to the intermittent thunder of the balls rolling down the alley, the dropping of a single ball would attract no attention from the house staff above—all of them probably sleeping by this time anyhow. The thug, like all of his kind, was tight-drawn and jumpy.

Tom, as if to obey, unbent his elbow and let his arm hang straight as if to place the heavy ball gently on the return runway from which he had just lifted it. Clem Dodsleigh, hands instinctively raised, was backing away toward his father.

Tom's action then was as easy and smooth as it was unexpected. Swinging his straight arm gently from the shoulder he looped the heavy ball right into the two masked faces.

The smaller man ducked almost out of the way. But the bigger thug, instinctively throwing up his arm, received the full impact of the fast-traveling, sixteen-pound ball right beneath his shoulder blade. He reeled and staggered in pain as his pistol exploded and flew from his hand toward the low ceiling.

Then the ball, ricocheting, just

glanced off the smaller man's arm, and knocked his gun out of his fingers.

Almost as the second gun hit the ground Tom had leaped forward, following his advantage. He got his foot on the second gun, and swung hard with his fist at the disarmed man's head. That ambitious brigand had had enough. He went out the open door into darkness like a pool ball into a pocket.

Tom turned on the crippled ruffian. But the man's shoulder had certainly been very badly broken. There was no fight left in him. "Ah, have a heart, mister!" he moaned. "Have a heart!"

"Tie him up while I go after the other," Tom snapped at Mr. Dodsleigh and the judge. "Come on, Clem." He dashed out the door, trying to follow the sound of the fugitive's retreat as the fellow plunged away through the underbrush.

Clem did not follow, however. Five minutes later when, baffled by the heavy gloom of the night, Tom returned, he saw Clem still standing behind one of the wicker chairs, hands holding to it for support, fingers twitching as if palsied.

Nor had Dodsleigh senior failed to perceive his son's abject fright. The two elder men had effectively backed the crippled thug into the corner and were holding him there under the threat of the fellow's own automatic. But poor Clem had had no part in the arrest. The young man was still ashen and shaking when the motor-cycle cop arrived in reply to the telephone call. The policeman took the prisoner off in the man's own machine.

"Well, we might as well call it a night," said Mr. Dodsleigh, carefully refraining from looking at his trembling son.

"Yes," chuckled Judge Farraday grimly, "let's go. This sort of thing's bad for my arteries, or blood pressure, or whatever we oldsters get."

"If you don't mind," put in Tom, breathing rather hard but smiling, "couldn't you just wait a minute?"

"What for?"

"Well," the boy explained, "I never was so near making three hundred before. If I can only roll three more strikes now——"

"Good lands, man! You still got your mind on the game?" exploded the amazed Dodsleigh.

"Why—sure, why not!" said Tommy, perfectly sincere. "I won't keep you more than two minutes. You want to run out your string too, Clem?"

He wished he hadn't said it then, apprehending young Dodsleigh's utter funk. For, indeed, all that the other could answer was something that sounded like: "Ug?"

Bowl it out, however, Tom did. Not by the slightest twitch of nerve or tremor of muscle betraying the excitement of the ordeal through which he had just passed. Once, twice, thrice, he struck. Three hundred!

THE judge and his guest, Tom, had scarcely been at the Farradays fifteen minutes before the telephone tinkled discreetly. The judge picked up the phone, but for two minutes all he said in reply to the conversation which crackled in the earpiece was: "Yes—yes—yes."

"Dodsleigh," he explained to Tom when, at last he had hung up. "He is good enough to suggest that his son, young Clem, is not perhaps—er—temperamentally fitted for the job in China. He goes so far as to suggest your name, Tom. Sequel, possibly, to this evening's little entertainment."

"Me? For the Chinese job?"

"It seems so. You want it, I suppose?"

"And how!" said Tommy fervently.

Judge Farraday silently passed a box of cigars. His eyes strayed to the corner of the richly appointed library where, inappropriately enough, lay a

bowling ball. "I'm glad this has worked out so," he mused as if only to himself. "Saves a nasty mess." He bent forward to poke the wood fire.

He was silent a moment more before arriving at his decision. "But—well," he offered at length, "I might as well tell you, Tom, that I, and the International Bank had decided last week that young Dodsleigh wouldn't do for the job. And that you would."

"That's great!" Tommy was trying hard to assume an expression of dignified, managerial calm, but, naturally, he could not very successfully mask his delight at this great opportunity which was to be given to him.

"This is a confidence betwen us, my boy," went on Judge Farraday. "This was the situation. We did not want young Clem. We had determined not to take him. That was why Parker, representing the bank, was here this evening. Mr. Dodsleigh has a large interest, but not a controlling interest, in the Treaty Ports Co. We could have overruled him but he could have made a lot of trouble."

"But, just because of this little rough-house this evening——" Tommy tried to get the thing straightened out in his own mind.

"No. That merely made things simpler. The thing that really pushed young Clem out of the race, and put you in, is that!" He pointed to the dark-red bowling ball in the corner. "We don't permit a dodo ball, a ball that won't run straight and true, a ball whose course is unreliable, devious, in a bowling game. We don't choose to have a dodo man in the business game, a man who is unreliable, devious."

The judge broke off suddenly, sighed, then grinned contentedly. "I almost hope the courts turn our thug friend free. He has saved me and my friend Dodsleigh an ugly half hour. I should have loathed having to show Dodsleigh his son's bowling ball, and to have had to read a parable from it."

He stirred the bowling ball with his toe. It wabbled across the shining parquetry floor lopsidedly.

"Devious," said Judge Farraday. Then with another poke of his toe, he shoved the thing right into the blazing fire.



# At Top Speed

## By Charles Dana Bennett

DEVERING shot his *Whip* into the last lap of the Biscayne Handicap with her throttle wide open. A backwash caught him quartering. The fragile outboard leaped like a thing alive, twisted into the air, did a double flip-flop, hurled her pilot into space and subsided a hundred feet off the course. Devering, badly shaken but unhurt, was pulled out by a near-by craft. They righted the capsized *Whip* and towed her ashore.

In the shower room of the Poinciana Club, Devering washed the water of Biscayne Bay from his sun-bronzed body. He slipped on old dungarees, and returned to the boathouse to inspect the *Whip*. Except for a drowned motor she had come through the spectacular upset undamaged. Relieved, Devering commenced to whistle. A feminine voice intruded:

"You're a cheerful loser!"

He turned to face Muriel Masters, slim and intriguing in her white sport dress.

"Races over?" he asked.

"Nope! The 151 hydroplanes still have to run their final heat, but I was more interested in finding out whether the *Whip* was wrecked?"

"And how about her owner?"

Muriel's dark eyes smiled into his. "They can't kill Tom Devering, and, anyway, I saw you swim over to the coast-guard cutter."

"Too bad it wasn't a swimming race! I might have won!"

"Cheerful!"

"I don't like it down here! It's either too hot, or too cold, or it's raining, or there's a hurricane!"

"You've gotten every bad racing break there is to be had! It's turned your tummy!"

"The races I've lost in this neck of

the woods haven't been due to breaks," Tom averred. "It's been my own stupidity, like that spill this afternoon."

"How about the time your motor died at Palm Beach?" Muriel demanded. "Wasn't that a break?"

"Nix! My own fault! I should have installed a new magneto before ever I started."

"And at Ormond?"

"Tiller ropes won't last forever. They should have been replaced, especially in this land of damp-rot. It's lucky I didn't bite some one when they broke!"

Muriel tilted her head provocatively. "Tom, it's a jinx!"

"It's the rotten climate!"

The girl refused to give in. "I'll prove it's a jinx! So there!"

The boats commenced to come in from the races, tiny outboards, their motors whining like overgrown bees; hydroplanes; racing runabouts. Muriel departed toward the club. Devering turned back to the *Whip*. Torrence Vanden's *Flamingo* came into the slip it shared with Devering's craft. Vanden nodded, stepped out to tie up.

"Sorry about your spill," he said in a cool, impersonal voice. "Hard luck!"

"Thanks, but it was my own fool fault!" Tom tried to make his tone sound friendly, but it was difficult. Talking to Vanden was like talking to a thin, knife-edged iceberg with cold, gray eyes. "How'd you make out?"

"The *Flamingo* was fortunate enough to win."

AS far as Tom was concerned, Vanden could be three north poles instead of one, and he'd be darned if he'd bother his head about it. On the morning after his upset, however, he received a jolt that bit deep. Muriel Masters, coming from the Bath Club at Miami Beach on the arm of Vanden, all but cut him dead. Vanden himself nodded pleasantly enough, but Muriel barely inclined her head, said, "Oh, hello!" and passed on, the wind blowing her yellow beach pajamas about her.

The snub caught Tom completely unprepared. For an instant he stood, his muscles tensing, a blush mounting to his face. Then he ran down the beach, plunged into the surf, swam hard for ten minutes and came in to dress. He did not see Muriel again; he didn't want to. In fact, he didn't want to see any one.

Clothed, he went to his roadster, jumped over the door to his seat behind the wheel, stepped viciously on the starter and cut down the palm-lined way at reckless speed. Internally he was boiling. He wanted action. At the Poinciana Club he stopped in the driveway with a screech of protesting rubber.

He vaulted from the roadster, and ran for the locker room. Changed into his grease-stained duck, he hustled for the boathouse. He was grimly determined that the *Whip* should win the Palmetto Special that afternoon—win or bust! He set to work tuning his still damp outboard.

The waters of Biscayne Bay were glassy smooth when the Class D boats lined up in front of the judges' stand at 3 p. m. The course they were to follow ran for a half mile along the shore, then cut out and back on two more legs of an equilateral triangle, thus giving the racers three hairpin turns to negotiate. It was no snap.

Along the shore, and in every variety of pleasure craft along the way, flocked spectators eager for the excitement of speed. In short order they got it. A pistol cracked; the drone of the out boards rose to a scream. Five trails of flying spray shot down the way. Tom, two lanes removed from Vanden who had the inside, forced the *Whip* for a break. After the first buoy, taken at perilous, side-slipping speed, he got it. He was in the clear, could cut in

without fouling, to fight it out, side by side with the *Flamingo*.

Four miles to go! The *Whip* and the *Flamingo* took the open, or outside turn with throttles wide. Their short, V-rounded, undershot bows were high out of water, their outboards astern were almost invisible between the high-flung wakes. Cramped over their wheels in the tiny cockpits, Tom and Vanden drove with every nerve tense, every sense alert. They hurtled around the in-shore turn, the *Flamingo* still leading, the *Whip* snapping at her heels. In the stretch Tom gave her everything, edged up, cut out to pass. At the outshore hairpin he was on even terms, but lost precious feet through having to make a wider swing. Again he forced the *Whip* forward, and, by pretty navigating, was able to hold a small advantage around the open corner. In the stretch down to the shore turn he went decisively into the lead, and held it to complete the five miles, a winner by two fifths of a second.

The applause was not deafening, but there was applause. Unheeding, Tom headed shoreward. From the judges' stand, high on stilts to overlook the entire course, came word of the time: First, *Whip*, T. H. Devering, pilot-owner; time: 6:36:4; average miles per hour: 45.363.

"And if I can do that in the second heat I've a cinch!" that young man told himself.

For several minutes he checked his stanch little motor, then he ambled ashore to watch the two-hundred-and-fifty horse power runabouts thunder around the course. In the crowd on the club wharf he found himself unintentionally wedged in behind Vanden and, of all people, Muriel. It hurt like the dickens to see her with the owner of the *Flamingo*, but he braced himself, and looked stonily out at the speeding runabouts. Vanden and the girl were evidently unaware of his presence, although he was only two people removed from them. Nor did they seem especially interested in the current race. Tom caught the murmur of Vanden's cool voice, but it was too blurred by the blast from the passing runabouts to distinguish the words. Instinctively he pushed forward. Then his better sense made him pause.

Back at the *Whip*, he checked the motor for the hundredth time. Everything appeared shipshape. He rested on the club veranda, away from the crowds, while they ran the Class C outboards' final heat, and the 151 hydroplanes. Then he was in the *Whip* again, had her out and in line for the deciding five miles. This time he rated the inside lane, with Vanden next. The other contestants had been so evidently outclassed in the first heat that they were not looked upon as contenders. The fight was between the *Whip* and the *Flamingo*.

And a fight it was—to begin with, at any rate. On the very first leg Vanden managed to drive the *Flamingo* enough ahead so that the *Whip* got a nasty side-wash on the turn. Tom held her steady with the utmost difficulty. It was a credit to his seamanship that he did not capsize, for an outboard, skidding along between forty-five and fifty miles an hour, is a delicately balanced proposition. The least jerk, the least misjudgment, and over she goes. Tom had to slow and cut to avoid such a catastrophe. It cost him precious distance.

As the second lap began, the *Whip* was once more threatening. Undoubtedly, she possessed a slightly faster motor than her rival, and her owner was making every effort to assist it in its fight. He cut the buoys with nothing to spare, held every ounce of speed possible on the turns without capsizing. In a streak of flying water and thin, blue smoke from the exhaust, he bore down on the *Flamingo*. Vanden, how-

ever, clung desperately to his lead. It looked to the tense throngs of spectators as though that jump, which the *Flamingo* had gained at the start, would see her through to the finish. Yet, to win, Vanden's craft would have to be three fifths of a second in the lead, two fifths for a tie. It was the average speed for the two heats which counted.

And now it seemed doubtful if the *Flamingo* would finish first, let alone two fifths ahead. The *Whip* was once more climbing the bumps—that is, Vanden's backwash—to make a bid for the lead. Pounding terrifically on the high crests, Tom was having his work cut out to hold her. For a fleeting instant he careened madly, righted, was over the worst, was on even terms with Vanden. Then, with a dozen preliminary wheezes, the *Whip's* outboard quit, her trim nose settled sluggishly into the water. A quarter of a mile from the finish and her race was run. The tail-enders cut by her, dangerously close, but Devering didn't care. For the moment, all the fight was taken out of him.

It took a tremendous effort of will for him to stiffen himself, to assume a nonchalant expression, to beckon a coast-guard cutter for a tow. But, somehow, he managed it, and when he stepped to the runway beside the slip in the boathouse, his face wore a grim little smile for any who cared to look.

And there were many, for such persistent ill luck is bound to create sympathy or ridicule. To Tom's surprise, however, Torrence Vanden was not among those who kidded him. He already had the *Flamingo* in its slip when the *Whip* was towed in. He greeted Devering in a tone that, for him, was the height of cordiality.

"I'm honestly sorry about this afternoon," he said. "What happened?"

"Not sure!" Tom told him. "I imagine, though, that the motor wasn't entirely dry from yesterday. Moisture in the pipes, and in the metal itself, probably condensed from the heat in the first run. Then, for one of those freak reasons that besets all engines, it didn't decide to stop until just before the finish."

"Let's take a look," Vanden suggested, squatting down on the runway. "I'll give you a hand."

Bewildered at the other's sudden change, when half the world seemed to be laughing at him, Tom could only nod. Rapidly they set to work, and it was not long before his guess was proved correct. Water had condensed in the copper piping, choked the carburetor.

"It would have been a nice, fighting finish, if it hadn't been for that," Vanden remarked. "Well, better luck tomorrow!"

"Thanks! Thanks a lot! You've been mighty sporting!"

BUT the morrow did not bring better luck. Rather to the contrary. First it was Muriel, passing by at the beach with an indifferent nod. Then it was a telephone call from the club. The *Whip,* some time during the night, had been stolen. Devering's speed of the morning before was nothing compared to the way he shot his gray roadster toward the bay. Dark suspicions tumbled incoherently in his mind. Could Vanden have—— But no! Vanden was a sportsman—had shown it the previous afternoon.

It was a dirty mess, though, any way you looked at it. The races for the afternoon were not especially important, but if the *Whip* was not recovered by night, or early morning at the latest, Tom saw his last hope of redeeming himself as an outboard racer disappearing. For the Poinciana Cup race was scheduled on the following day; the Poinciana Cup, emblem of outboard supremacy in Florida!

At the club, he discovered that he was not the only loser. Half a dozen speedsters, outboards and runabouts had

been made away with. The club watchman had been bound and gagged. He could give no description of his assailants. It looked like the work of waterfront pirates. The police, called in at the first alarm, were fiddling around, talking about investigations. Tom turned away from them, disgusted.

"We'd better do something about this ourselves if we want our boats back before next Christmas," he said to the other bereaved owners. "Let's start by calling the bridge keepers on the canals, and the coast guard!"

Using the telephone, he first got in touch with the coast guard. They had nothing to report. He started methodically to call the bridge tenders along the innumerable canals which run into Biscayne Bay. He was about ready to give it up as a bad job, when he finally located a man who, some time before dawn, had seen a tow of small boats slipping north along the canal which parallels the Atlantic. The tender had not been called upon to open his bridge, which was evidence that all the craft had clearance, and thus had returned to sleep. It was only by chance that he had seen them pass.

"Sounds like the ticket!" Devering told himself, hastening from the phone.

In the hall he encountered Vanden. "I've heard the bad news," that individual said immediately. "We're trying to get 'em to hold up the regatta for an extra day or two, so you chaps'll have an opportunity to recover your boats. But I'm afraid there isn't much chance. With only six boats gone, and those from different classes, it wouldn't cut the field much, and they've planned this thing too far ahead to hold her up at the last minute."

"I know," Tom replied. "I think I've a chance to get the boats back, however."

"Good! Can I help?"

"Lend me your runabout for the day?"

"Surely!"

"You're not racing her this afternoon?"

"Absolutely not! Shall I come along?"

"Might not get back until too late for you to race the *Flamingo*."

"It wouldn't matter. To-day doesn't count! It's to-morrow for the Poinciana Cup!"

"I know, but I guess I'll make out O. K. by myself!"

"Righto!" Vanden sent him on his way.

In his room, Tom dug into a kit bag. From the duffle, he finally hauled out a short-barrelled, wicked-looking .32 automatic. "Which I may and may not need," he told himself. Then he headed for the club wharf, where he found Vanden having oil and gas put into his two-hundred-horse-power runabout, the *Flyer*.

"They missed this and the *Flamingo*, because I had them over in Miami to be cleaned up, and they weren't brought back until half an hour ago," he explained, as Tom dropped into the seat and pressed the starter.

At Hollywood Beach, a thin, sandspit separated from the mainland by the canal and two miles of partially filled-in mangrove swamp, Devering located the bridge tender who had sighted the tow which was presumably the stolen boats. From him he could glean no other information than that which he had gotten over the telephone. He decided that the best bet was to call the tenders along the canal farther north to try and find out if they had spotted anything. He did this, getting in touch with every station as far as West Palm Beach, but without results.

"At the rate they could travel, it would have been light by the time they reached half that far," he told the tender at the Hollywood bridge. "They've bunked in some place for the day."

"There's plenty of bayous and small

lakes that hook into the canal for 'em to hide in, all right," the tender agreed. And Tom discovered that he was right.

For six torturous, sun-baked hours he explored every side track along the marsh and lake-surrounded canal. It was slow, grueling work. Mosquitoes buzzed above the stagnant backwaters; the canal itself was far from fragrant. He had to keep the *Flyer* tightly throttled down. There was no room for speed, and, besides, a thorough search was out of the question except at a snail's pace. He managed to pick up a couple of sandwiches at a canal-side filling station, plus a bottle of warm, unpalatable water. The sun was waning. Soon he would have to turn back.

Came a break in the bank of the canal to landward, a long, palm-enshrouded lake. The sun had disappeared behind the flat sand plain which swept unendingly off to meet the horizon. Shadows lay across the lake. Tom knew how quickly the subtropical dark would be upon him. This was his last chance. His eyes clear once more, peering alertly for deadheads in the dark, unhealthy-looking water, he commenced to circle the lake. Half way 'round, a glint of metal, flashing through a drooping screen of palm fronds, made him throttle the motor almost into a stall.

Slowly the *Flyer* drifted in. At any instant Tom expected a challenge, or perhaps even a fusillade. The crowd stealing boats and running contraband from Bimini were all in cahoots according to account; all gunmen and killers of the worst variety. Tom had his automatic over the cowl, now, ready to answer lead with lead. The *Flyer* pushed against the palm screen, slid through. There was only the slight rustle of the fronds, and the lapping of water against the sides of the stolen boats. For there they were, all six of them tied along the bank, plus an evil-looking cabin cruiser which had evidently been their convoy.

Tom poised, every nerve keyed to a fighting pitch, but still nothing happened. He waited for a full minute. Every muscle ached from waiting for something to happen. He was close to the breaking point, but still he must use infinite caution.

The cruiser at last. Just behind it he had passed his own *Whip*. A desire to be at the men who had stolen it, with his bare fists, gripped him. They would not be the kind to fight that way, however.

Flaming steel and burning lead was the method their kind used. Tom's grip on his automatic tightened again. Silent as a cat in his rubber-soled shoes, he stepped aboard the cruiser. Step by step he approached the open, but screened, hatchway. It took him what seemed hours to reach it, but at last he was there, was cautiously leaning over to peer down.

For a second the dimness fooled him. Then he saw two men stretched out on bunks—sound asleep! His relief was so intense he almost laughed. The new problem which faced him caused him to pause. How best to handle the situation? In a flash he decided. His gun trained on the sleeping figures, he slid back the screen, dropped into the cabin. One of the men turned in his sleep. Tom's gun covered him like lightning, but he did not move again. In another instant, Tom saw what he was looking for, the thieves' revolvers, removed from their hips and placed on the floor at the heads of their bunks while they slept.

Quietly he corralled them and slipped back to the deck. The hatch banked down, a hasp slid into place. Yells arose below. And then Devering laughed.

Around midnight, the *Flyer*, indignant at such menial work, slowly towed the missing boats of the Poinciana Club into their home wharf. And the first in line was the *Whip*.

REGATTA day dawned cold and squally. During the morning, almost out on his feet from lack of sleep and the strain of the previous day, Tom worked over the *Whip*. Apparently she had not been damaged by the marauders, both of whom were now lodged in the Miami jail, but he was taking no chances. If it was in his power, he was not going to lose the Poinciana Cup, and regain standing as an outboard racer, through another fluke.

Tom, behind the wheel of the *Whip*, started his motor. They were calling for the Class D boats to line up. A feminine figure sped into the boathouse, out along the runway.

"Oh, Tom! Tommy!"

He held the *Whip* in the slip. Breathlessly Muriel leaned over him.

"I was afraid I'd be too late!" she gasped. "Tire blew out on the fool car! Tom, take this! It's for luck! And come to me after both heats have been run, whether you win or lose. I'll explain everything then!"

She pressed a white, delicately scented handkerchief into his outstretched hand, wheeled and sped away as rapidly as she had appeared. Tom slipped the tiny piece of linen into his jumper pocket, and, still badly rattled, headed the *Whip* toward the milling fray.

It was still in a bewildered condition that he faced the starter's gun. What was it all about? What had Muriel meant? She had said the token was for luck, and that, after the second heat, win or lose, she would explain. It was all a riddle to Tom. The starter's gun caught him napping. Vanden's *Flamingo* bit into a quick lead. Tom, in a half panic, drove to overtake him. The swell at the first turn, driving wildly as he was, took the *Whip* for a ride. She skittered ten feet sidewise through the air, came down right side up and still racing, only through some miracle of fate. Savage, Tom shook the blinding spray from his eyes. His grip on the wheel did not relax.

From that point on he shot the *Whip* through the race of its life. Every turn was taken at death-defying speed. Every straightaway was covered, thrashing and bumping from wave to wave, the throttle wide open. Salt spray burned in Tom's eyes. The wind howled in his ears above the scream of his motor. The *Flamingo* was almost overhauled before the end. Vanden won by a bare fifth of a second.

Bent nearly double over his wheel to cut down wind resistance, Tom was not caught napping at the second start. Both he and Vanden realized that now it had become a matter of seamanship, and not speed, to win. Others did not. Two of the outsiders forged recklessly ahead. On the first turn they got by with it. On the second, the inside boat slipped off a wave crest and ripped into the other at forty miles an hour. They went down in a smother of foam. Spectators' craft rushed to the rescue. The *Whip* and the *Flamingo* both had to maneuver quickly to avoid crashing into the wreckage. They were both successful. Neck and neck they fought back on the shoreward stretch.

At the first buoy of the second lap the *Whip* caught a sea of extra size. Madly Tom struggled to hold her. He shot twenty feet to the outside of the course, but finally he succeeded in staying afloat. The clipped second, and extra feet lost seemed fatal. Once more the *Flamingo* was showing open water to her rival. But not for long. They went into the last mile side by side. In desperation Tom gave her everything. It was a case of go down or win. Water surged about his feet in the cockpit. Everything was a blur of crashing waves and hurtling spray. And then he had crossed the finish three fifths of a second ahead of the *Flamingo*, although at the moment, Tom didn't know it. Sinking beneath him, the *Whip* had won

the Poinciana Cup with a fifth of a second to spare.

Muriel met Tom in the boathouse. She was radiant over his victory.

"It was marvelous, simply marvelous the way you drove through that last lap," she told him.

"It was this that made me do it," Tom said, holding up a tiny piece of white linen.

The girl shook her head. "It was the oldest psychology in the world that helped you to win. Not the handkerchief!"

"Tell on!"

"It was simple! I told you a long time ago that a jinx was trailing you. And the jinx was that you were taking things too easy. The only way you can get top speed out of a boat, or anything else, is to be fighting mad to begin with! I was mean to you, and that made you mad! Result, you won this afternoon. The handkerchief was only a symbol, it was myself you were fighting for. You see, I'm frightfully modest!"

Tom laughed happily. "Still, as long as I have you, the handkerchief and the cup, it really doesn't matter," he asserted.

And all Muriel could do was to agree.

**Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of SPORT STORY MAGAZINE, published semimonthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1930.**

State of New York, County of New York (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of SPORT STORY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Lawrence Lee, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1930. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 12, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

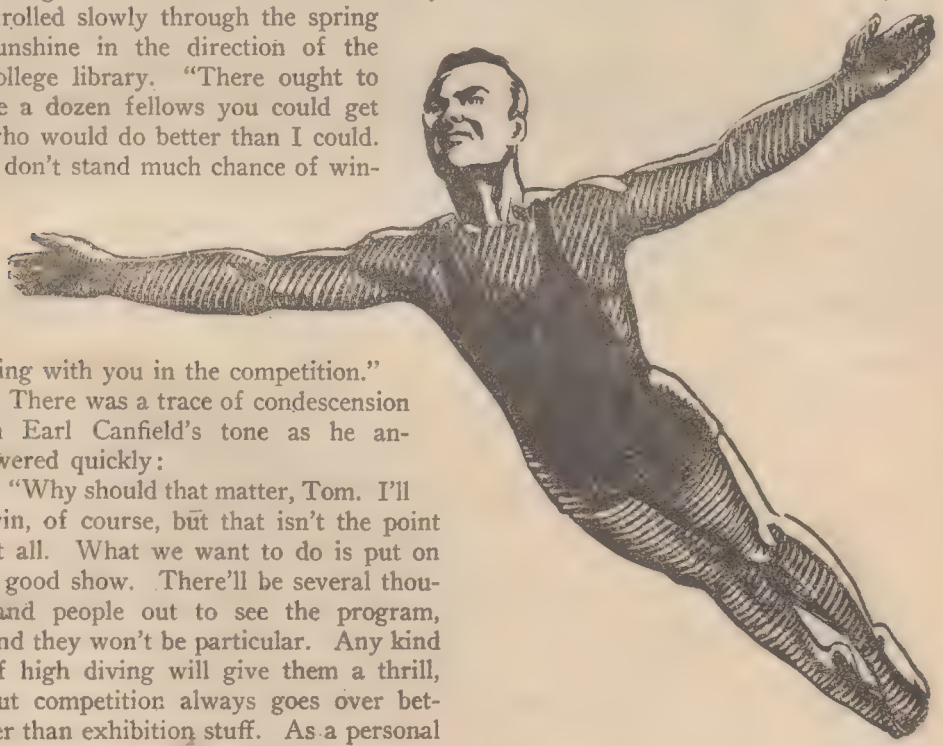
# Who Travels Alone

## By Milan Orland Myers

"YOU'D better decide to take part," Earl Canfield urged insistently. "It won't be much of a meet unless we can sign up at least three or four divers."

Tom Smith pondered solemnly over the request.

"You know I'm not much on fancy diving, Earl," he said at last as they strolled slowly through the spring sunshine in the direction of the college library. "There ought to be a dozen fellows you could get who would do better than I could. I don't stand much chance of winning with you in the competition."



There was a trace of condescension in Earl Canfield's tone as he answered quickly:

"Why should that matter, Tom. I'll win, of course, but that isn't the point at all. What we want to do is put on a good show. There'll be several thousand people out to see the program, and they won't be particular. Any kind of high diving will give them a thrill, but competition always goes over better than exhibition stuff. As a personal favor to me, I wish you'd take part."

A tinge of bitterness crept into the thoughts of Tom Smith; bitterness and a growing sense of anger toward Earl Canfield, the man whom he had always considered his best friend. A point had almost been reached in their intimate relationship where Tom Smith was ready to break out into open rebellion. But he was too bewildered over his own feelings to know what to say or do. Habit formed over a period of many years still governed his dealings with Earl Canfield.

"I don't think I've improved much, and I haven't forgotten what a silly exhibition I made of myself last Junior Day," he said as if the memories of that other occasion were still painful. "But I'll take part, anyway. As you say, there won't be much lost if I don't do so well on the fancy stuff, as long as the crowd has a good time. Remembering last year, I guess it really prefers to laugh."

"Sure, that's the idea," responded Earl Canfield jovially, his dark, intense face almost beaming over his victory. "And you don't need to worry about the laughs. You made a lot more progress last summer than you realized. I wouldn't be surprised if you gave me a pretty good run for it this time. But of course, in a case of friendship like ours, it doesn't really matter who wins."

For the first time in his life Tom Smith felt the desire to tell his chum that he lied. He'd known Earl Canfield ever since they were twelve, and he knew that in all those years there never was a time when it didn't matter to Earl who won. At all times what mattered to Earl was that he should be very much in the limelight, that he should gobble every possible bit of credit, that he should want people to think and say that he was mainly responsible for the victory of any Stanton College team of which he was a member. And he was out to win—always.

"Now that we have that settled to your satisfaction," Tom said with a slow smile as they reached the library steps, "I'm going to browse around in here for an hour or two."

"In weather like this you couldn't hire me to go in that joint," laughed Earl. "Say, let's have dinner downtown to-night and take in a show. We aren't getting paid for industry on a Friday night in May."

"I'm having dinner with Mr. Dillon at his club—sorry," Tom said soberly.

In the quick, jealous lift of Earl Canfield's eyes Tom read the answer to the words that he had not meant to be boastful.

"Still gumshoeing for that one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month job, I see," Earl said.

Neither the words nor the tone were openly sneering, but back deep in Earl's eyes Tom could detect what he interpreted as a glint of envy.

"A couple of months from now one hundred and fifty dollars a month with the prospects Mr. Dillon has to offer will look mighty good to me," he said quietly.

"I'd see to it I had something pretty definite out of him concerning those prospects," said Earl with a patronizing smile as he turned away. "Better put in some licks on your diving. It wouldn't do to let me beat you too badly."

Earl evidently meant that he should consider his parting shot as a joke, but Tom was slowly coming to the realization that Earl wasn't a person who indulged in joking. In fact, looking back over their life together, he remembered that Earl's jokes usually had a purpose behind them.

Tom was in a bitterly reflective mood as he entered the library, a mood which had been growing swiftly of late, ever since he had learned from an authentic source that Earl, too, had been making secret overtures to Henry Dillon, head of the law firm of Dillon & Humphries and father of Irma Dillon, a girl whom Tom had seen only a few times, but one who had kindled his imagination alarmingly. It was in response to this bitter, reflective mood that Tom Smith had decided to spend a beautiful spring afternoon in the library.

There was a poem he wanted to find and read, a poem of Kipling's. He had seen it some place a long time before, and he remembered only two lines of it, but somehow those two lines held out a subtle promise that another reading of the poem would help him in his dealings with Earl Canfield. The two lines he could remember were:

> Down to Gehenna or up to the throne,
> He travels the fastest, who travels alone.

He'd been traveling double with Earl Canfield for a good many years, he thought as he searched. He was beginning to think the friendship hadn't done

him any particular good. Here, lately, he'd come to the conclusion his intimacy with Earl would be a positive handicap in the future.

He found the poem at last in a volume called "The Story of the Gadsbys." He carried the book to a deserted table.

What is the moral? Who rides may read.
When the night is thick and the tracks are blind,
A friend in a pinch is a friend indeed;
But a fool to wait for the laggard behind.
Down to Gehenna or up to the throne,
He travels the fastest, who travels alone.

Tom Smith's somber blue eyes gazed unseeingly through the open window as he settled his long, muscular body in his chair and pushed his heavy fingers through his brown hair.

He'd been a friend in a pinch for Earl Canfield, not once, but many, many times during their high school and college days. Even back when they were youngsters, there was that time he'd taken a whale of a beating because Earl had socked a big farm boy with an icy snowball and escaped through a hole in the fence, leaving him to face the music.

During their high-school days Earl had been interested in a pretty girl, and Tom had played court to her homely sister in order that they might gain the mother's consent to their outings. Tom still winced as he thought of the contrast between those sisters.

Just the autumn before, Tom Smith, as running guard, had headed the interference around left end to clear the way for Earl Canfield, Stanton's spectacular half back. It was his duty to clear the way. He couldn't have held his place on the team if he hadn't. Only it was painful to know that Earl was getting nearly all the credit.

Tom remembered the game against State which decided the championship. He had been one of the lightest guards in the conference. State's heavy forward wall had battered him almost to a point of insensibility. He remembered how his shoulder hurt, how he felt as if he were going to be sick at the stomach from a nauseating jolt he had just received.

With the State goal only fourteen yards away and two yards to go for their first down, he had heard Earl's signal—around left end. Crouched in the line, he had realized the strategical value of the play. State expected a line smash. He had to get into this—head the interference. In spite of his pain and nausea, he swung sharply out of the line. He heard the *swish, swish* of Earl's moleskins behind him as he raced around the end. State had been off guard, but two red-jerseyed figures disengaged themselves from Stanton's end and tackle and barred the path to the State goal.

Even now Tom Smith thrilled with pride as he remembered that he had bowled both of those men out of the play. He had thrown his body into their knees and mowed them down. When he recovered consciousness he was on the bench, and he learned that Earl had scored the winning touchdown with an almost superhuman dash around left end.

"Nice little job of blocking, Smith," the coach had said. No one else had spoken of it—not even Earl. There was little praise for linemen.

A friend in a pinch is a friend indeed,
But a fool to wait for the laggard behind.

Tom read the lines and smiled grimly. He'd been a friend in a pinch, all right, but nobody could ever accuse Earl of being a laggard. Far from it. There wasn't anything slow or backward about Earl. About the only time Earl ever allowed himself to be behind was when he had a good running interference out in front. And he stood ready at any time to leave his interference and strike out for himself when

he thought his interference had served its purpose.

Tom roused himself from his bitter thoughts and sat straight up in his chair. He wasn't benefiting himself by berating Earl. He couldn't better his condition by thinking harshly of Earl. It wouldn't be wise even to consider Earl as an enemy. No, he'd have to come closer than Earl to locate his greatest enemy. He'd have to look to himself. After all, Earl only took what Tom Smith chose to give, what Tom Smith had been in the habit of giving and Earl receiving.

He read again:

One may fall, but he falls by himself——
Falls by himself with himself to blame;
One may attain and to him is the pelf,
And loot of City in Gold or Fame;
Plunder of Earth shall be all his own
He travels the fastest and travels alone.

There was his message—he'd have to travel alone. He didn't need Earl. He'd live his own life. Their kid days were over. Perhaps the discipline of allowing Earl to take the credit had been good for him. He hoped so. In a couple of months, though, he'd be out in the business world, and he'd be fighting for honor and advancement in his chosen profession, the law. He'd need every bit of credit he could get. He couldn't afford to hand Earl any of it. It was a hard philosophy, but he felt it was one he had needed for a long time.

And he needed that one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month job that Earl liked to make the object of his sneers. Further than that, he wouldn't be at all averse to becoming intimate with the father of the only girl he had ever seen who made him want to forget school and earn money enough to provide a good home as soon as possible.

This Junior Day diving event into which Earl had persuaded him to enter might possibly offer the opportunity to show Earl, to convince himself, that he refused further to act as a foil for Earl's skill and aggressiveness. He had agreed to participate only because Earl had urged him so strongly. It would give Earl a terrific jolt and bolster up his own self-esteem tremendously if he'd win that meet.

Tom felt he had a chance. He had made progress in diving while working as a life guard the previous summer. He'd done considerable practicing in the Azure Pool downtown during the winter. Stanton College had no diving or swimming team, not even a pool of its own, and devotees of water sports found their only opportunity to perform before a college audience at the Junior Day water carnival, which was held each year a week before the close of the term.

HENRY DILLON, handsome in his well-tailored clothing and strikingly distinguished by reason of his iron-gray hair and his slim, erect carriage, greeted Tom Smith cordially at the College Club that evening. Former all-conference guard for Stanton, he had watched Tom's line play during three years of football, and he knew it was steady if not spectacular.

"My daughter will be home in time for Junior Day," he said as they ate. "Didn't you tell me once you had met her at a college dance? To tell the truth, I haven't seen her very often myself during the three years she has been attending Welling's Academy. I wanted her to go to Stanton, but her mother seemed to have more to say about it than I did."

Nothing was said about business over the table. Mr. Dillon seemed to avoid the subject studiously. Later, in comfortable chairs in the lounge, he plunged in as if he were taking an icy bath.

"Humphries thinks you aren't aggressive enough to do the work we'll want you to do, Smith," he said swiftly

as his kindly eyes sought to soften the blow. "Joe's a football fan—sort of a hero worshiper, but, like a great many others, he sees only the man carrying the ball."

Tom was staggered. For months he had been pulling every string he could find to land this job with Dillon & Humphries. He had thought about it so much, desired it so much, that he had created a deep inner faith that he had it for certain. Henry Dillon had encouraged him, had indicated that he would do everything he could. Tom had fully expected that this dinner engagement had been made to give him the glad news.

"I've always tried to do everything as thoroughly as possible, Mr. Dillon," he heard himself saying through numb lips. "I really thought I could do satisfactory work for your firm."

"I'm afraid that isn't all Joe Humphries expects," Dillon said. "He's younger than I am, and he wants enthusiasm, fire. We wouldn't be engaging you only as a law clerk, as so many firms do. We'd put you on the firing line right away—in court. We'd expect dash—speed—resourcefulness."

Tom was rallying his forces. He wanted to tell Dillon that he had these qualities, that he'd always had them, only he'd allowed them to lie dormant, that he'd permitted somebody else to take credit for many of the things he'd done, that from now on he was traveling alone, forging out for himself.

Suddenly, while he groped for words, he saw Earl Canfield standing before them—Earl Canfield, tall, dark and very graceful in his smooth-fitting Tuxedo.

"Mr. Humphries phoned me, Mr. Dillon," Earl was saying suavely, smilingly. "I thought I'd find you up here, so I hurried over to thank you for letting Mr. Humphries persuade you that I'm all right. I'm going to do everything in my power to please you both."

Tom struggled numbly to his feet, keenly conscious of his heavy shoulders, his thick thighs, his rough tweed suit. So that was it—Earl had his job, his opportunity. Earl had played his own game—alone—and Earl had won.

"Why, hello, Tom—didn't expect you'd be here."

Earl extended his hand. Tom shook hands with him and hated himself for doing so. The dirty liar. He'd always thought Earl was a square-shooter, a sportsman. He used to be—he was sure of it. But that was kid stuff. This was business. Earl was out to beat him now—any old way. Just the same, Tom couldn't believe he would have treated Earl the way Earl was treating him—sneering about a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month job, stealing it, coming to crow about it in front of Irma Dillon's father.

"Congratulations, Earl," Tom mumbled. "Guess you slipped one over on me."

There was further conversation, but Tom took little part in it. For that matter, Mr. Dillon didn't seem to be enjoying it very much either. Tom was quite sure Mr. Dillon didn't like Earl very well, that Mr. Humphries had almost forced him to hire Earl. He wondered how Mr. Dillon would take it if he were to indicate in some manner that Earl knew about their dinner and the fact that Tom would be here. He was sure that information would alter any favorable opinions Mr. Dillon might have concerning Earl. But Tom couldn't force himself to say the word.

DURING the next three weeks Tom spent every available moment at Azure Pool practicing his dives. He confided in "Pinky" Wells, life guard, and an expert professional diver. He battered his body painfully in his belated attempt to master the difficult dives which he hoped might bring him victory on Junior Day. It seemed to

him life would be worth living only if by some means he could beat Earl Canfield at his own game and before a college crowd.

"You're doing fine, big boy," said Pinky on the day before the meet. "Your straight dives are great, but you're not so hot on the fancy stuff. I saw that Canfield fellow dive last year, and he's stiff competition for any amateur. You take my advice and lay off the springboard. He'll make a monkey out of you there. But go in and get him with your straight high diving and the optionals I told you about."

Tom was elated over the progress he had made. With Pinky coaching, he had achieved confidence and form he never imagined he could attain. The very fact that he wanted so badly to beat Earl Canfield and the fact that almost overnight he had developed what he felt certain was a winning psychology, lent wings to his imagination and caused him to picture himself as having the victory already won.

He called Henry Dillon by telephone that night.

"I thought I'd issue a personal invitation for you to see the diving meet to-morrow, Mr. Dillon," he said confidently. "You see, I still think I'm the man for that job, and I want to demonstrate to you that I have fire and enthusiasm. You've seen me always as a plodding sort of fellow, and so has Mr. Humphries. I'm not, and I can prove it in diving and in business. The very fact that I'm urging you to see me dive, taking this unconventional means to present my case, ought to convince you that I have imagination and resourcefulness."

"I'll be there, Smith, and thanks for the invitation," Mr. Dillon said kindly. "My daughter will be with me. Come around and visit with us when you aren't diving."

The encouraging note in Dillon's voice was in part responsible for Tom's entry in the springboard event the next day. Acting on impulse, he decided suddenly that he didn't want Mr. Dillon to think he was a halfway man.

"Say, boy, you've got a nerve," Earl Canfield joked as Tom entered his name with the judges. "I'll sure make you look sick in that one."

Tom read only friendliness and a slight air of superiority in Earl's glance. A great gap had sprung up between them, but Earl wasn't aware of the breach. Egotistical and vain, Earl thought only of himself, had been thinking only of himself for many years. Tom hadn't hurt his feelings in any way, consequently he still considered Tom as a very good friend.

"I'll do the best I can, Earl," smiled Tom. "After all, you say it doesn't matter who wins—it's only to please the crowd."

"You'll give the boys and girls a big laugh," said Earl, still without the slightest taint of unfriendliness.

THE warm June sun smiled down on three or four thousand young people who occupied wooden seats on the steep banks of a narrow and deep canal joining two lakes. Two large floats, jutting out from the cement walls of the canal, marked the beginning and end of swimming races, while red buoys, placed at intervals in the water, designated the course which must be followed by racing canoeists. A ten-foot springboard and a twenty-six-foot high diving tower were placed within a few feet of the spectators' seats on the north side of the canal.

High overhead, spanning the water in a mighty arch of steel, was a giant bridge, over which street cars thundered. Flags and pennants, scores of gayly decorated launches and canoes, and the bright dresses of hundreds of coeds, added a riot of color to the scene.

There were no near-by dressing

rooms, and the contestants either paraded in swimming suits or slouched about in bathrobes and track sweat outfits, many of which were grimy with use and age. It was the last holiday, the last gala outing of the school year, and, for every one except Tom Smith, it was only a passing interlude before plunging into summer activities.

By the time Tom located Henry Dillon and his daughter, Earl Canfield was already there. Tom's brown robe, which he had donned over his scanty swimming suit, was in decided contrast with Earl's elaborate and skin-tight racing outfit, which revealed the graceful contours of Earl's slender but well-muscled figure.

"Your picture in the morning paper does you full justice, Canfield," Dillon said jokingly after Tom had greeted them and wedged himself into a seat. "Quite a work of art, I'd say. And I noticed, too, that they boosted the height of the bridge about twenty feet."

"Are you really going to dive from there, Mr. Canfield?" his daughter asked shudderingly as she looked up at the grim arch of the bridge.

"I don't think I'd have allowed the insistent reporter to have my picture if I intended to back out of my agreement," laughed Earl.

Tom felt that as usual he was only on the fringe of the conversation. He'd studied like a judge for a forenoon examination, and he hadn't seen the morning paper.

"Gosh, Earl, you've never gone eighty feet before, have you?" he asked unbelievingly.

"Well, not quite that high," Earl admitted calmly. "But I thought the crowd would like it, and I decided I'd put on the show. I thought, too, that I might prove to Miss Dillon that Western men aren't behind those of the East in taking chances."

"Well, don't break your neck, Canfield," Henry Dillon said gruffly, and there was a note of impatience in his voice which caused Tom to glance at him quickly.

"I never do that;" laughed Earl modestly. "At least, I've never done it yet."

Tom fairly seethed with anger as he walked away. Trust that former friend of his to take advantage of every break, to be in the limelight at every opportunity. He was conscious now of the whispered comments as Earl passed, of the finger-pointing. He never had a single chance when Earl was around. Earl took them all. He wondered now that he had ever liked the fellow. Yet even now he felt a grudging sort of admiration for him. There was nothing laggard about Earl, and he certainly traveled alone. He was in a class by himself.

Tom succeeded fairly well in the compulsory dives from the ten-foot board, but he was no springboard artist, and he regretted that he had entered. His first optional, an attempted half-gainer, was a dismal failure. He struck the water flat on his back, sent spray high in the air, and convulsed the spectators with laughter.

Earl was the best springboard man in Stanton College. His first optional was a one-and-a-half somersault, and his slender body parted the water like an Indian's fishing spear.

Tom's second optional was a full gainer, and in this he made a fairly creditable showing, for he could throw all his power into it without having to gauge too closely the momentum of his body as it doubled backward in the air.

His third and last was something else again. It was announced as a double somersault backward, and there was something about his too quick approach to the end of the board and his awkward turn which caused a titter of merriment to sweep the crowd. He weighed nearly one hundred and eighty pounds, and his bunched, tensed mus-

cles were in decided contrast to the slender, bending board. The titter, while it amounted to nothing, disconcerted him. He started to go backward into his dive, lunged forward again, and lit almost flat on his stomach in the water, ten feet below.

Tom was glad the high-diving event was called immediately afterward, for it eliminated the torture of mingling with the crowd and hearing its comments. The judges awarded first place in the springboard event to Earl Canfield and failed to mention Tom either for second or third. That was as he had expected.

With the firm boards of the high-diving tower under his feet, Tom felt confidence sweeping back to him—confidence and a terrific determination to win in this event. He'd been a fool to ignore Pinky's advice regarding the springboard, but he'd make up for it now. He'd try harder than he'd ever tried before.

He sprang far out on his first compulsory dive, the straight forward, and made a beautiful entry. The other compulsory dives—the front-jack, the straight back, and the back-jack—were easy for him, and as he completed them he felt they had been rated nearly perfect. But he had not failed to notice, too, that Earl had almost classed as perfect in each of his. Earl apparently had practiced, too, for his high diving was much better than it had been the year before.

Tom's first optional, a single back somersault, received a great burst of applause from the crowd, but Earl's standing one-and-a-half forward eclipsed it entirely. Tom used the running one-and-a-half forward as his second optional and did it beautifully, dashing to the edge and hurling his powerful body out into space, whirling over completely once, straightening in the half turn and splitting the water with his muscular arms and shoulders.

Earl came back at him with a running one-and-a-half with a side twist, a much more complicated dive and one which he carried out without a hitch, and with the reward of a perfect thunder of applause.

Tom knew that Earl's dives had rated higher, and that Earl had achieved the highest possible score on each of them. To win, then, it was necessary for him to select a dive which would rate considerably higher than Earl's third and final optional. He selected the double back somersault.

There was no tittering this time as Tom's stocky body poised on the lip of the solid diving tower, twenty-six feet above the water. He waited only an instant, while the crowd held its breath, then shot out backward, whirling end over end as he dropped. His timing and momentum were perfect. He completed the two turns and entered the water feet foremost, smoothly, hands at his thighs.

He waited at the bottom of the ladder as Earl stepped to the edge of the platform. Jauntily, almost daintily, Earl turned his back to the water as he had done, pushed backward and spun two and a half times, straightening and entering the water with a slight splash, head-first.

Tom grunted with disappointment. He was beaten again. He hadn't been a buffoon this time. Not one person had laughed at him. He'd put up the best possible contest, but Earl had managed to come through with a better one in spite of all his efforts. The judges' announcement confirmed his conviction that he had finished his college career without once having had the upper hand of Earl Canfield.

"Well, it was a mighty fine exhibition, men, and I'm proud of each of you," Henry Dillon said a little later as they watched the canoe races. "Smith, I had no idea you were that good. I'm sorry you had to lose."

Tom thanked him with a nod and said nothing.

"I'm sorry, too," said Earl smilingly. "But it's all in the family, anyway. Tom and I have been buddies for a good many years, and he doesn't hold anything like this against me. And I'd feel the same way if he won."

Tom caught a sympathetic glance from Irma's dark eyes which sent a quick wave of pleasure to his heart. And Henry Dillon's hand happened to press against his just then—or did that touch just happen? Dillon was looking out over the canal, and he didn't seem to be listening.

"It won't be long now until I'll be flying down from that bridge," reminded Earl, looking up at the arch of it. "I'm afraid you people will think I'm trying to show off."

Henry Dillon eyed him swiftly.

"There's a darned good relay race out there," he said sharply. "What say we talk about that for a while?"

Earl was silent for several minutes, but he seemed to have a feverish desire to speak.

"I see they've got my dive listed next to the last thing on the program—just ahead of the canoe tilting," Earl chattered nervously a little later. "They told me it would be the last thing, sort of a grand finale."

This time Henry Dillon looked at Earl speculatively—and said nothing.

When the announcer called Earl's dive and Earl left them, Dillon removed his hat and shook his iron-gray head dubiously.

"Did you notice how pale he looked," he said to nobody in particular. "He's almost out of his wits with nervousness and fright, but I believe that fellow would advertise for a crowd if he planned to commit suicide."

A tense silence dropped over the spectators as Earl mounted a ledge of the enormous concrete foundation upon which the ironwork of the great bridge rested. The red figure looked tiny as compared with the large expanse of cold cement below him.

Earl stood on the ledge and leaned against the cement wall at his back. The announcer bawled his name, the height of the dive. The crowd watched in strained silence, horror haunting the eyes of every man and woman in it.

Earl still continued to lean back against the wall. The minutes ticked by. Earl leaned forward, still keeping his hips against the cement. He leaned back again swiftly. After long minutes, one foot advanced slowly to the edge. It seemed to have all the man's will behind it.

"He's paralyzed with fear," said Henry Dillon in a horrified whisper. "He'll kill himself if he dives in that condition."

Tom Smith's flesh crawled in an agony of sympathy as Earl leaned forward again—leaned forward and cringed away. Tom Smith was hypnotized at sight of Earl's terrible fear.

Long seconds passed. Whispered comments began to flutter against eardrums.

The strain was too much for a small boy.

"Aw, go get a parachute," he bawled.

Another small boy laughed shrilly.

Then the tension broke and a sound of restrained laughter swept over the crowd as Earl, with an apologetic gesture of defeat, edged timorously off the concrete and jumped down upon the floor of the bridge.

But a figure in a brown robe hurried swiftly to the announcer. The crowd watched the hurrying figure, watched the announcer. The megaphone came up.

"Hold on to your seats, boys and girls," the announcer bawled with forced gayety. "Here's Tom Smith, who says he'll do that dive."

Tom ran up the steps leading to the top of the embankment. His mind was

in a bewildering turmoil. Words came to him:

"When the night is thick and the track is blind—— A fool to wait for the laggard behind—— Who was the laggard—— One may attain."

He dropped his bathrobe. Hands helped him over the railing. He was on the ledge.

Pride kept his back from touching the concrete.

Words, more words: "Loot of the City in Gold or Fame—— Plunder of Earth shall be all his own."

He poised for an instant at the edge, whipping his muscles tight, measuring the distance—seeing only the water and upturned faces.

He threw his tight body out, swooped downward. He was bent forward, his clenched fists almost touching his straight, hard legs.

The water rose at him. He dipped forward, shot his legs back. His clenched fists reached ahead and smashed a hole in the water for his head and shoulders to enter.

He was under—deep. Let 'er go—deep. Lotsa time. His mad rush was slackening. He nipped up and swam toward the surface with triumphant, powerful strokes.

He rejoined the Dillons a few moments later. Earl was not there. It was strange to have people looking at him. No wonder it went to Earl's head.

"You did it like a professional, Smith," Dillon was saying warmly. "Did you ever do it before?"

"I went fifty feet a few times," Tom said. "I do all right on a straight dive."

Irma was looking at him. Her eyes were shining. It was great to have her looking at him like that. There was a canoe-tilting contest going on. People were laughing. Tom was in a sort of a daze—something like a wonderful dream.

"You'd better come down to the office to-morrow, Tom," Mr. Dillon was saying. "Joe Humphries doesn't run my business—not yet. I've got just as much right to hire you for the office as he has."

Tom Smith was so happy he wanted to yell, but he gave vent to his emotion by laughing uproariously when a frosh knocked a sophomore out of a canoe with a padded lance.



**Look out! Here come the sons of Kentucky!**

**A story of the tracks**

# MEN OF IRON

## By Sam Carson

**in the next number**

# From The Bleachers



## By Handley Cross

### RUNNING CROSS-COUNTRY

OCTOBER again, and—unless you are fortunate enough to live in one of those favored sections of the country where it always is summer, or unless you play football or watch it—there's nothing much doing in the way of active outdoor sports. Baseball bats, tennis rackets, and swimming suits have been packed away for another winter, and it isn't nearly time to get out the skates and skiis and hockey sticks.

What to do?

Run cross-country!

There isn't a finer or more healthful sport, or a more useful conditioner for other sports, on the long list of athletic pastimes, outdoors or indoors.

And if you get in your cross-country running by playing the good old game of Hare and Hounds, there isn't an outdoor sport on the list that provides more downright good times.

I've talked with two or three track coaches who think that long cross-country races are too exhausting for growing youths, but I've never talked with a track coach who wasn't for Hare and Hounds running—for it all the way! Jack Moakley, of Cornell University, who is a believer in all sorts of cross-country running, thinks that the boy who plays Hare and Hounds will lay a firm foundation for success on the cinder path. Lawson Robertson, of the University of Pennsylvania, who isn't at all keen about cross-country racing as an intercollegiate or interscholastic sport, is enthusiastic about Hare and Hounds running as a developer of stamina in track men. George Connors and Frank Kanaly, of Yale University—but you can read what they think of Hare and Hounds, and what they have done with that game at Yale, if you will turn to my interview with those two highly competent track coaches. It starts on page 97 of this issue.

A year ago, after I had talked with several track coaches about the project, SPORT STORY MAGAZINE did a good deal toward bringing the game of Hare and Hounds back to its old-time popularity by encouraging the organization of SPORT

Story Hare and Hounds Clubs, and by presenting to each club so organized a specially designed paper-carrying bag. Many clubs were organized in various sections of the country, and their members enjoyed a lot of fine sport. These clubs will be playing Hare and Hounds again this fall, and we are keenly interested in seeing a lot of new clubs in the field.

Here's your chance, you fellows who want to keep outdoors, and keep in first-class condition, during the fall months. Get together, organize a Hare and Hounds club, elect a captain, and have him send to me for a paper-carrying bag. It will be sent promptly, and without cost to you. Address Handley Cross, Sport Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Here's a little information for the benefit of those of you who never have played the game of Hare and Hounds.

First of all, organize your club, elect as captain a fellow who has the knack of keeping things moving and whose instructions will be followed willingly, and have him get your paper-carrying bag.

Next, fill the bag with old newspapers torn into pieces about one inch square.

Now, pick out a piece of country to hold your runs over. If possible, have some of this country level fields, and some of it hilly. Fences are part of the game, and your course will be all the better for a brook of moderate size for a water jump. If you live in a rural district it will be easy for you to find a suitable course. If you live in a large city, it won't be quite so easy, but you can find what you want somewhere on the outskirts of the city, if you look hard enough.



Get your club members together—you'll soon learn to call your club "the pack"—and go to the place that you have decided on as the starting point for your runs. Select a couple of fellows who are good runners to act the part of "hares," and give one of them the paper-carrying bag. Give them a good start over the pack of "hounds." Just how long a start they should be given depends on the country over which you are going to run; it always should be long enough to allow them to get out of sight two or three minutes before the pack starts after them.

Off go the hares! As they run, the fellow with the bag drops a trail of paper, which the hounds will follow. He shouldn't drop too much paper, for that will spoil the fun by making it too easy for the pursuing hounds, but he must play fair, and drop enough to leave a trail that may be followed with a little hunting. The hares should take full advantage of the lay of the land—dodge down gullies and through woods, and use any watercourses that are on their route for the purpose of puzzling the hounds and so slowing down the pursuit.

Let's get back to the starting place, where the hounds are waiting impatiently. At last the captain puts his watch back in his pocket. "Time's up!" he says. "Let's go!"

They're off, following the paper trail across the field. The captain sets the pace—sets it slow enough for the slowest runner to keep up with the pack. Perhaps a "whipper in" has been appointed—a lieutenant of the captain's whose job it is to see that the pack keeps well together, and to tell the captain if the pace is too fast for the slower members.

After a while the pack comes to place where the paper trail grows uncertain, and then vanishes—perhaps a bare hill top, where the wind has been at work. He

holds his hand above his head—a signal to stop. While the badly winded members of the pack rest, the others spread out and search for the paper trail. At last it is found. "This way!" yells a keen-eyed hound. The pack forms again, and is off, over the fields and hills, through the woods, over fences, on the trail of the nimble-footed hares. Maybe the hounds catch up with them before they win home; maybe when the pack comes to the end of the trail—which should be somewhere near the starting point, for convenience in getting home—the hounds will find the hares sitting on a fence rail, grinning. What does it matter? Every one is pleasantly tired, every one has had a good time, and every one has added something to his strength and endurance.

A great game, Hare and Hounds! Get into it!

## SOME OCTOBER FOOTBALL GAMES

THE gridiron menu for October reflects very clearly the modern idea in football schedule making, which is to provide the fans with interesting games early in the season as well as late in the season. It used to be that "big" games, attended by big crowds, were to be seen only in November. Now "big" games start almost as soon as the season starts. A little hard on the coaches, perhaps, and more than a little hard on the players—but great stuff for the fans, and highly profitable to the college athletic associations. And, like it or not, money has come to play a big part in the making of football schedules. Football has to foot the bill for a good many nonprofitable sports, and often for a college's entire athletic program, competitive and noncompetitive, and to make that possible money must be taken in at the gate. All wrong, maybe, but a fact.

The afternoon of Saturday, October 11th, illustrates this trend toward early-season feature games. There are four games listed for that day that would pack any stadium even when the season is at its height in November.

Middle Western fans will have the best chance to enjoy two of these stand-out struggles. Minnesota plays Stanford, in Minneapolis. Minnesota probably is good this season, and Stanford, with "Pop" Warner at the helm and wonderful material for him to work with, is almost certain to be good any year. These teams didn't mingle last season. My idea is that Stanford will win this one, but that it won't be easy. The other feature struggle in the Middle West will be between Notre Dame and Navy, in South Bend, where the Fighting Irish have a new stadium which will give them a chance to play more of their games at home. Last year Notre Dame won by a touchdown, the final tally being 14 to 7. Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's master and masterly coach, hasn't been in good health for some months, and his illness may be reflected in the work of his squad. Notre Dame gets fine football material, but it takes a genius like Rockne to turn out elevens that average as high as have the Notre Dame teams of the past ten years. And Navy, I think, is going to be stronger this year than Navy was last year. A win for the Midshipmen wouldn't surprise me, but anything but the closest sort of a game would.



There are other promising games listed in the Middle West. Michigan plays Purdue, last year's Big Ten champions, in Ann Arbor. Purdue won last year, 30 to 16. Northwestern entertains—if you want to call it that!—Ohio State, in Evanston. Last season Northwestern won, 18 to 6. Wisconsin plays Chicago, in

Madison. Unless "Old Man" Stagg has gathered in some better gridiron material than has been coming his way in recent years, there is no reason to expect a result much different from last season's Wisconsin's 20-to-6 victory.

New Haven will be the battle ground of the day's most dramatic contest in the East. Yale plays Georgia in the Bowl. Remember last year's game—that stunning 15-to-0 win of Georgia's? Georgia may be mighty good again this year, but I doubt very much if the Southern Bulldog is going to be good enough to lick Yale two years running. Not with Albie Booth ghosting down the gridiron for the Blue, and a lot of other good backs, and a line that looks strong, and "Mar" Steven's coaching system running in high. I'm marking this one up for Yale!

Another interesting intersectional game will be played in Pittsburgh, where Carnegie Tech meets Georgia Tech. These teams didn't play one another last season. Pennsylvania takes on Virginia, in Philadelphia, in still another intersectional combat. Old Penn should win with something to spare. Princeton plays Brown in Palmer Stadium. Last year's Brown game was the most exciting, if not the best played, that was staged in Tigertown, with Brown winning, 31 to 12. This time—unless there is something dead wrong in a football way in the Jersey Jungle—Bill Roper's Tigers should be able to beat "Tuss" McLaughry's band of Iron Men, who seem to have had some of the iron taken out of them in the past few seasons. Harvard plays Springfield, in Cambridge, and Horween's pupils aren't sure to have an easy time with the boys from the "Y" College. Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Army, and Syracuse all have what should be easy games on their home gridirons. Georgetown plays West Virginia Wesleyan, in Washington, and will have its work cut out for it to equal last year's winning score, which was 13 to 0. Temple meets Bucknell, in Philadelphia, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to see this up-and-coming football school do better than last year, when Bucknell won, 13 to 0. New York University tackles little Villanova in what may be a tough game for "Chick" Meehan's Violet gridders. Down in Charleston, West Virginia plays Washington and Lee in a contest that will interest both the East and the South. Last year the Mountaineers won, 26 to 6.

Another of this day's "big" games will be between California and St. Mary's, in Berkeley. You may remember that last season this little San Francisco college that has produced so many great football players held California to a scoreless tie in an early-season game that over thirty thousand people watched. Washington plays Idaho, in Seattle, and Washington State meets Southern California, in Pullman.

Down South, in Durham, Duke and Davidson will try to settle what was almost a tie game last year, when Davidson won 13 to 12. Alabama plays Sewanee, Florida meets Alabama Poly, North Carolina plays Maryland, and Vanderbilt takes on V. P. I.

The next Saturday, October 18th, will see the playing of several games that will have a strong bearing on various group or conference championships. But in the Middle West the headline game isn't a conference struggle—it's the Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech scrap, in South Bend. Last year Notre Dame won, 7 to 0. The Irish will be fortunate if they can do as well this time. Illinois meets Northwestern in a Big Ten Conference battle. Last year Bob Zuppke's Illini had to be content with the short end of a 7-0 score. Minnesota meets Indiana, and should duplicate last season's win. Ohio State plays Michigan. Last year State won, 7 to 0. This year it's a toss-up. The Wisconsin-Pennsylvania game, in Madison,

won't have any bearing on the Conference championship, but it will help settle the issue of sectional football supremacy. Michigan State plays Colgate, in East Lansing, and will try to get even for last year's 31-0 licking. Chicago meets Florida, in Chicago, and I expect the Southerners to win.

In the East, the most colorful game—and perhaps the closest struggle—will be between Harvard and Army, in Cambridge. Last season's game was a 20-20 tie. Princeton plays Cornell, and will be out to even up for last year's defeat, and probably will do it. Yale takes on Brown, in the Bowl, and should win by a couple of touchdowns. New York University plays Missouri, in New York. Last season the Violet won, 14 to 0. Down in Philadelphia, Villanova locks horns with Boston College in an effort to break last year's 7-7 tie. That game should be very well worth seeing! Dartmouth plays Columbia, and should win easily. Holy Cross meets Fordham, and Syracuse plays Pittsburgh. Both games should be close, and you can pick the winners as well as I can.

The feature game in the South will be the Alabama-Tennessee contest, in Tuscaloosa. Tennessee won last time, 6 to 0. Georgia plays North Carolina, Georgia Tech meets Alabama Poly, and V. M. I. plays Virginia—three games that promise to be close and exciting.

Perhaps the best Pacific coast game for this day will be between California and the Olympic Club, in Berkeley. Last year score was 21-19, with California winning, and this year the clubmen will give the collegians as close a battle, or I miss my guess—something I often do! Oregon plays Washington, in Portland; Southern California plays the Utah Aggies, in Los Angeles; and Stanford meets Oregon State, in Palo Alto.

## FEW CHANGES IN THIS SEASON'S BASKET-BALL RULES

ALTHOUGH almost every basket-ball coach you talk with has in his mind some pet rule change that he honestly believes will improve the popular indoor game, only a few of the many changes suggested at various basket-ball gatherings have been incorporated into this season's rules, and these few rule changes are of a minor nature.

The most important change concerns the player who is fouled while in the act of shooting. Under the old rule, it was possible to score four points on this play; under the new rule it is possible to score only three points. This season, if the fouled player makes his field goal, he is to be awarded only one free throw, instead of two free throws, and if he misses the basket with his free throw, the ball is to be in play. If, on the other hand he misses his field goal, he is to be awarded two free throws, the ball to be in play if the second free throw is missed. Some coaches think that this decrease in the penalty for fouling a player who is in the act of shooting for a field goal will lead to rough play, but the rule makers, in considering this change, had in mind the fact that the rules give officials the authority to disqualify any player who is guilty of unnecessary roughness.

There is another change that concerns fouling. After a personal foul has been called, "time in" will begin when the ball leaves the free thrower's hands. If more than one free throw is awarded, "time in" will begin when the ball leaves the free thrower's hands on the final free throw. After a technical foul, or a double foul, "time in" will begin when the ball is tossed up at center, as has been the rule in the past.

During the past few years there has been a good deal of discussion among

basket-ball folk concerning the center-jump method of putting the ball in play. Last year the Joint Rules Committee sent out a questionnaire on this subject, and the result was 330 to 128 in favor of retaining the center jump. So it was decided to keep it for another season, at least. But most of the basket-ball technicians aren't convinced that this is the best possible method of putting the ball in play, and experiments with other methods will be continued.



A rule adopted last season permitted the jumpers to tap the ball outside the jumping circle, after which they were not permitted to touch it until after it had touched the floor or one of the other players. Officials had some little difficulty in administrating this rule, because when one of the jumpers tapped the ball a second time, the official could not always determine whether or not the ball would have fallen outside the circle without the second tap. A rule change for this season permits the jumpers to tap the ball *not more than twice* either inside or outside of the circle, after which neither jumper may touch it until it has touched one of the other players, the floor, a backboard, or a basket.

There's another rule change that concerns the jump ball. If a jumper leaves the circle before the ball is tapped, it is a technical foul. But if the other jumper taps the ball into his own basket on the play, the goal will count, and the technical foul will be disregarded.

In a game in which the players are of high-school age or younger, there will be a five-minute rest period after the first overtime period, if the score still is tied. The committee recommends that such games should not be continued beyond three overtime periods.

Another minor change forbids a player who has been replaced by a substitute to return to the game until after play has been resumed.

## ABOUT FOOTBALL RECORDS

NOW that another football season is getting into high gear, it's interesting to look back into the past and see what the old boys have done in the way of producing sensational plays, and to wonder if this current season will produce any dazzlers bright enough to surpass their performances.



Back in 1882, J. T. Haxall, of Princeton, kicked a field goal from placement at a range of 65 yards. His record still stands, and is likely to stand. Last year's longest field goal from placement was 47 yards. It was kicked by Russell Ruff, of Grinnell, against Marquette.

In 1915, Mike Payne, of Dakota Wesleyan, drop-kicked a ball over the goal posts from a distance of 63 yards, against Northwestern Normal. Only two other men in the history of football are credited with having scored from beyond the 60-yard range, via drop kick. They are P. J. O'Dea, of Wisconsin, who scored against Northwestern from the 62-yard line in 1898, and George Gipp, of Notre Dame, who scored from the same distance against Western Reserve in 1916. The longest drop kick during the past ten years traveled 59 yards to the goal posts. It was made by John Pence, of Coe, against Drake in 1923. The longest drop kick of last season was 53 yards, made by Homer Davidson of the Wisconsin second team, against the Notre Dame second team.

The longest runs recorded in gridiron history were made some years ago, but that is partly because the field used to be longer than it is to-day. The record is 115 yards, made by Wyllys Terry, of Yale, when he was given the ball in scrimmage and ran that distance against Wesleyan in 1884. G. S. McCaa, of Lafayette, ran 110 yards from scrimmage against Swarthmore in 1909, and in 1920, Ben Boynton, of Williams, ran a punt back 110 yards against Hamilton. The late Walter Eckersall, of Chicago, ran a kick-off back 106 yards against Wisconsin in 1904. One of the most famous of all football runs was made by Charles Dillion, of the Carlisle Indians, against Harvard in 1903. Harvard kicked off to the Indians, and the player who caught the ball slipped it under Dillion's jersey, which had been especially prepared for the trick. Dillion was past the last Harvard man before the trick was discovered, and his 105-yard run won the game.

## NATIONAL TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE weather man tried his darnedest to ruin the Amateur Athletic Union's National Track and Field Championships, held in the University of Pittsburgh Stadium on August 23rd—but he failed! He sent weather that was everything that weather for an important track meet shouldn't be, but even a wet, cold, and altogether bleak afternoon couldn't stop America's athletic stars from breaking one world record and tying another, and from establishing three new American records, and one new championship-meet mark.



As has invariably been the case recently in meets in which athletes from all sections of the country compete, this year's national-title tourney was a triumph for the spiked-shoe aces of the Pacific coast, who won eleven of the twenty events on the program. Middle Western athletes won five events, and Eastern representatives accounted for the remaining four.

The world record wrecker was Paul Jessup, a University of Washington former football captain who stands six feet seven inches in his socks. Representing the Washington Athletic Club, of Seattle, in the discus throw, he spun the platter a distance of 169 feet 8⅞ inches, battering the accepted world record established by Eric Krenz, of Stanford University, last year, by six feet, and also sending into the discard Krenz's later and unaccepted record of 167 feet 5⅜ inches.

Steve Anderson, also of the Washington Athletic Club, running the 120-yard hurdles in 14 4-10 seconds, equaled the world record established by Earl Thomson, now track coach at the Naval Academy, in 1920, and equaled by Eric Wennstrom, of Sweden, last year. With decent track conditions, Anderson undoubtedly would have set a new world mark.

The athletes who established new American records were George Simpson, of Ohio State, who ran 220 yards in 21 3-10 seconds; Jimmy De Mers, of the Los Angeles A. C., who hurled the javelin 222 feet 6¾ inches; and Herman Brix, of the same club, who did 52 feet 5¾ inches with the sixteen-pound shot. Genung, of the Washington A. C., established a new championship-meet record by winning the half-mile in the good time of 1 minute 53 4-10 seconds.

Two Middle Western flyers shared sprinting honors. Eddie Tolan, of the University of Michigan, won the century, leading George Simpson to the tape by two feet. Tolan's time, 9 7-10 seconds, was fast, considering the unfavorable weather and track conditions. Russell Sweet, of the Olympic Club, placed third, and Cy Leland, of Texas Christian College, was fourth.

Simpson got even in the "220" by beating Tolan to the tape. Leland was third, and Ralph Metcalfe, of the Case Park A. C., was fourth.

The quarter-mile provided a startling upset. Pete Bowen, of the University of Pittsburgh and the New York A. C., the National Collegiate champ at this distance, won his trial heat in 49 9-10 seconds, but finished next to last in the final. The title was won by Vic Williams, of Southern California, who did 48 9-10 seconds.

Ray Conger, of the Illinois A. C., won the mile in 4:19 8-10. Joe McCluskey, of Fordham University, was the winner of the two-mile steeplechase, and Louis Gregory won the six-mile run. Maxwell, of the Los Angeles A. C., won the 220-yard hurdles in 24 1-10 seconds, and Dick Pomeroy, of the same club, raced home in the 440-yard timber-topping contest in 53 1-10 seconds. Harry Hinkle, a transplanted New Yorker, won the three-mile walk for the Los Angeles A. C., his time being 22:47 6-10.

Alfred Bates, formerly of Penn State and now competing as an unattached athlete, won the broad jump with a leap of 24 feet 3¾ inches. Anton Burg, of the Illinois A. C., did 6 feet 4⅞ inches to capture the high-jumping title. Fred Sturdy, former Yale star now representing the Los Angeles A. C., won the pole vault with 13 feet 6 inches. Levi Casey, of the Illinois A. C., won the triple jump with 47 feet 11⅝ inches.

Norwood Wright, of the New York A. C., won the hammer throw with a heave of 163 feet 9¼ inches, and his clubmate, Leo Sexton, tossed the 56-pound weight a distance of 34 feet 6⅝ inches for a championship.

The Los Angeles A. C. won the team title, with 46 points. The Olympic Club of San Francisco was second, with 23 points; and the Washington A. C. was third, with 19 points. Fourth place went to the Illinois A. C., with 16 points, and fifth place to the New York A. C., whose athletes scored 13 points.


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